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THE COMING AIR AGE

As told to Frederick C. Painton

by IGOR SIKORSKY

THE time is 1955; the place a lovely meadow surrounded by deep woods on a hilltop overlooking a beautiful lake in the Catskill Mountains 120 miles from New York. It is quarter past eight in the morning, and you are about to commute to your office in the city. Yet there is no paved highway nearer than fifteen miles, and it is fifty to a railroad station.

Now you hear a low hum, and over the horizon appears a flying machine. You press the button of a box near by and a radio signal flashes to the machine. The aircraft, looking oddly like a horizontal electric fan, drones toward you. When the pilot is directly overhead, all forward movement of the machine ceases and it descends vertically until the cabin door is within a foot of the ground.

IGOR SIKORSKY, the aero-engineer, was born in Kiev, Russia, in 1889, and became an American citizen in his fortieth year. He designed and built flying machines on his own account from 1908 to 1911, and even in these pioneer days his thoughts were gravitating towards the helicopter. In the present war he is perhaps best known for the Sikorsky multimotored amphibian plane. But the story which he told in detail to FREDERICK C. PAINTON is an amazing promise of what flying might be when at last the fighting is over.

On the machine's gray side is painted HELICOPTER EXPRESS TO NEW YORK.

As you make ready to enter, the direct-lift machine does not touch the ground; it poises motionless under its whirling rotor blades like a gigantic hummingbird. The door opens and you step inside; you nod a greeting to the co-pilot who takes your commutation ticket, you wave to those of the other fifteen passengers you know. The door closes and the helicopter immediately ascends vertically to 1000 feet. Now it darts ahead, quickly attaining a forward speed of 140 miles an hour.

The co-pilot says conversationally, "How do you like your new home? Good, eh? Popular spot here. So many people have moved into these mountains that we've had to put on an extra bus to carry them."

Fifty minutes later the helicopter bus hovers over a midtown New York building, descends slowly to alight on a roof space some sixty yards square. You go into the building, take the elevator to the street below, and walk half a block to your office. Not quite an hour has elapsed since you drank your morning coffee in your home.

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Does this sound like a fantasy imagined by some Jules Verne? If so, I can assure you, as a practical aeronautical engineer, that such a trip is neither fantastic nor impracticable. Any of us who are alive ten years after this Second World War is won will see and use hundreds of short-run helicopter bus services. We shall see hundreds of thousands of privately owned direct-lift machines carrying Americans about their business and their pleasures.

In forecasting this aviation development I am not drawing upon my imagination, nor am I depending upon the future invention of a direct-lift machine. A practical helicopter that can do everything I have just described is at this instant within a hundred yards of me. Less than an hour ago this craft was hovering motionless ten feet off the ground while a man climbed to the cabin by a rope ladder. With a pointed stick on the nose of our helicopter it was possible to spear a wooden ring twelve inches in diameter fastened to a pole only four feet from the ground. The helicopter could be backed, turned, and stopped motionless in the air right in front of a man who plucked the ring off the helicopter's nose. In April, 1941, the VS-300, piloted by its designer, exceeded the world record of endurance for this type of craft by remaining in the air for one hour, thirty-two minutes. The novelty of this record flight was that the ship hovered during the entire period over one spot less than half an acre in area. Since that time considerable further progress has been achieved with this project.

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But for the fact that the helicopter is now a war weapon — which means that all improvements must be shrouded in military secrecy — I could describe additional details which would show why I am convinced that a helicopter bus service, for instance, is not only practicable but, in fact, inevitable. Had the Second World War not turned all our thoughts to instruments of destruction, I do not believe you would have to wait another decade to see hundreds of thousands of helicopters in daily use.

So I must be content with picturing for

you this coming air age as I believe it will be. The first question, naturally, is why mass flying should need to wait for the direct-lift machine — particularly because, in the past twenty-five years, many prophets have forecast air-minded millions taking to the sky in air-flivvers, the foolproof plane that anyone could pilot. Why did these prophecies fail of realization? The answer, I believe, lies in the fact that as airplanes developed in size and range the speed necessary for landing and take-off also increased. Indeed, airports grew so enormous in size that they had to be moved miles away from centers of population. Today, if you wish to take a journey of 200 miles, you spend thirty minutes riding to the airport, one hour traveling 200 miles, and thirty more minutes getting from the terminal airport to your destination. Thus the airplane came to be the slave of the airport and, like the railroad, became of value mainly as a medium of travel between established public terminals.

Another drawback to mass use of the airplane is that the speed of landing and take-off usually exceeds the speed we are accustomed to in the automobile. Landing and taking off an airplane at such speeds demands good reflexes, quick decisions, and immediate action, particularly under unfavorable weather conditions. Hence the millions of Americans in middle life who can afford an airplane fail to buy one because they believe the machine takes more skill than they possess; and also because the airplane as a rule cannot carry them directly from home to office.

Yet these are the millions whose purchases made possible the fabulous automobile era. These are the millions who must be sold on the simplicity and safety of flying if we are to have — as we shall have — the era of aviation.

I first experimented with the helicopter as early as 1908. Now, once again, more than thirty years later, I have turned to a study of the direct-lift machine as the only aircraft that could take the speed out of landing and take-off, eliminate the necessity of runways, and hence bring to flying the door-to-door flexibility of the automobile.

The direct-lift machine, as finally made

practical, has characteristics possessed by no other means of conveyance. It can hover, ascend and descend vertically at any speed you choose; it can stop, back up, go sideways with no forward motion. It is simple to operate and service. These are, I am certain, the essential attributes of an aircraft that can be used by hundreds of thousands of men and women, old and young.

Once again let us peer briefly at 1955 and see how your wife handles a typical family helicopter as she flies fifty miles to spend an hour with a friend. She opens the doors of the helicopter hangar that is only slightly larger and higher than your old two-car garage. She pushes the starter, the motor purrs. Seated in the two-place cabin, she presses a clutch that applies the engine power to the wheels. For this is a roadable model; she does not have to push or pull it to the lawn. The helicopter drives itself out of its garage to a suitable space near your badminton court. Here she disengages the wheel-clutch and applies the power to the overhead rotor blades. Your wife is now ready to ascend. How does she accomplish this?

To explain, let me describe the controls. Directly before her is a knobbed control stick, reminiscent of the gearshift on the earlier automobiles. On her left is another lever like the familiar emergency brake. Comfortable to her feet are two pedals resembling the clutch and brake of a car. There is a throttle quadrant near her hand, and among the instruments on the panel before her is a tachometer to count the number of revolutions a minute made by the rotor blades.

Now she opens the throttle. The engine, well muffled, picks up speed until the tachometer tells her the rotor blades are whirling 240 revolutions a minute — or the equivalent of 275 miles an hour at the tip of the blade. The rotors must whirl at this rate before she applies the lift.

Now her hand pulls gently on the left-hand lift lever as if she were applying an emergency brake on a car; only, in this instance, her pull changes the pitch of the rotor blades so that they bite more deeply, more powerfully into the air. The machine

becomes light, quivers with eagerness to be off.

Another fraction of an inch pull on the lift lever and gently, smoothly, the helicopter begins to ascend straight up. She controls the rate of rise by increasing or lessening the rotor blade pitch by the lift lever. She permits the machine to ascend to 1200 feet. Now she pushes the center control stick forward. She is tilting the rotor blades — and the machine, too, slightly — so that they bite the air in a forward motion. The helicopter gets under way. From now on, all the helicopter's movements save rise and descent are controlled by the center stick. If she wishes to go forward more swiftly, she pushes the stick away from her. If she wishes to stop and hover, she leaves it in center — in the neutral of an automobile gearshift. If she wants to back up, she pulls it toward her; and she presses it right or left if she wishes to make a turn in those directions — or to go sideways with no forward movement.

Now she makes a last adjustment on the lift lever — a helicopter has a slight tendency to rise as it attains forward speed and she must adjust the rotor pitch to it. She turns the machine to the left to pick up the plainly marked air route to her friend's home. She is cruising comfortably at 120 miles an hour. In thirty minutes she sights her friend's house. Firmly she pulls back on the control stick, which slows down the helicopter to a stop 1200 feet above green lawn. She hovers, prepares to descend.

How does she do this? She sits with her right hand lightly on the control stick, her left gripping the lift lever. With the control stick she holds the helicopter motionless against a light breeze, pressing forward, back, right or left as the case may be — just as she would jockey a motorcar into a parking space.

Gradually she releases the lift lever. As the rotor blades bite less powerfully at the air, the helicopter sinks gently to earth. She can control the descent to one foot a minute if she chooses. The wheels touch the ground, the shock absorbers lower the cabin without a jar. She turns off the ignition switch and climbs briskly out.

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Does this appear complicated? If so, it is only because that which we have never experienced always seems complex. Actually, the operation is most simple. There are fewer control motions than in handling an automobile, and there is no need for the simultaneous actions of throwing a gearshift, applying the foot throttle, letting in the clutch, and steering a careful course, which make the control of an automobile at first so confusing. Nor is there the immediate speed of motorcar and airplane to tense the nerves. And once the helicopter take-off has been made and altitude achieved, the boundless spaces of the sky offer an uncrowded highway that leads anywhere without constant vigilance.

Because we are accustomed to them, the hazards and complications of driving an automobile are rarely realized. Habit makes us accept the swift car that speeds past us with only inches to spare; the skiddy road surface; the traffic jams; the car that suddenly darts from a side road into our path; the peril of a driving mistake that must be instantly corrected to avoid disaster. But that there is nerve strain is shown by the quick irritability of any two motorists arguing about a minor mishap, or failure of one to operate his car as was expected by the other.

I believe that if chance had produced the helicopter for general use before the automobile was invented, people would recoil in dismay at the hazards of a Sunday drive on a modern highway in what would be, to them, a newfangled dangerous contraption.

And the ability of the helicopter to hover and ascend and descend vertically gives the helicopter this advantage over the airplane: the pilot does not have to gauge height and distance and rate of speed in gliding into an airport. Nor must the trees, telephone poles, and houses near an airport be sharply measured mentally to clear them in a take-off. A helicopter needs only slightly more than the diameter of its rotor blade circle to rise and descend.

But, you may ask, what happens to your wife and your helicopter if the engine should suddenly stop in mid-air? Certainly, with-

out its power she must descend. What will happen to her?

If the engine fails, a clutch automatically disengages the engine from the rotor blades. These continue to spin by the air pressure. All other controls remain normal, and those spinning rotor blades enable the craft to descend safely from any altitude. But your wife, as she would if she had a tire puncture, looks for a place to stop. On her left is a small meadow. She thrusts the control stick forward and to the left, and the helicopter angles downward in that direction. As the ground approaches she pulls the stick back to check the forward movement. The helicopter lands with a slight forward speed, and may coast ten or twelve feet.

These actions of your wife are as simple in their way as handling a motorcar. Indeed, perhaps simpler. Any moving vehicle needs to be controlled, but the helicopter will go automatically into the normal gliding position when the engine stops; and your wife has only to pick out a suitable place to land. Even if she makes a faulty movement of the controls at the contact with the ground, this would involve, as a rule, only damage to the machine and not to the occupant.

Now, you may ask, what must I pay for my helicopter? Fortunately, the direct-lift machine is ideally adapted for mass production. Manufactured by hundreds of thousands, it will cost about as much as a medium-priced automobile. Because of the principle involved, the average medium-priced helicopter will probably not exceed the speed of 140 miles an hour. Twenty persons will probably be as many passengers as can be carried. Made entirely of metal, and having few working parts, the helicopter lends itself to assembly-line manufacture as easily as did the automobile.

Nor will the helicopter cost much to maintain. One of the drawbacks to the greater use of small private airplanes has been hangar rental at an airport. The direct-lift machine needs no airport; there is no hangar rental because it is housed in a garage on your own grounds.

A light two-seater helicopter can make ten miles to a gallon of gasoline. Time may better this figure. And the cost of servicing will

be no more, certainly — and perhaps even less — than for your automobile. A helicopter operates with uniform rhythm. Whether you are flying at three miles an hour or 140, the rotor blades are spinning at a nearly constant speed. An automobile with its frequently shifting rates of speed and greater number of parts suffers from greater wear. An automobile is serviced, theoretically at least, every thousand miles. A helicopter will get a similar servicing approximately every hundred hours, which would mean about 5000 to 9000 miles. Finally, let me add that dust, the enemy of machinery, is rarely found in the clean air of the heights.

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Learning to fly a helicopter will be no more difficult than learning to drive an automobile. The time necessary will vary with the individual, but probably twelve to twenty hours of instruction will be ample for the normal person. And the actual teaching operation will be much simpler than with either the motorcar or the airplane.

Suppose, for instance, you decide to buy a two-place helicopter. The cost of teaching is included in the sales price, and you go to the dealer to be taught to operate the machine before taking delivery. He has a demonstrator in a suitable space. You both get in the cabin, and he explains the controls much as I have set them forth here. Now he presses the starter; the engine comes to life.

"Try it," he suggests. "Get the feel of it."

You speed up the rotor blades, you pull the left lift lever, but you do not rise, as you expect, to a disconcerting height; instead, a cable attached to the helicopter holds it some four feet above the ground, permitting you safely and easily to study the control movements. How simple this method of accustoming yourself to flying a helicopter! And I am certain that flying a direct-lift machine will become, in time, just as much an automatic habit as driving your motorcar is now. I envision helicopters, attached to the earth by cables, at hundreds of county fairs; thus thousands of men, women, and children will operate the controls, safely enjoy the thrill of flying, and become air-minded.

A question certain to trouble you is this: With hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of helicopters flying in all directions at once, what about sky congestion and air traffic problems?

This problem has been foreseen and already a certain amount of planning has been done. While air traffic problems will not be at all comparable to what we now have with the motorcar, there must certainly be one-way air lanes within the limits and in the neighborhood of big centers of population. There will be "slow" and "fast" altitudes and you will choose the one that suits your temperament. Naturally, all helicopter highways will be at a safe distance from the air-plane levels.

All helicopters, of course, will remain at a reasonable altitude over thickly populated centers. But there need be no such "flight plan" as airplanes now must often submit to before undertaking a long journey. Helicopter owners will fly at will, bound only by their common sense and some general traffic rules which are easily obeyed in the vast reaches of the sky.

Nor will the strict physical examination that now might prohibit many thousands from flying an airplane be necessary. A person who can drive an automobile can fly a helicopter; and a man or woman with middle-aged reflexes is just as safe in one as in the other because the helicopter, as a rule, is always moving slowly when close to the ground. The helicopter owner will have to pass no stricter examination than is — or should be — necessary for driving a motorcar. He should not be color-blind, his vision should be normal with or without glasses. A man or woman with a heart ailment should not drive a helicopter — nor an automobile.

You or your wife will have to pass a driving examination for a helicopter just as you must for an automobile. Then you can obtain insurance on your direct-lift machine as you do now on your car.

One more question will doubtless trouble you: What about the helicopter and the weather? Rain or snow, fog or wind? What happens to the helicopter and its average owner then?

Man has always been limited by weather

even when he moved only on foot or horse. Common sense tells us that no one will stir abroad in bad weather with a helicopter or any other conveyance unless necessity compels. Yet if bad weather surprises you, the helicopter possesses advantages that no other vehicle can claim. If you are caught in mid-air by fog, you may slow down to five or fifteen miles an hour, cautiously descend and pick your way to your destination or to some place where you can wait until conditions improve. A heavy snowfall will immobilize airplane and motorcar until airport runways and roads have been cleared. But a helicopter, rising directly from the snow, is not stormbound and may go anywhere. A physician hastily summoned on an emergency call before the roads are cleared can descend by helicopter at his patient's door. This is not speculative; our helicopters have been flown in rain and fog and wind to test these characteristics.

The helicopter easily reaches what were hitherto inaccessible regions. Some time ago I received a letter from a man who owns a mine with valuable ore deposits. But the mine is at the bottom of a canyon whose walls are 2000 feet of sheer drop. It is extremely difficult for him to get supplies down and the ore out. The direct-lift machine, of course, when we begin making it for peace instead of for war, will open an easy air highway to his mine.

Though I may not touch upon the uses of the helicopter in wartime, its ability to hover and lower a rope, for example, to help an exhausted swimmer climb up to safety should give some indication of its utility. The power of a helicopter to *hide* behind trees and in valleys and behind hills and also to skim swiftly over the most formidable land obstacles suggests its value on a field of battle.

In contrast to a war plane, which is useless in peace, a military helicopter is 75 per cent adaptable to commercial use. The improvements we make today will be used by you in the air age of tomorrow. I am convinced that the manufacture, sale, and upkeep of the direct-lift machine will become a billion-dollar industry within ten years after this war, just as the automobile industry grew

colossally after the last. There will spring up associated industries, and a new prosperity. There will be many startling changes in our way of life.

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What will some of these changes be? Most important, I think, is that hundreds of thousands of people can return to the health and beauty of the countryside. Suburban development has hitherto been limited by the range of the bus, the automobile, and the commuter's train. This has put a high price on real estate adjacent to railroad or highway — prices beyond the reach of the low-income groups. But because of the helicopter, millions of acres of hitherto inaccessible land will be developed with small homes for medium- or low-income groups. A cheap, swift helicopter bus service will ferry these people to and from their work. Suburbs will include ten thousand or more square miles. Real-estate values will come within the reach of average incomes, and the people will literally return to the good earth.

I envision a new type of architecture — perhaps a house with a flat roof and a pleasantly designed helicopter hangar to one side of it, so that you have only to wheel the machine a few feet to take off. Hotels in beautiful surroundings will provide landing and hangar space for touring. Now, a day's tour of 400 miles in a motorcar is considered a great accomplishment. An air voyage of 1000 miles in a helicopter will not be unusual or fatiguing.

Long-distance transportation of passengers and freight over land and sea will definitely remain the job for the large airplane, which can carry out such flights with greater speed and efficiency. Therefore the long flights across the continent, as well as the air travel to Europe, South America, or other remote corners of the world, belong definitely to the airliner. But the short haul of less than 200 miles is equally the task of the helicopter, which can do it with the greatest efficiency.

Express and air mail will be carried from the airports to final destination by helicopter. There will be a direct-lift machine service to take airliner passengers from the air-

port to the city in a few minutes. There will be special delivery of perishable food to your door.

By the use of a helicopter shuttle service, oranges that were yesterday on the trees in Florida and California will be today moved to the big air-freight terminals and dropped off there. They will then reach your grocer's the next day by the freight helicopter's connecting lines to small centers of population — and from your grocer's will come to your door by his helicopter delivery service.

The winter growth of fresh vegetables such as beans and tomatoes, celery and lettuce, in the warm South and the Far West has been hitherto restricted because of cost and time of transportation to market. The airline and helicopter freight service will speed such healthy foods to the ends of the nation. Hence our eating habits will change, perhaps more than we realize. Strawberries in January, as it were, available for all.

Private and bus helicopters will make possible vacations at seashore or mountain for countless thousands. The helicopter will destroy space for millions of people. Nothing, I believe, is more delightful than touring in a helicopter. To hover and fill one's eyes with an enchanting vista is to bring joy to the soul. So, while he who must hurry will speed to other continents and across oceans by airliner, the man who has time may tour in his helicopter distances now impossible to the motorcar.

South America will become a continent easily accessible for such tourists. Shall we

not, then, see a hemispheric unity based on the understanding of thousands who will see much of South America through the glass of their helicopter cabin? I think so, for jungles hold no terrors for the helicopter. A small clearing suffices; if a helicopter settles down on a jungle forest, the machine may be irretrievable, but the passengers calmly descend to earth by a rope ladder. Equipped with floats instead of wheels, it can rise from your door and, if necessary, land in swamp or lake, river or savannah. The vast and beautiful Canadian north country with its thousands of gem-like lakes will be visited by helicopter tourists who will look upon breathless scenes never before, perhaps, seen by eye of man. Yes, we Americans, with our eager curiosity and desire to travel, will bind together North and South America by helicopter; and what will come of that, no man may now even hazard a guess.

But since he who can, will seek the cool Arctic in the summer and the warm and beautiful southern countries in the winter, there will be gas stations on the Canadian and Alaskan tundras — and hotels, too — and skilled mechanics in Point Barrow or Belize to check your helicopter.

In the American democracy are bred the daring, imaginative people who will know how to make use of the breath-taking possibilities of the helicopter. And when they do — within a decade after the war — we shall enter the new air age in which the helicopter will contribute toward the greatest prosperity our people and our country and the world have ever known.

SUBMARINE FROM CORREGIDOR

The Escape

by ELIZABETH E. SAYRE

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EVERY incident of our last day on Corregidor stands out vividly in my memory. I talked with many old friends, knowing I should not see them again, yet unable to tell them so, as our departure was a military secret. The submarine which had evacuated President Quezon and his party was returning to pick us up that very night. Some of them knew, however, and pressed into my hand a watch, a note, a class ring, asking me to take it home. "Tell them I'm fine; they mustn't worry; we'll lick the Japs! This place is the safest spot in the Philippines." They wouldn't look at me when they talked: they knew that I knew what they meant.

It was dark when we walked to the entrance of Malinta Hospital tunnel. I saw several friends there whose hands I clasped as we were hurried into General MacArthur's car. General Edward King's heart-warming smile and soft Southern voice sending love to his wife; Colonel Arthur Parker, his pipe momentarily in his hand as he whispered, "Good luck. Here is my family's address in San Antonio. Try to see them." There was Major Sitter, Doctor Artman — our good friends and efficient physicians. Last of all there was Carlos, faithful Filipino servant to all the American Governor Generals and High Commissioners. Tears came into my eyes. He had left wife and home and children to come with us and we were compelled to leave him. "Sorry you go this dangerous way. Thank you,

High Commissioner. Good-bye." There must be some special place in Paradise for loyal Filipinos like Carlos.

Our car sped down the hill and we drew up on the North dock where many figures were quietly loading a small yacht which had been converted into a patrol boat. We were to get aboard quickly because the Japs had been shelling this particular "hot spot." General MacArthur's voice was reassuring when he said, "You will have a hard trip, but when you come up at the end you will be in a different world." Admiral Rockwell's hand was firm and warm. "Good luck. You are going out with our ace submarine skipper. He'll get you through."

We huddled on the afterdeck on top of our suitcases as the ropes were cast off and we moved away mysteriously into the blackness. We spoke in low voices; after the monotony of two months of siege on Corregidor, at last we were moving into action. Our fifteen-year-old boy pressed against us in the dark. "Where are we going, Daddy? You said you would tell me as soon as we started off." "We're going home, Bill. We're going home!" What a surge of emotion those words aroused in our hearts.

We looked back. In the dim light of a clouded half-moon we could see the hogback shape of Corregidor looming up behind us, and the occasional sweep of searchlights blazing forth. Near the shoreline of Bataan, we entered a little cove and tied up alongside a barge. The captain, Commander Neeler, came to us.

"Go below and try to get some sleep," he urged. "We shall remain here until the

The wife of the High Commissioner to the Philippines. ELIZABETH E. SAYRE has drawn from her Diary on Corregidor episodes of which every American will be proud.

moon goes down. We're now out of reach of Jap shells from Cavite. But our rendezvous is not until 3.00 A.M."

I tried to sleep in the cabin, but could not. I heard soft voices talking overhead; occasional splashes; there were distant guns from Bataan, their *thrrrrump!* reminding us of our men holding Mariveles Mountain. How long could they endure the pounding and strafing from a constantly reinforced enemy? At two I got up, put on my dress, and smoothed my hair with a pocket comb. There was a tap on the cabin door and a low voice said, "We are moving off in a moment."

Soon we were back again on the afterdeck. Our ship shoved off from the oil barge. The moon had set, and there was a cool freshness in the air. We circled slowly, smoothly, around the waters of North Channel, waiting for our submarine to appear. Our eyes were straining into the star-reflecting waters. "There she is!" someone whispered. "Look! On our starboard!" From the darkness we saw emerging a slim black shadowy ship, much larger than I had expected. There were many figures on her deck as she drew alongside. Hands reached out to help us across and down a narrow wet gangplank. We stood for only a moment on the wet and glistening deck while our scanty baggage, some mail, and a few supplies were carried across. "Good-bye and good luck!" came across the water from the men on the *Mary Ann*. We said farewell to Commander Parker, the High Commissioner's naval aide. He pressed his class ring into my hand. "Take this to Ruth for me," he said, "and give my love to her and to Johnnie and Tommie." He had helped us through many dangers and had expected to return to his wife and young sons in January. Somewhere he is with our Navy now, fighting the Battle of the Pacific, for he got out later before Corregidor fell.

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We went down two narrow round hatchways, through the conning tower and the control room. Now I knew what Admiral Rockwell had meant when he said, "Wear

slacks if you have any!" Below, it was brightly lighted, but we were now in cramped quarters. We scarcely knew where to put ourselves in all the confusion of a sudden influx of ten people, ten suitcases, and three soldier locker trunks of official papers. Where could they stow us away?

We were moving! There was a slight motion. A young officer motioned our party down the narrow passage which ran about forty feet through the officers' quarters, at either end of which were two watertight doors. Along each side of this passage were three tiny cabins, the largest of which was the wardroom, a compact little room which seated eight people at mealtimes, slept three people at night, and had two canvas folding chairs, a built-in library on one wall, a radio speaker and two wall fans on the other. This room was the only one in the sub which afforded the luxury of chairs and a table, but since it had now to be used to give two sittings of meals three times a day and sleeping space to some of our party, as well as to some of the junior officers, it could hardly be termed a recreation room! Next to this was a tiny galley which boasted the greatest boon of all — an electric refrigerator. Directly across from the galley was the submarine's shower bathroom, which I called the "Execution Chamber." A young officer escorted the four women of our party into this tiny cell of horrors and explained the intricate mechanism of its sanitary arrangements. "It is quite simple," he assured us, "if you will remember that there are only seven operations to perform. But if you make a mistake there are dire consequences." He proceeded to work the various levers, wheels, and pedals. We watched him with bated breath. "Now one of you try it," he suggested encouragingly. One by one we brought our wits and our muscles into play. In the hot, moist air we were soon dripping with perspiration.

"Fine," he said. "I believe you will not make any mistakes." Poor deluded but hopeful instructor! We soon learned that there was more to it than first met the eye. We learned to avoid this room like the plague unless the ship was surfaced. We women were on our mettle in this man's

world, and we longed to cause no trouble, but there were times when both our minds and our bodies refused to sustain us in this ordeal, and we had to call the galley boy to the rescue with mop and bucket.

After this forthright introduction to the torture chamber, we were led down the passage toward the stern, past the Captain's little cabin, where he shared his quarters with my husband, to the four-bunk cabin at the end, which was the petty officers' cabin. Here there were two double-decker bunks, a washbasin, a mirror, and four drawers which somehow the officers had managed to empty for us, to hold our clothes and toilet articles. We were both surprised and delighted to find we had running water in our cabin, although we were cautioned to use it very sparingly. Also, we had a circulating wall-fan, which we never turned off save when our ship made dives to get away from enemy ships.

"Try to get some sleep now," suggested Lieutenant McCloskey. "We will submerge at 6.00 A.M." We took off as much clothing as we could and stretched out on our bunks. "This was really not bad," we thought. But at 5.55 A.M. came new and unaccountable noises — bangs and screwings. A quick knock and one of the crew stepped in, turned a valve, and, without even looking in our embarrassed direction, vanished. At 6.00 A.M. a harsh klaxon sounded three times; we felt a slight motion; our ears tightened up, and soon the air became so close and so hot we could not sleep. We were now deep under the surface at the usual cruising depth.

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It seemed only a few minutes later when we were called in to breakfast with the Captain, a young, earnest, rather pale-looking man, whose quiet confidence soon gave us reassurance such as only masterful leadership can give. One look into those steady blue eyes made us realize that Admiral Rockwell was right — here was an "ace." This young man already had eight scalps to his belt — eight Jap ships he had sent to the bottom.

The Captain explained our routine: "Dur-

ing these daylight hours we shall be running under water at a slow rate of speed — about 3 to 4 knots. At periodic intervals we rise to periscope depth and then dive again. If we sight a plane — enemy or doubtful — we dive much deeper and lie still because on a clear, calm day we can be seen from the air, even at considerable depth. At night we run on the surface and make much better speed. Immediately after breakfast you had better turn in and pretend it's night. You'll find it too hot to do anything but be still, and you'll use up less oxygen that way."

Following his advice, we went back to our cabins, where it was now 90°, took off all but the most scanty clothing, and lay down in our bunks. The air got hotter and more foul as those long hours dragged by. It was almost impossible to sleep longer than fifteen minutes at a stretch. We would lie in our bunks, which soon became pools of perspiration, getting up now and then to take a sponge bath to relieve our burning skin. During that interminable first "night" we wondered if one could get used to this. And how many of these "nights" — or was it days? — should we have to spend before the end? I learned to keep a wet towel hanging on the side rail of my bunk, and occasionally dampened my forehead, my arms, my legs. The relief was only momentary and the resurging burning heat worse than before.

Sometimes we would get up, put on a robe, and walk down the passage to the galley. The mess boy managed to keep cool water in the refrigerator, and it was heavenly to open the icebox door and feel a breath of coolness for a moment while we reached for the pitcher of water. As we turned to go back, we looked down the hatchway into the torpedo room. Always there were some men working on these torpedoes, for at any moment our ship might have to fire, in less than two minutes, eight torpedoes of 3000 pounds each, and we must be always primed for instant action.

In the torpedo room were a few "hot bunks" where someone was always taking his turn at sleep. Here was where our son, Bill, slept — when he slept! I never once saw him on a cot, but sometimes the men in our party would tell me Bill was asleep. He

kept going until he was so exhausted sleep would descend upon him with a knockout blow. There were too many strange and interesting experiences for Bill to waste any time on sleep! The crew were most wonderfully kind to him — patient under the constant questioning, playfully joking, indulgent about sharing food, and showing him the intricate ways and means of torpedoes, periscope, batteries, control system. After this voyage home, Bill decided he wanted to enlist as a seaman.

Somehow the days passed by. We lived for that wonderful moment each evening when darkness settled down upon the waters above us and our ship dared to rise to the surface and the first sweet breath of fresh air swept through the passageway. When the sea was calm, the forward hatch was opened and then the air was immediately pure and fresh. The first half-hour was the best, for soon thereafter the heat was intensified by the charging batteries which began to store up their vitally needed power as soon as we had "surfaced."

What a maze and labyrinth of twisted coils and machinery is built into a submarine! When the floor boards of the passageway were raised, we saw the compact mass of batteries and heard them clicking away like a million typewriters. The ceiling and walls of our cabin were checkerboarded with screws, valves, pipes, ventilators, and other such things.

Our admiration for Captain Smith and his men increased daily. In all the torrid days near the equator, when we suffered so that we could neither read, write, nor think, the men went about their jobs with concentrated effort. There could not be the same formality of discipline as on a large ship, but this very fact brought about an intimate contact between officers and men which made for superb teamwork. I never saw a man idle on the two weeks and 3000 miles of our trip, save when they took time for food and drink and a rare game of chess or cards. Some of the crew looked not a day older than seventeen. Many of them had not seen the sun for six or seven weeks, and they showed it. We all suffered from skin eruptions caused by excessive perspiration and

lack of fresh fruits and vegetables, but the crew went about their tasks regardless of discomfort.

The Captain had been fifteen years in submarine service. One day we picked up a message saying Captain Chester C. Smith had been awarded the Navy's Distinguished Service Cross for outstanding service in the Pacific. He had a larger number of Jap ships to his credit than any other submarine captain in the South Pacific. No wonder his officers and crew were proud of him.

9

The galley was operated by two Guamese — the cook and the mess boy, obliging Guerrero. They were quiet and efficient and did wonders with the materials at hand. At rare intervals they came into our cabin to "make a pass" at mopping up, but there was no place to which we women could go, unless we stood in the passage plastered flat against the wall to let the busy crew pass back and forth, or went to the wardroom, which was always full to capacity with officers decoding messages or with people eating, sleeping, or — occasionally — taking part in a bridge or chess game. In our cabin, we managed to do a little laundry and it seemed that our ceiling pipes and handles were always strung with intimate apparel drying — or trying to — in the breeze of our hard-working little fan. This did not help the condition of high humidity, but it was, nevertheless, a necessary evil. The women in our party wore shorts or slacks, and they managed somehow to keep up feminine traditions of dress under most difficult circumstances.

Submarine food was surprisingly good and there was plenty of it. It was wonderful to see a platter of sliced ham or of curried chicken brought in and passed around the wardroom table. We had got used to having a heavily loaded plate of sauerkraut and frankfurters placed in front of us on Corregidor. Now we had the meal served most appetizingly. True, the mashed potatoes were canned and of a beige-gray complexion; and our scrambled eggs were a weird mixture of powdered egg and canned milk;

but our cook did work miracles with only a larder of canned or dehydrated foods to draw upon. We had pumpkin pie — we even had layer cake; and on special occasions he made a chocolate milk shake which was the nectar of the gods. We had linen on the table and damask napkins with our names written on them; the writing almost wore out toward the end of our trip. We had sheets and pillow cases on our bunks — but no changes, of course.

Making our toilet in the morning and evening was an affair of short order. We had to stagger the rising hour, for only one could operate at a time. A brief sponge bath and a change of garments did not require many minutes. There was no privacy about it — but then we were used to that in the tunnel at Corregidor. After we were dressed we were supposed to leave and make room for the next. When the wardroom was full or was being used temporarily by the men, we stood in the passageway.

Although smoking was taboo on the submarine, this rule was not strictly enforced except when batteries were being charged. But the air was so bad when we were submerged that it was real punishment to add tobacco smoke to it. Sometimes, in the wardroom, smoke was so thick one's eyes smarted. But I suppose if you really crave a cigarette you don't mind.

10

All this time our ship was heading south. About the fifth night, while we were going through Macassar Strait, where the big naval battle had occurred a short time before, we crossed the line of the equator. We were all dripping with perspiration from every pore and we could not seem to satisfy our thirst. We tried playing bridge in our cabin to keep our minds occupied, but even the cards were wet and sticky.

My husband had one constant anxiety. "I am more fearful of some of us getting sick," he said, "than I am of any depth charges." We had no doctor aboard and it was questionable if a forced landing would be possible. According to radio reports, a naval battle was developing in the Java

Sea, through which we must pass. Our intended port was Soerabaja, but we did not feel certain we could land there. We were in enemy-infested waters and our ship had to proceed with great caution. At one time we sighted two large enemy ships and two destroyers. I suspect that the Captain longed to run off and take a shot at them, but we kept straight on our dangerous course.

Upon another occasion, we heard that the British cruiser *Electra* had been torpedoed and that fifty-eight survivors, six badly wounded, had been taken aboard one of our near-by submarines. I could not imagine where they found space for them! On our sub we had sixty-seven crew and officers, and ten in our official group — and it was so crowded you could scarcely turn or move without treading on someone's toes. As for water, we made it by condensation, and when it got low in the tank it was bitter and full of brown sediment. What would we have done if we had had fifty additional thirsty people put aboard?

One evening at about eight o'clock, while we were finishing our dinner in the wardroom, a coded message came from Admiral Glassford, telling the Captain to proceed to Perth on the southwest coast of Australia. We had expected to land in Soerabaja on the ninth sailing day, but now we knew we should have at least six or seven more days of underwater life. The Battle of the Java Sea was raging, and landing on Java would be like jumping out of a frying pan into the fire. We were told to proceed by Lombok and Flores Islands and to go through a very narrow and dangerous strait so as to avoid enemy ships. The radio told us the Japs were making landings on Timor, Java, Sumatra, and North Borneo. It looked too as though they were headed for Australia.

That evening, while the temperature was 96° in the wardroom and the humidity intense, we reviewed our knowledge of Australian geography. None of us knew anything about Perth, but the Captain's atlas told us it had 86,000 people and its port city was Fremantle. We made up our minds we would go on a shopping expedition in Perth, for it would be fall weather there and we

had only a scanty and much worn tropical outfit. Imagine the lift to our feminine morale!

11

The seventh night out we went through a terrifying experience while emerging from Macassar Strait. After being surfaced for two hours, we unexpectedly made a quick dive and went down deep. Amidst the bustle and hustle of such an occasion, with the men darting around the boat screwing bolts, closing valves, securing hatches, giving quick commands, the chief engineer put his head in our cabin and said, "Better stay in your bunks. Here's some cotton for your ears. We've sighted a ship and we may get some depth charges." He turned off our fan and the ship settled into a deathlike stillness. All ventilation (and breathing!) ceased and we dripped from every pore, suffering from both apprehension and terrific heat. Those minutes seemed like hours. During the time we were lying quiet and submerged, our men were listening with their sound detectors for any approaching screws — the only way they can tell if the enemy ship is coming closer to us, when they dare not periscope. We tried to play a spelling game, but found we couldn't concentrate.

After what seemed hours, the engineer put his head in again, reached to turn on our fan, and said, "It's O.K. now. Danger's past and we're going ahead." Blessed relief!

Once in the Indian Ocean, we began to feel a greater sense of safety. We were now running on the surface by day as well as at night, and the temperature was somewhat cooler. We began to run into rough seas and head winds, which usually prevail off Northwest Australia at that season, and now we learned that the sub has a peculiar motion in a heavy sea. Sometimes it seemed as though it were being hammered and tempered by the waves, like a bar of iron in a foundry. The sub quivered and rolled, shook and shivered, but no one seemed in the least concerned about it. We had to spend considerable time in our bunks, for we couldn't stand on our feet or even sit erect! The

officers came down from the bridge dripping wet, but with a fine color in their cheeks. Some of them got a rare burn, weathering the combination of spray and sun.

On March 4, the eleventh day at sea, the Captain said, "You may go up on the bridge and look at the sun today — only two at a time, though!"

What a beautiful world it was when we climbed up the hatch and stepped out on the bridge. There was sun and blue sky and a marvelous whitecapped sea to feast our eyes upon. The light was blinding. When we stepped out on the narrow deck, we found ourselves in the midst of an alert watch — four men were standing with glasses glued upon the horizon, and another one was at the top of the conning tower. They had bared their chests and backs to the sun, but as some of them had not seen the sun for seven weeks they looked pale and were covered with heat rash and sores. It was wonderful to see how they picked up color and spirits in the next few days. The officers changed the crew watch at frequent intervals, so that all sixty-seven men got some sun and fresh air every morning and afternoon. They needed it.

After half an hour we reluctantly went down again, making way for two more of our party to go up. We "spelled each other" this way, as the Captain did not want more than two of us on the bridge at once. If an enemy plane was suddenly sighted, the ship could dive to safety in less than a minute, but if four or five green novices had to be hurried through the two hatchways, it might mean all the difference between a safe getaway and a disaster. The Captain was not gambling with his ship just because we longed for sunshine.

After dark we went up for a look at the stars. It wasn't easy to climb the narrow hatch in the dark and to put one's foot in the right spot where one stepped into the conning tower. Not a glimmer of a light showed — we were completely blacked out. Even so, there was a glow from the stars and we realized that our ship could be seen some distance away. While we were up top, one of the officers told us of a radio report saying that a Jap sub had fired two tor-

pedoes at one of our subs traveling in the area where we had been that very afternoon. Luckily they missed.

Two days after we began our daylight runs, suddenly one morning we made a dive. The screws and the shafts spun around noisily, the klaxon sounded three times, and the ship made a sudden forward, downward movement. We went deep and remained submerged. An officer came through and said, "Plane overhead." We stayed down for twenty minutes, came up to periscope, then went down again quickly. The plane was circling around, — a bomber, — but we could not discover whether it was ours or the enemy's, and we were taking no chances.

Immediately after this we changed our course and then rose to periscope, took a look around, and were under way. Two hours lost, but *no bombing!*

The last two days aboard, we did not submerge at all. It was much cooler and, except for the terrific rolling, much more comfortable. The day before we landed, Lieutenant Hyde, our navigating officer, took us on a tour of inspection. We learned that our ship was 310 feet long, had a tonnage of 15,000, and cost \$5,000,000 in 1939. When we went aft through the control room into the torpedo room, we saw the rows of little lockers where the crew kept their belongings. There were a few photographs stuck up in unexpected niches, and there was one beautiful Javanese carving. Seeing the crowded conditions, we realized that the men on our ship had given up both comforts and convenience for us, and yet there was never the least sign given that we were resented as a nuisance. They not only showed us the kind of courtesy which springs from the heart, but they actually tried to

fool us into thinking we made the days less dull! We shall never cease to feel proud of our Navy's submarine personnel. Like the men on the batteries at Corregidor, like the nurses in the fields of Bataan, they can take it.

12

We went to bed early that last night aboard the submarine, for we wanted to be up on the bridge when our convoy appeared. At 3.00 A.M. I got up and dressed and went up the hatchway. The officers on the bridge were absorbed in their job as they peered out into a thick fog which was turning to light gray. We could hear the welcoming sounds of bell buoys, foghorns, and cawing gulls. Everything was dripping wet and we scarcely moved. There was a small patrol boat off our starboard bow, and our crew, using a megaphone, asked for our convoy. We were told to lie by for other subs. In time, three other submarines emerged out of the fog. We followed the patrol boat slowly in toward Fremantle, and as we moved along, the fog occasionally lifted and we saw the shoreline of Australia. All our crew came out on the deck below as we drifted in. They were as full of joyful antics as a litter of pups.

As we came into Fremantle, the sun burst out in full glory and we saw stretches of green hillside, pine trees, white sandy beaches. I suspect Paradise must look very much like that. A few moments later we caught sight of a small launch, buried in white spray, heading directly for us. It came alongside and Admiral Glassford climbed up onto the deck to greet us.

We were almost sorry to go. For two weeks we had been living with heroes. I wonder if we shall see them again.

» In the July *Atlantic* Mr. Thurman Arnold, the Assistant Attorney General, and Mr. Lawrence Langner, a leading patent lawyer, presented their sharply conflicting opinions on patents and monopoly. In this paper Mr. Arnold replies to his critics and then makes a downright plea for a new law to curb the abuse of patents.

WE MUST REFORM THE PATENT LAW

by THURMAN ARNOLD

IN THE July issue of the *Atlantic* I explained how the abuse of the patent privilege has been one of the principal means by which domestic and international cartels maintained their monopoly control over our markets at home and abroad. The *Atlantic* has asked me to develop more fully my ideas of an appropriate remedy and to reply to Mr. Langner's spirited defense of patents which also appeared in the July issue, under the title "We Depend on Invention." In this article I will restate the problem, make a brief analysis of Mr. Langner's defense, and finally suggest a remedy for the patent racket.

I

When the Sherman Act was passed, the principles of trusteeship were the principal cloak for monopoly practices. Hence the name "Antitrust Law," which still persists long after the trust device has been exposed and abandoned. The years of sporadic enforcement since 1890 have seen numerous Trojan horses pushed forward to conceal organized attacks on independent enterprise and full production: the corporate franchise was abused; the trade association became an instrument of coercion; apparently inno-

THURMAN ARNOLD has been the Assistant Attorney General since March 21, 1938. Born in Laramie, Wyoming, in 1891, he took his A.B. at Princeton in 1911, his LL.B. at Harvard in 1914, and his M.A. at Yale in 1931. After marked success in private practice, he served as a member of the Wyoming House of Representatives and as Mayor of Laramie; then he turned his energies to the teaching of law. Yale appointed him Professor of Law in 1931, and his subsequent experience at New Haven and at Washington laid the groundwork for his notable books, *The Folklore of Capitalism* and *The Bottle-necks of Business*.

cent publications of trade statistics became a method of dividing markets; even codes of business ethics and fair trade practices have been used to restrict production and crush independent business. The latest and today the most extensively used instrument of monopoly control is the patent privilege.

There are two reasons why patents in the hands of great organizations became an effective tool to raise prices and restrict production. In the first place, most people think of patents as a protection to struggling inventors. To dress a huge corporation in the clothes of an inventor gives it a sentimental advantage of great strategic value. In the second place, the patent law became so complicated that its abuse was difficult to present in terms understandable to the layman. Behind this mysterious smoke screen of patent technicalities vast schemes of corporate control could be — and were — worked out, while in front of it ceremonies were observed in honor of the poor inventor.

Mr. Langner begins his article with a beautiful example of how this smoke screen works. He tells the story of Tom Midgley, who invented the anti-knock fluid that gives us ethyl-treated gasoline today. He implies that my attack on the umbrella patent in the ethyl case shows disrespect and lack of gratitude to Tom. He neglects to tell us that Midgley does not own the patent. He does not tell us that a long time ago Tom's patent became part of the corporate empire of Du Pont, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and General Motors, all of whom jointly own the Ethyl Corporation, which in turn owns the patent. Nor does he explain the tricks in the

patent by which this corporate empire rigged prices of unpatented gasoline on a nationwide scale. They worked it this way. They not only got a patent on the anti-knock fluid itself; they also got a patent which prevented anyone from mixing that fluid with gasoline or burning the mixture in cars without a license from them. One gallon of the fluid will make 4200 gallons of regular anti-knock gasoline. Accordingly, by getting a patent on the mixture, they could control 4200 gallons of unpatented fluid with one gallon of patented fluid. In this way they controlled the price of 85 per cent of the fuel used by the American motorist.

Ethyl Corporation got the power of life or death over 11,000 jobbers. It could put any one of them out of business without cause by revoking his license to sell his own unpatented gasoline if $\frac{1}{4200}$ of that gasoline was ethyl fluid. This is not industrial democracy, it is dictatorship. The jobbers couldn't afford expensive infringement suits while their supplies were cut off. The reason Ethyl could cut off their supply was that all the major refiners (except Sun Oil Company) took out licenses. These major refiners had enough money to contest the patent. But it was obviously not to their interest to do so when Ethyl was helping them fix prices.

The shaky patent was therefore never contested, and the public was gouged to the tune of \$150,000,000 a year. Moreover, when the price is fixed on a necessity the actual cost goes beyond the direct cost. If you are an average citizen getting \$2000 a year or less and the Ethyl Corporation adds \$25 to your gasoline bill, the only place you can get that \$25 is from your food budget. So you buy less farm products. Transportation costs also go up, increasing the spread between the farm and your table. The farmers lose a part of their market. Then the government must step in and subsidize the distribution of food, and the gasoline user, who must pay a higher fuel bill, must also pay more taxes in order to pay back the subsidy. All this happens when patent cartels control the price of necessities.

Royalties to the struggling inventor were not involved. These shaky ethyl patents were licensed royalty-free. They were not

being used to exploit the invention, but solely to control the market.

And now appears Mr. Langner with his pathetic story of Tom Midgley, the inventor. Tom had nothing to do with this scheme. He did not profit by it. He did not own the patent. In using him as a front for this combination of Du Pont, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and General Motors, it is Mr. Langner who is guilty of disrespect to Tom Midgley, not I.

2

Next Mr. Langner gives us a list of specific commodities under investigation by the Antitrust Division, to show how well international cartels are working and how wrong are the hearings before the Truman and Bone Committees of the Senate. He approves the activities of patent cartels in the following instances:—

Tetracene (a percussion explosive).

Optical glass and instruments.

Plexiglas (a plastic glass used for airplanes).

Carbology (used in making machine tools).

Buna rubber (a synthetic rubber substitute).

Magnesium (a substitute for aluminum).

Atabrine (a substitute for quinine).

100-octane aviation gasoline.

Synthetic toluol for TNT.

Here are the facts.

Tetracene. The use of this important explosive was dictated by Germany under agreement with American concerns against our own national policy. In 1941, while the lend-lease program was on, Remington Arms decided they could not sell superior tetracene ammunition to England because they were bound by a secret cartel agreement with Germany.

Optical glass and instruments. Bausch & Lomb violated the directions of the Navy Department not to give Germany information. They created through their German combinations a situation which resulted in an unbelievable artificial shortage when war broke out.

The terms of the agreement between Bausch & Lomb and Carl Zeiss of Germany offer a shocking commentary on the actual workings of international patent cartels. Under them:—

1. Patents developed by Carl Zeiss were held for the German company's account in the name of Bausch & Lomb, thus concealing the German ownership of the United States patents.
2. Bausch & Lomb paid royalties on all military optical goods whether patented or not, including sales to the United States Government. [Thus, after 1921, by analysis of the royalty payments, the German company could easily determine the purchases made by the United States Army and Navy.]
3. The Bausch & Lomb military department was to be supervised by persons acceptable to Zeiss.
4. Bausch & Lomb was to sell only in the United States, Zeiss in the rest of the world.
5. Technical information, drawings, designs, and military secrets were exchanged.

Plexiglas. Rohm & Haas Company of Philadelphia promised Rohm & Haas Company of Darmstadt, Germany, to give away our foreign markets in exchange for the right to be free from competition in the United States. True, when Britain and Germany went to war the restrictions were relaxed, but this was on condition that Rohm & Haas of Philadelphia should sell Plexiglas in foreign markets only through Rohm & Haas agencies under German control. In this way Rohm & Haas of Philadelphia were duped into assisting the Germans to run the British blockade for the Germans in South America, giving German interests foreign exchange. The German company still retained the right to limit the number of manufacturers in the United States. This arch was sustained by the keystone of a patent right.

Carbology — suppressed in the United States by a cartel agreement with Germany to the detriment of our machine-tool industry.

Buna rubber. Documents show that Standard Oil of New Jersey sent full information about butyl rubber to Germany in accordance with its patent cartel agreement, knowing that I. G. Farben was withholding information supposed to be given in exchange. It did this because it wanted to keep the monopoly power over rubber which the patent cartel gave it. Using that power, it pursued, as its documents show specifically, a policy of making rubber a high-cost specialty. Even after war broke out in Europe, Standard Oil tried to protect German in-

terests in the event that the United States should enter the war in order to perpetuate its cartel. Its officers positively concealed the nature of its German cartel connection from the Securities and Exchange Commission, the State Department, and the Truman Committee. The Standard Oil patent cartel was an important contributing cause of our failure to develop synthetic rubber.

Magnesium. The powerful domination by a patent cartel under contract with Germany restricted the production in this country. To the Aluminum Company of America's participation in this patent cartel we owe the fact that our production remained down while that of Germany increased by leaps and bounds.

Atabrine. A single patent, controlled by I. G. Farben, dictated the terms by which this essential drug could be manufactured in the United States. Sterling Products had an interest in this patent, but even during our lend-lease program officers of Sterling Products gave assurance to Germany that their interests would be protected during and after the war. Sterling Products is now rid of German domination. Today the situation is further safeguarded by the seizure of the German rights by the Alien Property Custodian. But the spectacle of the production of this essential drug, left so long to the secret manipulation of a German-American combination during a period when Germany was preparing for war against us, is too shocking to need elaboration.

100-octane aviation gasoline. The obstacles which a patent cartel put in the way of coöperation in our own national defense are shown by the following memorandum from the files of Standard Oil of New Jersey: —

Any program by which the Army Air Corps can obtain their objective of a one- or two-year start over the rest of the world on this vital matter bristles with difficulties and sacrifices from our standpoint. We shall not have to cross the bridge finally until our present experiments are completed. When and if we are able to demonstrate that the hydrogenation plants are capable of turning out an aviation product which with the usual quantity of lead can be brought up to 100-octane number, we shall be faced with the situation mentioned above. To meet the

very proper desires of the Air Corps as expressed to us we shall have to violate our agreements and perhaps forfeit the confidence of our associates, both American and foreign, and beyond this we shall either have to avoid any commercial use of the new method or run the very grave risk of finding that our efforts at secrecy have been abortive.

Synthetic toluol. This commodity was never before the Bone Committee. No charges of illegal patent control were made. Toluol came before the *Truman Committee* because of documents showing that Standard Oil lied to the Trojan Powder Company and thus kept Trojan from competing for an Army contract. Mr. Langner implies that the Truman Committee in showing up this fraud was attacking our patent system.

The cartel activities in the commodities listed above have been stopped by the prosecution and exposure. The patent pools have been broken up. Mr. Langner objects both to the prosecution of such abuses and to their investigation by Congress. His main thesis seems to be that adequate exchange of technical information with foreign countries is imperiled unless we turn it over to private patent cartels with power to combine with our enemies and to violate our national policy without public responsibility.

To sum up, Mr. Langner's article is an avoidance of the issues before the Patents Committee of the Senate. It ignores the abuses which are the subject of that investigation. It fails to refute or even analyze any part of the testimony (which consists not of accusations, as he implies, but of actual documents). The whole effect is like telling a man whose head is splitting with an abscessed tooth not to have it pulled because teeth in general are such fine things and because he still has some good teeth in his head.

3

This is not a new problem. Farsighted members of the patent bar years ago warned of the danger of monopoly control. In 1923 a prominent patent lawyer now deceased wrote to the head of one of our great cartels:

Your . . . patents have, I believe, been sustained as often as it is wise to attempt to sustain

them. . . . So long as the public has limited sources from which it can purchase, just so long will it be stated that the public is forced to pay too much for these necessary articles; and a combined and concerted attempt to voice this feeling and resentment will result in *something*, along *some* lines, legal or legislative.

This advice was not followed because monopoly power is inherently not capable of following such advice. As Dr. Moulton of the Brookings Institution points out over and over again in his books, the monopolies never tend to reduce costs when efficiency is increased, because they can always get a larger short-run profit by charging all that the traffic will bear.

Where necessities are involved, there is no brake on this tendency, and exploitation by patent control is most effective in necessities like housing, fuel, drugs, and basic materials. Buyers can go without luxuries when the price is not attractive. But when a man needs a roof over his head, he must pay the price he is asked, however high. Accordingly, inventions in building construction became a tangle of patent restrictions preventing experimentation by outsiders, preventing the mass production of houses at low cost. New light metals more efficient than iron and steel were kept out of production so that the prices of older metals might not be disturbed by inter-industry competition. Housing had to be subsidized while luxuries like automobiles and radios reached the lowest income groups without subsidies.

For example, it is estimated that forty million people in the United States need spectacles. The distribution cost is usually between 300 and 400 per cent. The retailer alone has a mark-up of 100 per cent. Compare this with automobiles, where the dealer nominally gets only 20 per cent — actually less than that because of used-car losses.

The patents used to dominate the spectacles market were in most cases not good patents but shaky or worthless ones. They were backed, not by court decisions, but by threats of long and protracted litigation no small concern could survive. As an illustration I quote from the reply of Mr. Carl Bausch of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company to a naïve inquiry by one of his

staff asking why the company continued to pay royalties on worthless patents: —

A great many of the patents that we are operating under are very weak and if we wished to, we could break them ourselves and not pay royalties, but good business judgment, I believe, justifies the idea of paying royalties even on weak patents in order to maintain a price control picture that is helpful.

This sort of memorandum can be picked up in the files of any great corporation which is maintaining a patent cartel. For example, the patent attorney of Standard Oil tells his company how to sabotage production of rubber as follows: —

. . . all manufacturing patent license of licensees will help to build up licensors' dominating position, but no licensee will get the benefit of any other licensees' manufacturing patent rights. *In other words, this is not a cross-licensing agreement, but one in which patents are piled on patents in the hands of one centralizing company.* [The italics are mine.]

An analysis of the thousands of documents in the files of the Antitrust Division illustrating this kind of patent abuse would fill several volumes. In this limited space I can only quote two more typical statements of patent policy. In an interoffice memorandum from C. L. Bausch to Dr. W. B. Rayton entitled "Patent Protection," dated September 28, 1938, the following statement is made: —

Of our sales in 1937 about half of the products sold were protected by patents, roughly \$5,000,000 on which we paid an average of 5% royalty, \$250,000 to outside sources for protection on our product *and for buying the means of accomplishing price control. A great deal of money, but apparently justified by the figures in most cases.* [The italics are mine.]

M. J. Root, Jr., of Shuron, a member of a spectacle cartel, a Ful-Vue sublicensee, stated the same belief on August 13, 1935, when he wrote to a Shuron employee: —

Frankly, the Ful-Vue patents are so weak that they are a tremendous task to uphold, because the American Optical Company cannot be too severe in its tactics in keeping the licensees in line, *because if they were forced to bring suit the patents might be knocked out and the whole Ful-Vue license system would topple, and Ful-Vue*

and Hi Bo products could then be made by anybody at any price, and the nice margin of profit in this business would be lost. [Again the italics are mine.]

The two most common methods of keeping these worthless patents alive were: (1) agreements not to litigate among the dominant concerns using patents to stabilize and restrict production, and (2) the threat of protracted litigation against weaker concerns unable to stay in business and in court at the same time. The infringement suit as a coercive instrument had unlimited possibilities. Banks will not lend money while an infringement suit backed by a great corporation is pending. Customers are scared away. Business goes to pieces.

A short case history of patent control taken from the building industry will illustrate how patent control grows.

In 1924 the manufacture of air filters was in its infancy. (Air filters are not only essential in building construction but today they are installed in aircraft, tanks, and factories engaged in war production.) In December of that year an American patent was issued to a German citizen. It was a shaky patent; indeed the same device had been declared invalid in Germany for want of invention. Company A got hold of this patent. It got together with Company B, which had another patent on air filters, and out of this came Company C, a patent holding company. Company C acquired two of its competitors, D and E. It was then big enough to begin the infringement suit racket. The result was that under duress it absorbed Companies F, G, H, I, J, and K. Of course it did not take over all outsiders. The little fellows not strong enough to defend an infringement suit were ruthlessly destroyed.

These astounding results, based on an all-out patent offensive, were brought about despite the fact that the officials of Company A were strongly of the opinion that the principal patent was invalid. All in all, this patent pool acquired 105 patents. The only suit ever tried ended in a declaration that the particular patent was worthless. Most of the patents were never tested, but the very purpose of schemes like this is to avoid a court test. And so, out of sixteen competing manufacturers in 1925, all except two

either were crushed or were brought into the ring.

Recently the air filter companies were indicted. They paid \$88,000 in fines but they still have their patents, potential threats that may be used again.

4

All this results in:—

(1) Suppression or postponement of new inventions. Suppose a great corporation has vast sums of money in an industrial process which will be made obsolete by a new invention. Suppose it gets control of that new invention. There is every temptation to hold the new invention off the market until the cartel has made the public pay for its investment in the obsolete device.

(2) The stabilization of artificial price in necessities.

(3) The power delegated to private groups to tax an entire industry.

(4) The suppression of new enterprise and new invention.

(5) The control and division of international markets.

Private control of foreign economic policy without public responsibility has no justification. As worked out it made us the dupes of Germany. Hitler made it a criminal offense to give information on any industrial process without submitting it to a government agent. We relied on secret cartel agreements. Hence we got no information from the Germans that Hitler did not want us to have. We find Standard Oil giving away information as to butyl rubber and getting nothing in return as to Buna (Mr. Langner's statement to the contrary is contradicted by the files of Standard Oil itself). Not only did we give information to Germany, but we helped the Germans to develop their industry. This arrangement permitted the benefits of the information to go to Germany, and the benefits of restriction of production to come to American cartels.

When the American Government tried to stop information from going abroad it was met with policies like the one expressed in the following memorandum taken from the files of Bausch & Lomb:—

Heretofore, the Government has merely been insistent that none of the details as regards the designs of these instruments be made public, but lately it seems as if the quantities, prices, etc., and the amount of the equipment purchased, etc., are also considered secret. Obviously, our agreement with Messrs. Carl Zeiss cannot work satisfactorily unless at least the latter information becomes common knowledge to both parties, but some arrangements must be made whereby we are assured this information will be kept in strictest confidence.

When the American Government tried to get information from our cartels they were met with the kind of policy which is illustrated in a memorandum from the files of Standard Oil:—

Because of the possible application of butyl to some of the Navy's requirements, Mr. Werkenthin [of the Navy's Bureau of Construction and Repair] had been instructed also to look into the manufacturing process. You will recall that I took up this question with you before his arrival. As agreed upon, I took Mr. Werkenthin over to the "K" Plant when it appeared that I could not very well steer his interest away from the process. However, I am quite certain that he left with no picture of the operations other than that a considerable amount of distillation and refrigeration is involved in the handling of the light hydrocarbons, and that refinery gas rather than straight butadiene is the raw material.

The effect of these patent cartels on production is well illustrated in the machine-tool industry. General Electric in combination with Krupp obtained patent control of tungsten carbide, the next hardest substance to diamonds. Germany developed this material until it became the heart of the machine-tool industry. General Electric used the patent pool to maintain fantastic prices—400 to 600 per cent higher in this country than in Germany from 1929 to 1940.

After an indictment procured by the Anti-trust Division of the Department of Justice, American prices dropped to the German level. However, Gerald Firth, the second largest domestic manufacturer of tungsten carbide, tersely states the effects of those former patent restrictions:—

The control of the tungsten carbide patents by the General Electric Company and the Krupp

Company has resulted in keeping the prices at exorbitant levels. Now when the emergency has come, industry has not learned how to use tungsten carbide and has not the machines, the skilled men, or the technique which it would have had if the material had been available at the same low prices at which it was available to German industries.

Against the force of subsidized writing, indignant denials, and evasions of the issue stand the specific cases set out in Antitrust indictments and before the Truman Committee and the Bone Committee. The conclusion is inescapable that Germany obtained much of its initial advantage in production of basic metals by exploiting the desire of the leaders of American patent cartels to be free from competition at home and abroad. Recently the Antitrust Division uncovered a list of 162 cartel agreements affecting American business made by I. G. Farben alone. These agreements penetrate nearly every great industry. A large part of them are based on the abuse of the patent privilege.

5

The remedy is to strike — and strike hard — at those who abuse patents. When a patent owner uses his patent to build a domestic or international cartel or to stifle enterprise or production in any commodity, the patent should be annulled by the courts in order to make the industry free again. Monopoly power can be destroyed only by taking away the instruments by which that power was built up and maintained.

There is nothing wrong with the fundamental principles of our patent law. The idea of protecting inventors and likewise the persons who invest their money in inventions represents a just and equitable purpose. Nevertheless, the fundamental principle of protecting independent enterprise against aggression, and consumers against exploitation, should be applied to any patent law, reformed or unreformed.

The outline of that principle is simple. It consists in the right of the government to ask a court to cancel any patent privilege whose owner has used it as an instrument of business policy to dominate the market, fix

prices, or destroy independent business. If we are to stop that sort of activity we must make it more hazardous than it is today. Taking away the instruments of monopoly power involves no new principle. It is a curb which is put on practically every other business privilege today. It has been applied to the corporate franchise ever since the Sherman Act. The right to incorporate is even more essential to our economy than the right to patent. Yet when a corporation abuses its powers it may be dissolved; it is not permitted to continue to occupy the dominating position which it illegally acquired. There is no reason why the same principle should not be applied to any single patent or any combination of patents.

The Patent Office cannot protect us against the patent cartel. It must pass hurriedly on 60,000 applications a year, any one of which may be cleverly designed for use in a scheme for industrial domination. Only by the power to cancel the patent can we compel the corporate owner to think twice before risking it in a buccaneering expedition.

There never has been, nor will there ever be, a rule of thumb to determine what is unreasonable domination of the market or restraint of trade. Indeed, the great virtues of the Sherman Act are that the absence of a rule of thumb permits each industrial situation to be considered on its facts. The test of a restraint is found in the rule of reason. The working of that test is illustrated in the *Appalachian Coals* case. There a group of corporations formed a marketing association to get better prices and more orderly marketing for its members. This was obviously a restraint of trade. The question was whether it was reasonable. Mr. Justice Hughes considered two factors: first, the keen competition in the coal industry; second, the very limited control over the nation's supply which this marketing agency exercised. Under these circumstances he held that the combination was reasonable. Recognizing that such a combination might in the future grow and dominate the market, he kept the case pending to allow the government at some future time to dissolve the corporation if the situation changes.

Every corporation operates today under a hazard of so dominating the market that it risks criminal penalty and dissolution. This is the sole protection which our government gives against the abuse of a corporate franchise. Let us apply the same principle to patents in a hypothetical case. Suppose you had a patent on a superior fountain pen. So long as there were plenty of other fountain pens on the market, so long as you were not in a position to control this commodity artificially, you would be in no danger. When, however, either by a patent pool or by a single patent, you substantially controlled the entire output of fountain pens with the power to restrict production and raise prices of that important consumer's item, you would run the risk of patent cancellation.

As a safeguard for the man who acts in good faith, a procedure should be established by which any corporation could submit its patent-licensing policy to the Department of Justice in advance if it found itself gradually getting control of the commodity. Where such submission was made in advance no penalties should be imposed. In such a case the right to enjoin without penalty or cancellation of the patent is all that is needed.

This principle has been operating ever since the Appalachian Coals case in non-patented commodities. There is an imperative necessity that it be specifically applied to patent cartels today. There should be no broad exemption in the law to induce industry groups to resort to the patent privilege to destroy independent enterprise while the abuse of other privileges is curbed.

An actual case of this sort is found in the hearing on the Dzuz patent before the Bone Committee, which Mr. Langner attacks in his article. It is a patent on a small screw, necessary to complete an airplane. The owner refused to license any competitor to make them. The supply got short. Airplanes were held up on assembly lines. Aviation companies were protesting. All Dzuz would do was to give temporary licenses, not to competitors but to his customers, and these were to be revoked in the future the moment Dzuz could supply the screws himself. Of course no one could go into manufac-

ture under those conditions and no one did, although one of the airplane companies attempted to make the screws by hand in order to avoid buying expensive machinery which Dzuz would control in the future. Nevertheless airplanes stood still on assembly lines while Dzuz attempted, not to get royalties on his patent, but to maintain control by refusing to license. There were other patents, but Dzuz's position was strong enough actually to hold up assembly lines in the time of war.

Struggling inventors ought to get protection but not domination of any commodity. When they find themselves in a position of domination, they should be forced to license to others. And whether they are in that position or not should be a question of fact and not of theory. A patent issued, as the Constitution says, "to promote the progress of science and useful arts" should not be a weapon to slow down production.

Because Germany never adopted the principle of the Sherman Act its industry became completely cartelized. Cartels can be stopped only by a law that penalizes those who create them and destroys their instruments of power, whether that instrument is the corporate franchise, collective bargaining by labor, the patent privilege, coöperative marketing, or any other device. Cartel management takes the law as it finds it. It ingeniously uses legitimate devices to maintain its aggressive power. It is this power that needs to be attacked.

The best curb on such domination is the case-by-case principle illustrated by the antitrust law. The steel industry is different from the drug industry. What is reasonable in one may be unreasonable in another. Our common-law system is great because it has developed the law from specific cases. The alternative is bureaucratic control by general regulation. What I propose is a curb on coercive action in industry to restrict production or eliminate competition which can be applied in the light of the actual facts in each case and each industry. Vigorous enforcement of such a curb would destroy the patent cartel, both domestic and international, by preventing the use of a patent as an instrument of business domination.

A POSTSCRIPT TO MR. ARNOLD

MR. ARNOLD dismisses my article entitled "We Depend on Invention" in the July issue of the *Atlantic* by saying: "The whole effect is like telling a man whose head is splitting with an abscessed tooth not to have it pulled, because teeth in general are such fine things and because he still has some good teeth in his head." This is not such bad advice when the patient is American industry based on invention and the dentist is Dr. Thurman Arnold; for the way Dr. Arnold handles his instruments indicates clearly that, in going after the aching tooth, he is likely to knock out all the good teeth as well. I shall continue to raise my voice in praise of the good points of the American patent system, which Dr. Arnold terms "the patent racket," because I believe that by doing this I am actually having a good effect on the dentist himself.

Consider how Mr. Arnold has floundered in the three short months from May to August. Early in May, Mr. Arnold was casually suggesting to the Senate Patents Committee that invention and research should be taken away from private American industry and turned over to government departments. This amounted to knocking all the teeth out of the patient's head and ramming them down its throat. A couple of weeks later, he casually prepared Senate Bill 2491, which exploded a load of dynamite under the entire American patent system and was tantamount to knocking out about three-fourths of the patient's teeth, good, bad, and indifferent. He then casually dropped this Senate Bill and in his article in the July issue of the *Atlantic* suggested four separate remedies for the aching tooth, which may be compared with four separate extractions; while in his article this month he drops all his other remedies and proposes a single remedy. But believe it or not, before the ink is dry on his present article, he now appears before the Senate Patents Committee with a *new* bill containing a flock of new remedies based on an entirely new thought, which is this: Every patent owner is a criminal if (a) he "unreasonably" refuses to license others to share the benefits

of his patent, and thus "unreasonably" limits the supply of the patented article; and (b) if, though sharing his patent, he tries to prevent his licensee from undercutting him in the market. In both these cases, he is liable to go to prison as well as to be fined and to have his patent canceled. Thus does Mr. Arnold encourage American invention!

But, glory be! the inventor or industrialist will escape the possible imprisonment or patent cancellation if he informs Mr. Arnold in advance, so that Mr. Arnold can sue him by civil action if he wishes. Thus, a prosecuting attorney of the Department of Justice may ultimately become the arbiter of all American industry, since no corporation or inventor, great or small, under fear of imprisonment, will dare to make any patent agreement which affects the price or supply of a patented article without first obtaining the blessing of Mr. Arnold. This will require the employment of hundreds upon hundreds of lawyers by Mr. Arnold, for they are to examine every such patent agreement, and every patent suit, and have the right to attack every patent sued on.

Space does not permit me to answer Mr. Arnold's additional allegations, except to warn his readers that American justice does not accept as gospel the accusations of a public prosecutor which have never been proved in court; and that most of Mr. Arnold's statements are in this category.

Mr. Arnold ended his peroration before the Senate Patents Committee on July 31 by stating: "The time to strike, and strike hard, is now." If Mr. Arnold really wishes to make himself the arbiter of American industry, the best time to strike at our industrialists and inventors is unquestionably now, while they are bending every effort to win the war. But I believe Mr. Arnold's good sense and good intentions will lead him away from any kind of striking. After all, the second front should be in Europe, and not in the United States.

LAWRENCE LANGNER

[A final statement bearing upon the pending legislation and speaking for the manufacturer and inventor will bring this argument to a close in the October *Atlantic*. — THE EDITOR]

ANGEL MO' AND HER SON: ROLAND HAYES

by MacKINLEY HELM

9

MY WIFE, who was born Alzada Mann, remembers me in my first pair of fancy shoes. I was fourteen years old and my shoes were bright yellow. They squeaked in a high-pitched voice which gratified my ears. Down on the farm we had worn shoes only in winter. In summer we wore them only on Sundays, and even then we walked barefoot up Mount Zion lane until we came within sight of the steeple. There we plunged into the woods and put on our brass-tipped brogans and clumped impressively into the church. Many of our friends had no shoes at all.

In the fall of 1900 we had no shoes ourselves. We paid our debts in the Flatwoods and went to Chattanooga with the little cash money Ma had after the last crop-gathering. Robert and I went barefoot, summer style.

Mother and baby Jesse took the train up to the city, while Robert and I went over the road with Frank Adams. Frank had a horse and wagon and was moving up to Chattanooga because he could no longer put up with the Flatwoods wits. He had an infantine lisp which stimulated his friends' gift of imitancy; and when he foolishly married a notorious woman, life became much too difficult for him at home. Now his friends were lisping lewd commentaries on his bride. Hence he struck out to the city, where he hoped to live in peace.

As a resident of Brookline, Massachusetts, DR. MacKINLEY HELM came to know and to respect his neighbor, Roland Hayes. Dr. Helm has undertaken the difficult task of capturing in prose of a peculiarly oral quality the life of one of America's finest artists. The first section of this work appeared in the August *Atlantic*. This second installment carries Mr. Hayes through his youth and into his challenging struggle for recognition as an artist.

Robert and I took turns riding old moon-eyed Molly, who pulled a load of furniture and feed in our own one-horse cart. Although Molly could see a little in the dead of night, she was as blind as a barn-owl in the daytime. Whoever drove her had to keep her on the right side of the road, while the other of us, traveling on foot, urged our cow along. The cow was securely tied to the wagon, but she was not used to traveling thirty-five miles a day. She needed frequent encouragement.

At ten o'clock at night after two days of traveling we reached the brightly lighted streets of Chattanooga. Not one of the great cities of Europe has ever held the wonder for me of that first view of the Southern city, the breathless and holy wonder of a revelation. Perched upon Molly, with Robert afoot by my side, I rode through the gaslit avenues of a new Jerusalem.

Aunt Harriet Cross had invited us all to come and stay with her in the colored section around Tenth and Douglas. She and her husband, my Uncle Cross, received our family most hospitably. Uncle Cross, a huckster, had a reputation for being able to skin a housewife out of her eyeballs, but he had nothing but kindness for us. Uncle Robert Mann had a good many children, of whom Alzada was one, and brother Robert and I were anxious to meet them. Accordingly Ma bought us each a new pair of shoes and we went out to the eastern outskirts of the city, one Sunday, to pay a visit to our cousins. That was the day I met my wife, although she pretends now that it was my shoes and not my person that impressed her then.

Mother took in washing, and presently we

rented a house on Douglas Street, not far from Aunt Harriet's. Robert and Jesse went to school and Ma promised me that in a year or so I should have my turn at book-learning. Robert was two years older than I, but he was in delicate health. Just before my fourteenth birthday I therefore became the wage-earning head of a family of four, with a fine position in the Price and Evans Sashweight Foundry at eighty cents a day.

When I applied for a job the foreman said, "Son, you're moughty small. Do you think you can do a man's work?" I said I had a mother and two brothers to support and I reckoned I could do anything.

The foreman put me right to work with a wheelbarrow, along with a full-grown man. From early morning until three o'clock that afternoon we unloaded scrap iron from freight cars and wheeled it into the foundry. Then we went to work for the rest of the day at the cupola, where scrap iron and pig iron were melted for casting. I carry today on my feet and legs the scars of many a burn from molten iron, which had the habit of exploding in every direction when it was spilled out upon the damp earth. Time and again my flesh was burned to the bone.

At length I was given a chance to learn the trade of core-making. A core is a molded form which is used to make an opening in an otherwise solid casting. It is made from a tricky blend of sand, resin, and sticky black molasses, and even today it is molded by hand. Core-making was easier than the carrier's job. I had shorter hours and better pay, and plenty of time for experimentation. I discovered a new formula for blending, and then I was promoted to foreman. My wages went up all at once to five dollars a day.

10

I was still not quite sixteen when I was converted to true religion and baptized by immersion into running water. In 1902 there came to town a celebrated zealot, the Reverend Mr. Ward, a persuasive Negro evangelist, and I gave myself to Jesus. In those days, the Jesus of my mother's religion was truly my Lord and my Redeemer. I was ready to abandon and renounce the world

for Him. It may be thought, since Ma had allowed us so little liberty, that I did not actually have anything much to surrender in this world. Yet such as my attachments were, I gave them readily up to follow Him. I was baptized in the Tennessee River. A day or two after my conversion, I was force-marched across the city in angelic habit, together with twenty-five or thirty heterogeneous fellow-converts, and led down to the river's edge, where I received the watery seal of my profession.

My first act of renunciation was to give up buck-and-wing dancing, in which I had only lately become proficient. My legs still hold the memory of the steps of the buck-and-wing and I dare say that even now I could execute them accurately. Still, except for that boyish surrender, my need for music might never have become a mission. If I couldn't make music with my feet, I had to learn to let it come out of my mouth like a Christian.

Neither my mother nor the compulsions of my religion required me to withdraw from a quartet which I had joined. Our songs, to be sure, were sometimes subject to revision in the interest of piety, but so long as I went home by half past nine at night and refrained from street dancing and other low forms of minstrelsy, Ma allowed me to remain in that profitable organization. We called ourselves the Silver-Toned Quartet and soon graduated from the curbstone to the railway station, where we sang at the arrival and departure of late afternoon and evening trains. In the summertime we strolled up and down the avenues where rich people sat on their verandas to enjoy the night air, and caught in our caps the nickels, dimes, and quarters they shelled out to us over the hedges.

The boys of our neighborhood had an evening rendezvous on the sidewalk in front of the Fort Wood grocery store, and I used to listen there, entranced, to one of the older boys, Lemus Hardison, who sang soft and low in a high, sweet voice. I knew nothing then of the middle voice, or *mezza voce*. It had always been as natural for me to sing as for water to bubble up out of a spring, but now it came to me that the voice possessed

certain delightful qualities that only practice and experimentation could release. I began the cultivation of those qualities so that, like Lemus, I could sing beautifully.

On the day after my baptism I went back to my new job at the Case and Hedges foundry, all tired out, and took my customary place in front of a set of rattles fastened to an endless belt. I had just loaded one of the rattles with some newly cast pipe-fittings, and was ready to throw the conveyer on with a stick, when I saw that the idler had flopped off from the governor and was revolving ineffectually. I tried to replace the idler with my stick, which was then and there caught up in the twisting loop of leather; and before I could let go my grasp on it, I found myself being pulled into an insensible machine which had been put in motion by the contraction of the idler. Hand, arm, shoulder, and then my whole body, were drawn ineluctably into an engine of indescribable torture.

I came to in a plaster cast in my bed at home. Negroes were rarely hospitalized in those days, but I had received first aid at the plant, and then I was taken home in an ambulance. As soon as I was able, I went back to the shop, only to find that I could not stand the sight of rattles and conveyers any longer. When I saw the machine in operation again, I could not understand how I had come out of it alive. I quite simply believed that my escape was miraculous. God had spared me, I thought, to work out in me some mission which had begun with my baptism.

After my sixteenth birthday it was Robert's turn to go to work, and I entered the fifth grade. It was embarrassing to have to make recitations in front of children so much younger than I and so much more used to reading aloud and reciting. My teacher, Mrs. Cora Phillips, a motherly woman, was kind to me. She praised me for what I could do by myself, and helped me with difficult studies. When Mrs. Phillips's brother, Professor Calhoun, came from Oberlin to give a concert in our church, he heard me sing a small solo and invited me to go for a walk

with him after the concert. He offered to coach me, and presently I became his pupil. Another miracle had come to pass!

I took two lessons a week, for which I paid fifty cents a lesson. Ma was inclined to think that I was wasting my money. She wanted me to work at my books so that I might be a preacher. I respected her judgment, yet I had not been studying with Calhoun for more than two or three months before I had privately resolved to make a career of my music.

Until I met Professor Calhoun I had heard very little white-folks' music, apart from some Victorian anthems which we sang in church. I owe to him my first hearing of great voices in classical songs and traditional arias; for he made it possible for me to hear distinguished music sung by Caruso, Scotti, and Melba through the horn of a phonograph. My dormant senses were awakened by Caruso's matchless tones and taught to lend themselves to musical enchantment. Indeed, I received then my first intimation that singing is an art.

11

In the summer of 1905 I gave up my job — I had returned to work after my year in the fifth grade — and asked Ma for my share of the family savings. I wanted to go away and study music. She gave me fifty dollars from my own earnings, and although she did not exactly give me her blessing — indeed, she hoped that I would change my mind before the money was gone — she let me go out to find my way alone.

I made inquiries about entering Fisk University in Nashville, only to be reminded how slight my resources were. My fifth-grade education hardly made me a suitable candidate for college, and besides, I could not pay the tuition. A friend offered to take me out to the campus to meet Miss Robinson, the director of the department of music. When we reached her office in Jubilee Hall, Miss Robinson was on her way out to keep an urgent engagement. A tall woman with a thin, elongated face and unsmiling, Puritanical expression, she was polite but not especially cordial. I had two ragged sheets

of music in my pocket, "Beyond the Gates of Paradise," and "Forgotten." With Miss Robinson's permission, I sang from them. I sang as I had been taught — with expression. Nothing in Miss Robinson's countenance suggested that my singing sounded good in her ears.

"Wherever did you learn such sentimental rubbish?" she said. "The composer's sentiment is written into his music and it is vulgar to add to the sentiment written into the notes."

My heart went down into my boots. And as though she were punishing me for causing her to miss her appointment, Miss Robinson kept me by her for an hour to tell me how impossible it was to receive me into the school. But at the end of that time she handed me a slip of paper and sent me off alone to the President's office. I went trembling into that great man's presence and was terrified to see a spectacled individual with a big Roman nose and heavy, overhanging eyebrows.

"The man is an eagle," I said to myself. "He is the American eagle himself."

I handed my slip of paper to a secretary. Presently the eagle turned his gaze upon me. After quite a long time he shot questions at me, without stopping to listen to my answers. Who was I? What was my name? Where did I live? Why had I come to Fisk? Why did I come without money? How did I mean to get on? How did he know whether I was fit to enter the school? When he had finished frightening me, he posted me off to the head of the academic department for impromptu examination.

I took my tests on the spot, orally: in arithmetic, geography, and reading. I also recited a poem. Then I was sent back to the President with a note which said that I was at best a fifth-grader. He read the note aloud, giving me ample time to ponder it. Then, quite unexpectedly, his face broke up, its severity lost in deep, kind lines. He told me he had got me a job as furnace boy and waiter, and admitted me into the lower school on probation.

Before night I was installed in a room over a stable. My head reeled with instructions about tending furnace and cutting

grass and serving table. Molly, the cook, had shown me how to lay silver and exchange heirloom china plates. With board and room secure, and a dollar a week for my pocket, I began my college life.

At the end of my fourth and last year I could not help wondering, as I sadly said farewell to Fisk, how in the world I should get on with my voice. I got a job at the Pendennis Club in Louisville and joined a new quartet. One of the members of the club introduced me to an opera director who considered ways and means of turning me into a white man, so that he could take me into a company which he had brought to Louisville for a fortnight's run. Nothing came of that project, but a local theatrical manager found a way to put my disembodied voice to use. He stood me inoffensively behind a moving-picture screen to sing arias illustrating silent operatic "shorts."

Just before the expiration of the contract for my ghostly services, which had netted me forty dollars a week, the President of Fisk offered me the post of leading tenor with the Jubilee Singers, who were rehearsing for a summer conference in Boston. I signed up for fifty dollars a month and expenses, because I was willing to go to Boston at any price. A gentleman from that city had told me that if Nashville was the Athens of the South, Boston was truly the Athens of America.

Before my trip to Boston I went to Chattanooga to take leave of my mother. My brother Robert had married and moved to Los Angeles and Ma was living alone. She took in washing and still milked her own cow. I found her heating kettles of water over coals she had picked up in the railroad yards. I told her that I was going to look for a job in Boston, and promised to come and fetch her, and make a home for her up there. But Mother was not yet convinced that I could make a career for myself as a singer. She recited all the familiar objections.

It was with bitter sorrow that at length I said farewell to my mother. I had wanted so much to go away with her blessing. A lonely time lay ahead of us both.

12

In May, 1911, with a voice still nearly as naked as a jaybird, I arrived in Boston. I had a letter to a businessman named Mr. Henry H. Putnam, who arranged for me to sing to five teachers. The last of them, Mr. Arthur J. Hubbard, a rough Yankee giant who both terrified and attracted me, put me through my paces thoroughly and concluded that he was willing to take me as a pupil, provided I felt perfectly sure it was going to be worth my while to try to become a singer. I kept puzzling over the proviso until I went back to see Mr. Putnam.

"Two of the five gentlemen who have heard you are willing to teach you," he said, "and one of them will give you a scholarship. But I warn you that every man jack of them believes it is impossible for a Negro to be accepted as a serious artist."

I liked Mr. Hubbard, for all his gruffness, and wanted to study with him. It was agreed that I should begin in the autumn to take lessons in the evening at his house in Dorchester: at his house, so that I should not embarrass him by appearing in his studio amongst his white pupils, many of whom were Southern boys and girls; and in the evening, so that I could support myself by working in the daytime. I undertook to pay five dollars a lesson.

Meanwhile I had a job at the Brunswick Hotel on Boylston Street. After a month of wrestling brass spittoons — the bellboys called them puppies — I got a temporary job distributing campaign cards for the Republican Club of Boston. One of the members, an officer of the John Hancock Company, asked me one day what I intended to do for a living after election. I told him that I was looking for a job that would enable me to bring my mother to Boston.

"You can go tomorrow and fetch her," he said. "Come back a week from next Monday and you can go to work for us. We will pay you seven dollars a week."

Mr. Hubbard lent me seventy-five dollars and I went to Chattanooga to get Ma. We sold the old cow for what she would bring and bought a large packing-case. We stuffed the box full of Ma's household possessions —

feather-ticking, sheets and pillow-slips, quilts and blankets, towels and tablecloths, flat-irons, pots and pans and china dishes — and checked it on our railway tickets. Ma was very quiet all the way to Boston.

Some friends invited us to stay with them in Roxbury, but Ma was restless because she could find nothing to do in their immaculate house. "Misery" set in, and Ma was sure that she could get well again only in her own home. We moved our few possessions into an unfurnished apartment in Westminster Street, and Ma's misery departed. A scrubbing brush in her hand and good boards under her knees were medicine enough.

Just before Easter, the year after I settled in Boston, I had somehow managed to get an engagement to sing in a church in New Hampshire. It was canceled, almost at the last moment, on account of the scarlet fever, and Mr. Hubbard recommended me to another out-of-town church. I happened to be in his studio when somebody telephoned to say that the music committee had decided not to take me. I could see Mr. Hubbard bristle. He clutched the receiver with a strangle hold and roared into the mouthpiece.

"You tell your church people verbatim," he thundered, "that they may be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, but at a hell of a long ways off."

The message was straightway delivered, the committee engaged me, and until I went to England in 1920 I was the Easter soloist at that church every year.

By the time I had paid off my debt to Mr. Hubbard, my mother was ready to make a visit to her family and friends in Chattanooga. She felt strange in the North and longed for a glimpse of home. I bought her a round-trip ticket, some percale dresses and a worsted coat, and saw her off for the South. Within ten days she wrote that she was coming back to Boston. I had taken a better apartment, to surprise her, and I needed a few more days to furnish it. I therefore urged her to stay out the month, as she had planned, but I had hardly posted my letter before she turned up.

"I didn't like it down there, son," she said. "Folks carry on too much foolishness."

When Ma came back I was half fearful of showing her around our new apartment, but she was so glad to be back that she did not scold me for extravagance.

"Lawdy, son, here's a bed, here's a real bed of my own," she exclaimed. And she loved a wicker rocking-chair which I had covered with dark green paint and tufted in some light green stuff. She used to pin her pocketbook to a flowered and beribboned headrest which I had suspended from the top of the chair — a gesture of appropriation which always seemed to me to be quaint and touching, considering that Mother was generally so detached from her physical possessions.

13

In the summer of 1915 I toured the Pennsylvania Chautauqua circuit with two friends. We called ourselves the Hayes Trio and collected a hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. Having begun to think of ourselves as artists, we tried to look like artists. We wore stiff collars and flowing black ties, one-button black jackets, white flannel trousers, and white buckskin shoes. We sang Beethoven, Schubert, Rubinstein, and the obscure Venetian, Polani. Two years later, in 1917, against the advice of my teacher and most of my friends, I announced a concert of my own in Symphony Hall.

Even my Negro friends, many of them, thought the concert would be a calamity. Nevertheless, along with white friends, fellow-employees who had heard me singing in the corridors of the John Hancock Building, they bought box-office tickets by the hundreds, and filled the hall — floor, balcony, and stage — to overflowing. My mother came to the concert and was proud of me. She walked through the colored community with her head high after that.

Early in 1918, I started out on a cross-country tour which I managed myself. I got out a prospectus which showed me in a belted and fur-lined overcoat and a pair of laced shoes with cream-colored tops. I announced myself as "Roland W. Hayes, Celebrated Negro Tenor."

Lawrence Brown, who later became Paul Robeson's accompanist, made that tour with me, and so did my mother. We left Washington for the West in the midst of an historical blizzard. Our train broke down in the mountains of West Virginia, and for hours upon end we were stalled in snowdrifts, suffering from cold and hunger. Ma disappeared — head, feet, and body — under a warm blanket from which she emerged only once, and that was for the purpose of addressing a fellow-traveler who was complaining loud and bitterly.

"Put yo' haid under a blanket, like me, and make yo' own heat," she said. That shut him up.

I sang in Chattanooga and afterwards in Nashville, and from there we went to St. Louis, to visit Poro College — a clinical establishment in which a group of ambitious young ladies was being instructed in the use and distribution of cosmetics. The proprietress had accumulated quite a comfortable fortune from ointments which make kinky hair straight. She had few competitors in her business, for the reason that the white unguentaries were busy compounding preparations to make straight hair kinky. Ma walked about amongst the laboratories and classrooms, quoting Ecclesiastes on the subject of vanity.

Our excursion failed to give Ma all the pleasure I had planned. It seemed to her to be a worldly junket, once we had embarked upon it. She refused to go to parties which were arranged for us, and disapproved of my going to them alone. In Denver, where we stopped on the way to the Coast, Ma threatened to take the train to Los Angeles, where my brother Robert was living, because I insisted upon going to an entertainment after my concert. I tried to explain that I was sometimes obliged to meet my public. On that particular occasion, in fact, it was hoped that my appearance at a ball would help the management make up my not inconsiderable fee of two hundred and seventy-five dollars. I went to the party, promising to come home early, but when I returned my mother had left. I rushed to the railway station and found her trying to negotiate for a ticket to California.

Nothing I could say would persuade her to go back to the house from which she had so unceremoniously departed. I went back to gather up our luggage and returned to the station, where we sat up all night in a chilly waiting-room. Ma looked as pleased as if she had snatched me from the embrace of Satan himself. She grew neither weary nor cold in well-doing.

14

I received in Los Angeles a few days later a letter complimenting me upon my diction. Ma was better disposed toward me after that, for she had been trying to teach me how nearly sense is related to sound. One time, only a few weeks before the tour, she was out in her kitchen ironing while I was practicing a song in the front room. She called out, "What was that you said, Roland?"

"I'm just singing, Mother," I replied.

"But what did you *say*?" she insisted.

"But, Mother, I tell you I'm only singing," I said.

"Well," said she, "if you are singing words, I don't understand them. When you sing, I think you ought to say the words so that everybody can hear and understand." After that I tried not to mumble my words.

My correspondent also said that my voice reminded her of a "rich purplish red," and from that comment I got a really creative idea. It had not yet come to me, in so many words, that even the voice I was born with was colored. I began to listen more closely to white singers, and to my amazement I discovered that their voices were as white as their skins.

In the winter of that same year I made another transcontinental tour and took my mother with me again because I could not bear to leave her behind. Before we started out she said to me, "Son, I still don't believe in this yere concert business, but since you are fixin' to go on with it, I am goin' to axe you to do one thing to make your old mother happy. When you have made good somewheres, get out. Don't hang around and kill the fine impression you have made." In these days, when publicity bears almost no relationship to the art it

celebrates, Ma's advice seems conservative. Nevertheless, I have tried to follow it.

On that second tour, I was invited to sing at a benefit given by a white congregation in Santa Monica. I sang a spiritual called "My Soul Is a Witness," a sung sermon I had learned in my childhood from a Negro preacher who had a knack of putting whole chapters of the Bible into memorable poetic form. It begins with the theme, "My soul is a witness for my Lord," and goes on to recite examples of "witnessing" in the Old Testament and the Gospels.

I had sung this song only in Negro churches, before this time, and I was chagrined to discover, when I had sung half my way through its considerable length, that it seemed to be making very little impression upon my well-groomed white audience. Of the whole company of people there, only my mother was a practitioner of the primitive and highly emotional religion which had produced those sermons in song; and she, great soul, under the compulsion of deep religious feeling, stood up in the midst of that fashionable assembly and called out, in a clear and ringing voice, "Hallelujah! I'm a witness, too."

It was as though she had touched a match to a resinous torch. The hall became suddenly luminous, with the light of feeling come out of its dark hiding place, and at the end there was a fury of applause, a kind of manual Amen.

After the concert an elderly gentleman of aristocratic bearing came to me and said, "Mr. Hayes, you seem to me to sing with all the art of the masters I have heard, and yet with some new emotional quality of your own. I wish you would tell me how you have come by that special quality."

At breakfast under a palm tree with my mother, I told her what the man had said.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that I have been trying to turn myself into a white artist, instead of making the most of what I was born with?"

"I am glad you are finding yourself out, son," said my mother. "I knowed what was what all the time, but I wasn't going to tell you. Now go ahead and work hard and be your own man."

(To be continued)

"TOWN MEETIN' TONIGHT!"

The Revival of a Great American Institution

by GEORGE V. DENNY, JR.

1

ON A pleasant evening in the spring of 1934, after one of the President's Fireside Chats, I met a friend in front of my house as I was about to take a walk in the park before retiring. I asked him if he had heard the talk.

"No," he said. "I was at Tom's house. And he's such a rabid Roosevelt hater he won't listen to him. He only reads enough of what he says to be able to take issue with him."

"So he won't listen to the President of the United States?" I asked.

"No," said my neighbor. "And that's not all. He reads an anti-Administration paper when he's on his way to the office in the morning, he hears the President damned all day long while he's at work, and he reads the same kind of paper on his way home in the evening."

Now I had heard of similar situations before, but I had never had it put to me with such dramatic effectiveness. When my friend left me that night, I walked through the park for more than an hour. What he had told me about our neighbor could be duplicated, I knew, in millions of American homes. As a Southerner, I realized that the reverse was

true in the vast majority of homes south of Mason and Dixon's line. But this was contrary to the basic principles of democracy as I understood them. It was certainly contrary to everything we were teaching and preaching at Town Hall in New York.

Hadn't the founders of Town Hall, back in 1894, established this institution in the belief that those who exercised the suffrage should be worthy of it? Was this being worthy of the suffrage? Could we have a workable democracy in which people listened only to congenial views, voted what they thought to be their class or regional interest? Surely the founding fathers did not envision a situation like this. What could I do about it?

How could people be made to *want* to give their minds a chance by listening to other than congenial views? How could people be made to *want* to hear both sides? How could people be made to *want* to reason together honestly and objectively about their common problems?

In earlier years I'd had some experience in the theater, and immediately following my university days I had taught dramatic production and given a course in playwriting. Showmanship! *That* was what was needed!

As I continued my walk that evening, the idea for America's Town Meeting of the Air was born. I began to talk about it at luncheons and dinners and on other occasions when I was called upon to speak. In one of my audiences was Mrs. Richard C. Patterson, Jr., whose husband was then executive vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company. She told her husband about the

A Southerner who graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1922, GEORGE V. DENNY, JR., took a leading role in that famous student troupe, The Carolina Playmakers. He served as instructor in dramatic production at the university from 1924 to 1926. Then he married his leading lady and came North, where, after a year in the theater and two on the faculty of Columbia University, he went to Town Hall. Five years ago he became its president. As Moderator of the Town Meeting of the Air for the past seven years, Mr. Denny has presided over some of the most spirited and outspoken talk in America.

idea and he outlined the plan to Mr. John F. Royal, vice-president in charge of programs. In less time than I was prepared for, NBC agreed to finance an experimental series of six Town Meetings on consecutive Thursday evenings.

We began at 10.00 P.M. the evening of May 30, 1935, when the Town Crier's bell was heard over eighteen stations of the Blue Network, accompanied by these traditional words: "Town Meetin' tonight! Town Meetin' tonight! Which way America — Fascism, Communism, Socialism, or Democracy? Town Meetin' tonight! Town Meetin' tonight!" The speakers on this first program were Lawrence Dennis, A. J. Muste, Norman Thomas, and Raymond Moley.

This experimental series prepared us for the many vicissitudes that were to follow. On our second program, Madame Secretary Perkins phoned at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon to tell us that she had been called to an important White House conference and could not participate in the meeting. She sent her first assistant, who arrived ten minutes before we went on the air!

For one of these programs, twenty-four persons had to be invited before we finally secured the second speaker. And this was no simple matter, for each person had to be carefully checked for his qualifications as an authority in the field as well as for his speaking ability, and had to be approved by our committee of three.

Disaster threatened during the fourth meeting in the series, when Senator Pope of Idaho and former Ambassador Gerard were discussing the question, "Should America Stay at Home?" A slightly intoxicated gentleman rose in the audience toward the end of the question period and announced in a stentorian voice:—

"I'm the nephew of the redheaded woman!"

"Yes?" said the moderator. "What is your question?"

"The question is . . ." (As the audience burst into laughter the speaker raised his hands to quiet them.)

"The question is . . . er . . . 'Should America Stay at Home?'"

"Yes," said the moderator, by this time

sure that his dreams for a nation-wide adaptation of town meeting principles were rapidly coming to an end, "that is the question we're discussing. But what is *your* question?"

"The question is . . . what would've happened to America . . . 1776 . . . if France had stayed at home?"

With fifteen seconds to go, Ambassador Gerard, who is slightly hard of hearing, stepped up to the microphone and asked, "Just what was that question?"

I don't know who was the more relieved to have that meeting over — Ambassador Gerard or the moderator.

Senator Barkley and the late Ogden L. Mills were the speakers on our fifth program, and we are indebted to the Senator for the idea of installing signal lights to keep Town Meeting speakers within their time limits. His opening speech ran twenty-five minutes. Early in the game we discovered that, no matter how effective a speaker might be, the program suffered if any one of them took over twelve minutes for his principal address. The primary purpose of Town Meeting is not to exhaust the subject — or the audience — but to stimulate an intelligent interest in each question by presenting two or more conflicting points of view, thereby encouraging further discussion, reading, and study.

2

The most spectacular program during the early years was Town Meeting's debate on the President's Supreme Court proposals, which was held six days after these proposals were advanced. By a stroke of good luck, we had announced the preceding Thursday a debate on the subject, "Should the Powers of the Supreme Court Be Limited?" with Frederick H. Wood and Congressman Maury Maverick as the speakers. When the President's proposals were announced the next day, we simply changed our title, extended the program to an hour and a half, invited Senators King and Black to speak from Washington and three lawyers to speak from Chicago. We then held our Town Meeting with open microphones in all three cities, so that members of our audience in

Town Hall in New York could ask questions of the speakers in Washington, Chicago, or New York. And the speakers themselves were able to take issue with each other. Here, through the miracle of radio, was a nation-wide adaptation of the New England town meeting.

While subsequent events make this treatment no novelty, it was the first time that radio had been used in this way for the discussion of a great national issue. More than twelve thousand listeners responded to this broadcast with letters and telegrams.

Among the leading political figures who have appeared on Town Meeting, none has created more excitement than Wendell Willkie. He was first heard over a nation-wide hook-up on Town Meeting on January 6, 1938, in his now famous debate with Mr. Justice Jackson, then the Assistant Attorney General. His next appearance on Town Meeting was as a member of the audience, January 16, 1941, when Norman Thomas and Frank Kingdon were debating the Lend-Lease Bill. During the forum period Mr. Willkie rose to reply to some of the charges made by Mr. Thomas in the course of his remarks about Mr. Willkie's conduct during the 1940 campaign, in which they were rival candidates. This meeting took place on the eve of Mr. Willkie's departure to England and came at a time when he was attempting to lead the Republican Party toward Internationalism over the protests of the advocates of Isolationism within the party.

The Isolationists heaped criticism upon Town Hall for allowing him to speak, and it was charged by some that the incident was staged. It was not. Mr. Willkie, as a member of Town Hall's board of trustees, had been invited to a trustees' dinner in the Town Hall Club prior to the broadcast. Although he could not come to the dinner, he did attend the broadcast. Asked if he cared to speak, he replied, "Nope. Not unless Norman takes a crack at me." Since some of the remarks made by Mr. Thomas, also a Town Hall trustee, were specifically critical of Mr. Willkie's campaign and subsequent acts, Mr. Willkie spoke at the invitation of the moderator.

The most distracted program on record

took place when Verne Marshall, head of the No Foreign War Committee, offered to take on any members of the audience who disagreed with him. He and Dean Acheson were scheduled to discuss the question, "Is a Complete Hitler Defeat Essential for an Allied Victory?" Mr. Marshall spent most of his time on personal history and extolled the virtues of his committee activities. What he did for himself on that broadcast is too well known now to need repeating. The fact is that not long thereafter his committee folded up shop and very little has been heard from Mr. Marshall since.

Many editorials and newspaper comments followed the heated debate between Secretary Ickes and Mr. Frank E. Gannett, publisher of the third largest newspaper chain in America, when they were discussing "Freedom of the Press." Secretary Ickes had originally expected Colonel McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, to be his opponent. But when the Colonel refused, he did not pull his punches for Mr. Gannett.

This was one of the moderator's toughest spots, for the Secretary's remarks certainly constituted a personal attack upon Mr. Gannett's business and publishing practices. Should the moderator call down a member of the Cabinet? What was the fair thing to do under the circumstances? There wasn't much time to think. I turned to Mr. Gannett and assured him that he was perfectly free to depart from his prepared address and reply to the Secretary's charges. This was, after all, a free and open discussion of freedom of the press. Mr. Gannett's activities as a publisher were clearly fair game, and he was present to answer the charges. If he had not been there to reply immediately, the situation would have been different. After all, in discussions of this kind, the participants rise or fall in the esteem of the audience by what they say and how they say it. Attacks which appear to the audience unfair are sure to act as a boomerang. In the mail response to this particular program, Mr. Ickes was both praised and damned. The editorial reaction, understandably enough, was overwhelmingly in Mr. Gannett's favor.

Mrs. Roosevelt has appeared twice on Town Meeting. Son James appeared once

when he was acting as Secretary to the President. Although many distinguished Senators and Congressmen have taken part in these meetings, our programs have covered a much wider base than current Federal legislation. It is possible here to indicate only a few of the persons, representing varying fields, who have participated in Town Meeting in the past seven years.

In addition to those I have already mentioned in the field of government, Senators Taft, Pepper, LaFollette, Danaher, Brooks, and Bridges, Leon Henderson, Marriner Eccles, and A. A. Berle, Jr., have appeared. From business came Donald Nelson, William L. Batt, John W. Hanes, Andrew W. Robertson, and James D. Mooney, to name but a few. From journalism, we have had Dorothy Thompson, Anne O'Hare McCormick, John Gunther, Heywood Brown, Jay Allen, Maurice Hindus, Edward Tomlinson, and many other returning foreign correspondents. We have been fortunate in our choice of educators, beginning with John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, and including George Barton Cutten of Colgate, William Lyon Phelps of Yale, Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago, and William F. Russell of Teachers College, Columbia.

We were never able to induce John L. Lewis or William Green to appear on Town Meeting, but many of their associates, including James B. Carey, Sidney Hillman, Walter Reuther, Frank Fenton, Joseph Curran, Matthew Woll, and John P. Fry, have been speakers. Musicians, scientists, men of letters, psychologists, doctors, and lawyers of varying degrees of national prominence have helped to round out the Town Meeting program. Youth programs for a time were very tedious affairs. During the past year, however, they have attracted much favorable comment. Last May we presented our first all-Negro Town Meeting at Howard University, with excellent results.

3

A statistical analysis of the Town Meeting program year by year reveals that from 60 to 70 per cent of Town Meeting speakers are

new each year. Norman Thomas is the only speaker who has appeared more than once during a single season. Booking these programs is a far greater problem than most people realize. We have the coöperation of a national Radio Advisory Committee composed of more than a hundred members from all over the country and representing a wide variety of interests and views. This committee is sent a questionnaire once or twice each year, and the results are tabulated and studied by a central program committee consisting of representatives of Town Hall and the Blue Network. Members of the committee are frequently consulted individually about specific programs.

Town Hall's Radio Forum Division is headed by Mrs. Marian Carter, who, with a staff of assistants, is responsible for securing the speakers, planning with them in order to achieve a balanced discussion, and attending to the distribution of tickets so that a representative audience is present each Thursday evening. This division also handles all the Town Meeting mail. While the program is on tour Mrs. Carter and her assistants must see to it that the machinery works as well in Lawrence, Kansas, or Seattle, Washington, as it does in Town Hall, New York.

Our greatest problem is in securing the right speaker for the right program at the right time and place. We can rarely plan more than two weeks ahead. We may select such controversial subjects as Nation-wide Gasoline Rationing, or Lowering the Draft Age to Eighteen, and find that within two weeks the controversy has waned. We may select just the right subject for Leon Henderson, Secretary Morgenthau, or Philip D. Reed, and find that they have previous engagements on that particular Thursday evening. Now that Town Meeting is on tour, the problem is further complicated by getting the right speaker for Kansas City, Albuquerque, or San Diego at the right time. Our telephone bill is staggering.

We have signed a new five-year contract with the Blue Network to produce fifty-two programs each year, twenty-six of them in Town Hall, New York City, and twenty-six in different communities throughout the country. It is the Blue Network which

supplies the funds and furnishes the radio facilities for Town Meeting. First as a part of NBC, and now independently, the Blue Network has given us all possible co-operation. If we disagree in our program councils, as we sometimes do, we resolve our arguments in town meeting fashion. Our contract provides that Town Hall has the final responsibility for the selection of the subjects and speakers, but no program will be put on over the objection of either party.

4

We are frequently asked if the war will not restrict our activities, if censorship will not curb our freedom, and if we shall not become a tool for Administration propaganda. The war has restricted our activities only by eliminating a few of the highly controversial international issues, but has greatly increased the number of domestic questions, particularly those relating to the prosecution of the war and the economic, social, and political problems arising out of the present situation. For instance, here are some of the subjects we have done recently or which are on our schedule for the immediate future: "Should We Have a Ceiling on Wages?"; "The Crisis in Rubber"; "How Should We Deal with Wartime Boom-Town Housing Problems?"; "Should the 1942 Campaign Be Fought on Party Lines?"; "Should Congress Lead or Follow Public Opinion?"; "How Should We Deal with Germany after the War?"; "Will War Marriages Work?" Controversial issues are constantly arising, and since it seems clear that we must be ready to do a better job of peacemaking than we did last time, Town Meeting is planning a number of programs dealing with the problems of the post-war world.

No government agency, directly or indirectly, has ever attempted to censor the Town Meeting programs. On the contrary, we have had excellent coöperation from most government departments. Soon after the war was declared, we set up, on our own initiative, a system of "screening" our question period in order to prevent the program from being used by enemy agents to get across signals through coded questions.

The process is a simple but effective one. Ten or more assistant moderators are selected, whose duty it is to pass up and down the aisle during the broadcast with white question cards and colored recognition cards. If a member of the audience wants to ask a question he signals an assistant moderator, who supplies him with a white card on which he writes his question and his name and address. If the assistant moderator passes the question in its original or revised form, the person is given a colored recognition card which he holds up during the question period to signal the moderator that he has an approved question. The color of the card also indicates the speaker to whom the question is directed. When the questioner is recognized, he steps out into the aisle and reads the question under the eyes of an assistant moderator. This measure became necessary because two members of an audience abused this privilege and passed their recognition cards over to someone else. We cannot afford to take chances while 129 transmitters are carrying Town Meeting to the nation.

As to propaganda — what is it? Town Meeting has long been committed to propaganda for democracy. Until it became obvious that totalitarianism had adopted the lie as an instrument of national policy, we had on our program representatives of Nazism, Fascism, and American Communism. Frederick Auhaugen, Madame Olivia Rossetti Agresti, and Earl Browder have all aired their views on Town Meeting. But not since December 7!

If this is America's war, it is also Town Meeting's war, and we have taken our stand frankly and openly. If this be propaganda, our enemies may make the most of it. We will not have on our program, knowingly, representatives of any nation with which we are at war.

We are coöperating fully with the Administration in its prosecution of the war. On the other hand, we do not believe that our patriotism can be challenged if we build programs that provide for frank and open discussion of questions of public policy, provided such discussion does not yield information that would be of value to the

enemy. Indeed, such discussion serves to throw considerable light on the state of public opinion for the benefit of those whose responsibility it is to make final decisions in this crisis.

5

The reaction of the people to Town Meeting has been encouraging in the extreme. Where did we get the idea that people can't talk back on the radio? Perhaps they can't, usually, but a penny postcard and Uncle Sam's mailbags can complete the circuit very quickly. After the first Town Meeting seven years ago, more than three thousand letters from twenty-four states poured into Town Hall and the stations carrying the program within one week. Only two of them were critical. I shall never forget one of these letters. It was from a farmer named Will Wirz, in Seymour, Texas. He wrote:—

I'm just a hayseed farmer, but I do my own thinking with reference to our foreign questions and duties as a citizen.

When I dialed on WENR, Chicago, I marveled at such a program, and cannot comprehend how it came to pass. . . . I hope to God it don't end up in some kind of propaganda.

Town Meeting mail averages around fifteen hundred letters a week. Listeners were quick to make Town Meeting their own and to promote it in their communities.

A barber in Madison, Wisconsin, wrote in January, 1936:—

I am an inveterate Town Meeting fan. In the window of my barber shop I display a card stating, "Attend the Town Meeting at WENR every Thursday evening at 8.30 Central Standard Time."

From Princeton, New Jersey, during the same month, an executive of a large utility company wrote:—

I wonder if you realize how much you are doing to create a consciousness of affairs affecting the Nation; it's unbelievable to note the wide interest amongst people of all classes.

From the heart of America—Ransom, Kansas—came this letter which tells, more eloquently than I can, just what a Town Meeting discussion group can be:—

Our town is small, only 600 population, but early in November we organized a Discussion Club and meet each Thursday night.

We start our meetings at 7.30 p.m., one hour before your broadcast starts. We discuss the same subjects as you discuss. Usually we have about three speakers. Then when the broadcast starts we listen to it, and have a question period after the broadcast. I have been very pleased with the interest that is developing in our Town Hall, as we named it. I had been a regular listener to your program from the time it started, and last year I wanted to start a Discussion Club. When I talked to ———, who is a Town Hall enthusiast, this was what he said: "It won't work in a small town. You will get arguments started and they will get personal and everyone will be mad at everyone else." But this year I ignored his advice and to my surprise it has worked out wonderfully so far. Those that attend regularly are: a high-school teacher, doctor, two bankers, merchants, Catholic priest, Methodist minister, high-school boys, county attorney, editor of *Ness County News*, two ex-Representatives in State Legislature, farmers and laborers. And while the churches are complaining of lack of attendance and interest in church work, Town Hall's interest and attendance keeps growing. So I feel the idea you hit on four years ago is certainly to be commended. My advice to those in small towns and communities that probably feel as I felt is to go ahead and organize a Discussion Club and the interest will develop beyond their expectations.

Until the Town Meeting starting time was changed from 9.30 to 9.00 p.m., Eastern Standard Time, in January, 1942, it was playing opposite two of the most popular variety programs on the air, as well as the Major Bowes Amateur Hour. According to a recent magazine article, Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall got 1593 fan letters in January, 1941; the Rudy Vallee Sealtest program got 437; Town Meeting, during the same month, got 21,000. It should be explained, however, that considerably more than half of these were orders for transcripts which are published weekly in the bulletin, "Town Meeting."

With rare exception, Town Meeting has been exempted from the feud between the press and radio. More than a hundred and fifty editorials appeared in the press of the nation commenting on various Town Meet-

ings during our last 26-week season. One paper, the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, has carried an editorial about the Town Meeting every Saturday morning following each Thursday evening program for the past two and a half years. When Town Meeting originates in different cities throughout the country, the city desk usually recognizes in this program a friend and ally and gives it excellent support.

6

It has been our purpose from the beginning to avoid sensational showmanship on the one hand and academic dullness on the other. We have tried to steer a middle course in order to help bring back to America a lost heritage, the old New England town meeting. It is our firm belief that, if universally applied, the principles of the early town meeting can do more than any other one thing to help the American people reason together with honesty and integrity about their common problems. And what is more needed today? Yes, even to help us win the war — and the peace.

According to the late James H. Breasted, man has been a warmaking animal for millions of years, and only during the past five thousand years has he been aware of his conscience. Prior to that time he had, like the other animals, lived a life of expediency, quite oblivious to any moral precepts. "But," Dr. Breasted observes, "man may yet be on the verge of building an Age of Character, if he can persist in the development of his conscience."

It seems clear, then, that one of the greatest issues of this war is the conflict between the adherents of expediency and those who believe that there are moral laws in the universe and that we must abide by those laws if we ever hope to bring order out of the present chaos. We have been a long time discovering those laws and there have been many false prophets among us, but we can be certain of enough to make a fair start.

Yes, Dr. Breasted is right. We can never have an Age of Character until the forces of conscience triumph over forces of

expediency. The struggle is on and Town Meeting has its part to play in the conflict. Of course, America's Town Meeting of the Air itself is but one part of the revival of this great American institution. During the past seven years it has served largely as a stimulating agency. The amount of information that can be contained in the brief speeches and answers to questions is relatively small as compared with the power of the program to make people read, study, and discuss the Town Meeting topics further. Today, 129 stations from coast to coast and in Honolulu, Hawaii, and Kodiak, Alaska, bring Town Meeting each week to an audience estimated at from four to ten million people. The fact that thousands of Town Meeting discussion groups have sprung up voluntarily under the impetus of Town Meeting is encouraging, but what is more important is the growing recognition, on the part of Americans everywhere, of the need for something of this kind. More program chairmen are arranging to have two or more speakers whenever they discuss controversial questions. More newspapers are presenting both sides of controversial issues. More frequently than heretofore, people are saying, "I'd like to hear the other side before I make up my mind." More high-school and college teachers are using Town Meeting as required listening in their social problems and current affairs classes.

These are but straws in the wind and certainly we do not wish to appear to take all the credit for them. We have had a share in bringing some of these things about, but we are well aware that the task has only begun. If we are to see a nation-wide revival of Town Meeting principles, adapted to today's needs, we must have trained leaders and institutions similar to Town Hall all over America. The early New England town meeting helped the founders of this nation to reason together and hammer out on the anvil of honest discussion an American philosophy in 1776. Why cannot the Town Meeting of today be used to help us to find a political philosophy which America may give to the world in the twentieth century?

THE WELL

Deborah to Miranda

by HORACE GREGORY

WHEN the air-raid warden came to put out the light,
I could feel the waters of the well, Miranda,
Rising around me as the city disappeared:
The dark room was home again as though time were
Forty-five years ago in the new moon's shade,
Clock beating its heart
Within the house, gable-and-cornice-roof-shadow fallen
Across the lawn.

It was the well, Miranda, where you had gone,
Where you had slipped away to see the stars
And in it saw branches of the house reflected,
The white eaves trembling as attic windows opened
Floating and flowering as a roof-tree flowers
In well-deep midnight circling down
Where silver-glintered fruit falls through Orion,
Tree spreading veins through bright or stormy seasons,
Your body poised between two hemispheres.
O see how closely branches resemble roots
Across the mirror tilted to the sky!

Was it not true that the well's eye was God's eye,
The presence that saw Joseph in a pit,
Naked and torn? that looked on water flowing from a rock
In a blessed stream?
That saw the body of the King of Egypt's daughter
Bend to the source of all waters under earth
As though her eyes had opened on a dream?
So you had run to the well, saw through stilled air
The image of a young girl leaning there,
Flush-tinted breasts, her dark eyes fixed in darkness,
The white limbs quickened with a golden heat
And bright hair streaming
As though she held a lover in her arms.

That was what I saw in your eyes when you returned
And I thought, "Miranda, stolen waters are sweet;
Bread eaten in secret is the soul's delight."
I knew you would bring a husband to your side,
That the well was the world's well rippling at my feet,
Though it engulf me, I could not enter it,
And blood had turned to ice with prophecy . . .

Then from an empty steeple I heard a bell
 Speak scores and years and days and hours.
 "I must step aside," I thought; "even my young sister
 Must not know what my eyes have seen, my ears have heard.
 Let her take my inheritance, let her drink of the well,
 Let her enter the house, it is hers.
 I am she who may betray as she foretells,
 And my knowledge of the night may work us ill."

Miranda, I have not been home for many years,
 And the young men, even your sons' sons have gone to war;
 You are not the thoughtless creature you once were,
 And I have outlived my prophecies and tears.
 I shall not harm you, I have nothing to foretell —
 If we meet, I shall probably speak my songs of praise,
 For grief has emptied its waters into the well.



OUR NEW TELEPHONE

by RUTH GORDON

I

"DAMN good magazine, *McClure's*," my father said one evening as he and my mother sat reading. He reached over and knocked the ashes out of his pipe into the Dresden china cuspidor that had been a bargain.

"I'm glad you got something to enjoy, Clinton. Lord knows you deserve it and I know if you say so it *must* be good because you don't like to read just any old thing. You know I been thinking, Clinton, that everybody else has got one and we ought to have a telephone."

"Wouldn't have one if you gave it to me," declared my father composedly and returned once more to *McClure's*.

RUTH GORDON is an American actress who made a great hit in *Seventeen* and who has since starred in *Serena Blandish*, *Hotel Universe*, *Ethan Frome*, and *The Country Wife*. Twenty-eight years ago Ruth Gordon (Jones), a native of Wollaston, Massachusetts, was a stage-struck senior at the Quincy High School. Her father was a retired seaman, and Ruth was brought up with economy and discipline. She still has in her possession the Diary which she kept in 1914, and from it she has drawn, and will continue to draw, episodes of refreshing humor.

"Why, Clinton?" asked my mother. "What have you got against it?"

My father sat still as a statue for a moment and then gave a loud sneeze. "Get that cat off the register," he demanded, blowing his nose with a groan. "Hot air coming up through cat fur'll give me back my old malaria. Get him off of there. I ain't goin' to have him lying around warming up all his germs."

"Here, Punk," said my mother kindly, lifting him off the register and settling him on her lap. "Punk's clean and healthy and hasn't any germs, Clinton. Please try not to be against a telephone."

"I ain't against it," said my father reasonably, "so long as we don't have to have one."

Punk stretched out across my mother's lap with such drowsy abandon that he very nearly rolled off. "Sit quiet, Punk," she counseled. "The kind of telephone we want, Clinton, won't cost a thing except just one old nickel a day, and Ruth's growing

up, you know, into a young lady, and all the other girls have them, and it isn't as if we wanted to make outgoing calls to cost us money or anything. It's so the children — I mean the young people — can call up Ruth. So what we want is to get a coin-in-the-slot one that all you have to do is every day put a nickel in. Just one call a day is all the telephone company cares about, or of course two calls in one day and then skip tomorrow. And that way makes the bills be all paid, and you don't even have to waste so much as a stamp doing it because the telephone company comes themselves to collect its nickels and all *we* have to do is to just be at home that day, and if you're *not*, then they simply come another. And, Clinton, if you don't want to, you don't personally have to have a thing to do with it; it can just be Ruth's and mine."

"It can be Shem and Japeth's," said my father genially, "so long as I don't have to pay for it. But the way it'll turn out'll be, it *ain't* Shem and Japeth's but mine. And that I ain't goin' to have, and don't even put it in my name in the telephone book. I got no wish to call attention to myself."

"We won't use your name at all, Clinton. It can be in my name of Mrs. Clinton Jones and don't you trouble about the money end of it because that part is certainly all right. I can always get it from somewheres."

My father picked up his *McClure's Magazine* and hitched his chair a little closer to our green-shaded gasolier. "I ain't a wizard, either financial or fake, but I can tell you that the New England Telephone Company ain't goin' to care for *that* address for no source of its revenue. Tell me what good's a cat anyway. What about throwin' him away?"

My mother sighed and smoothed our cat's fur affectionately. "Clinton, you just like to hear yourself talk like that, but you don't fool even Punk. Punk likes you best of anyone, and well he might because you taught that cat just about every blessed thing he knows."

My father looked over at Punk coldly. "Jump over," he said and held up his foot. With perhaps just a little surreptitious assistance, Punk flopped down off my mother's

lap, and when he found himself close to my father's foot, of his own free will he jumped over.

"There," exclaimed my mother happily. "A little faith is a wonderful thing. That cat loves and trusts you, Clinton, and it doesn't cost any more."

"A little faith," said my father judicially, "has to start with something a whole lot deeper than just a cat's true love and trust. And o' course the New England Telephone Company ain't had the splendid advantage of seeing how a little cat shall lead 'em, so when you get down to talkin' finance you can't give 'em turnip blood as security, sayin' it would be just as cheap for it to have some and for all you know, it really may."

My mother looked at my father admiringly. "Oh, Clinton," she sighed. "You're a wonderful talker. I wish more people could hear you though I don't know where you get your ideas from. How many people do we know that hasn't got a telephone, and I don't want Ruth to grow up feeling out of it. Why, I don't want to be out of it myself. Just think how you'd have felt that day President Cleveland died if you couldn't have called up Mrs. Litchfield to tell me to hang out our flag at half mast."

"Well," said my father plausibly, "how often do you think that occasion is likely to arise?"

"What was just a blessing, of course, was Eaton's ice man happening by. Otherwise I could never in this world have got out on that piazza roof, let alone finding how I was going to get that flag pulled up the pole. Of course I had to buy that 25-cent piece of ice extra, that I didn't want any more than a hen wants water, but with Ruth being named for Ruthie Cleveland, and the roof being so slanting, and you having telephoned, I just knew what had to be done *had* to be done, and so done it was."

"That feller lashed them ropes to the halyards like he'd took lessons from Corticelli's cat. Seemed like the only way to ever hope to get 'em untied again was to just let 'em rot off. I notice how people handle rope and strings is a lot of time pretty damn characteristic."

"Well now, Clinton," said my mother,

gently reproving, "just because you happened to be a sailor doesn't mean everyone can knot a rope right."

My father favored her with a pitying glance. "People don't happen to be sailors," he said succinctly. "There's quite a knack to it."

2

When our telephone was installed, my father ignored it unless he thought we were talking too long, and then he told us briefly to quit. Once it rang at nine o'clock, after we had gone to bed, and as I came upstairs again my father called out to me, "What's the matter? Is the house afire?"

"No," I said, "it was Richard DeNormandie."

"Oh," he said, "is DeNormandie's house afire?"

"No, Papa, nobody's house is afire," I said feeling grown-up and important. "He just simply asked me to go to a dance."

My father's bed creaked as he rolled over. "I knew it must have been something vital," he said. "Anything to prevent him askin' you in the daytime, or don't he get the power of speech before night?"

And then came the day when my father was troubled and used our telephone himself. There was word at the factory that Dan Weymouth, head of the shipping department, was going to retire on a pension, and it frightened my father, for he thought perhaps the retirement was compulsory. "Dan's only been there a little longer than me, you know," he reminded my mother. "Well, then, where's the axe going to fall next?"

"It's awful, Clinton," agreed my mother, "but couldn't you just try to eat supper?"

My father pushed back his chair from the dining-room table and stood up. "No," he said, "I couldn't. I'm too troubled. I don't know *what* to think. See, if I knew Dan went and done it of his own free will, that would be all right. All right for *Dan*, I mean," he added hastily, "because o'course if they asked me to go and do likewise, the only answer I got is to go over an' lay down on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford railroad tracks."

"Clinton!"

"O' course, with Dan it ain't so drastic. He owns his own house in Mather Street, and above that he's already got his G. A. R. pension — for *what*, o' course, no one seems to be clear. Far's I can make out, someone looked cross-eyed at him, so he went and lay down in an army hospital an' has been gettin' paid for it ever since. So it's just possible he *could* be quittin' an' *glad* to, but how'm I goin' to know for certain, if someone don't cough up some facts."

"What about the others, Clinton? Are any more men leaving, too?"

"Not's I know of. But see, now I ain't sure of anything any more, because two hours ago I didn't know nothin' about Dan Weymouth neither."

"Well, has anyone said anything to make you suspicious?"

"Where would I get time to be suspicious, standin' on my feet all day?"

"Well, Clinton, it's probably all your imagination, but if it's goin' to make you worry like this, won't you please, just to make me happy, call up Dan on the telephone and see what he has to say."

"Oh no," said my father miserably, "I guess it ain't as bad as all *that*."

"Think a minute, Clinton. Is your peace of mind worth a nickel? We can't eat our dinner tonight. Won't you even pay a nickel for that?"

My father looked moodily out the window. "What the hell consolation is it goin' to be? If it's good news it'll still be good news tomorrow, and if it's bad news, *that* ain't consolin', and we're payin' a nickel to get it quicker." My father pulled down the window shade. "No wonder they make fortunes out of poor people. All right, I'll telephone to him. You got to have money to have the heart to wait for bad news."

My mother did not stop to hear anything further but hurried to the telephone book hanging beside our telephone in the entry between the cellar stairs and our kitchen door.

My father sat down in his reading chair and looked at the back of his hands. "There's two things takes the gimp out of a man," he said dejectedly. "One's injustice and one is cancer."

"Oh, cancer — don't talk," agreed my

mother, ruffling the pages until she came to W. "Some people used to say it came from tomatoes, but I for one never thought it did. You know my grandmother Beal died of it, and the saying is it's supposed to skip a generation. Well, right this minute I don't know what state of mind I'd be in if it wasn't for my Mental Science. I wish I could get you to try it, Clinton, even if you never got any further than to just read 'Unity.' Here's Dan's number, Clinton, just there in back of my thumb."

My father took a nickel out of the Clark's O. N. T. (Our New Thread) box, which stood by the phone for that purpose. He dropped it in the slot, listened to the little bell ring, and cleared his throat several times, so as to be ready. There was a click at the other end of the line and my father became as stiff as a ramrod. "Hello," he said distinctly, "is that you, Dan?" He paused. "Yes, I thought it was, it sounds like you. This is Jones and I'm telephoning to you. Can you hear me, or do you want me to be louder?" Results were apparently satisfactory at Mr. Weymouth's end and so my father continued, "I'm telephoning to you, Dan, about a matter that's give me a whole lot of concern, and what I'd like to do is find out about it without in no ways buttin' in. It's what's goin' on in the factory about you getting ready to leave."

A short pause followed, while my father listened absorbedly. Suddenly his whole expression brightened. "Just repeat that, Dan," he said eagerly, "so's I can make sure I got it correct. You done it because you wanted to. They didn't ask you to do it.

In other words the whole idea came straight from your end." Relief was in my father's voice and face. "Well, Dan, I'm glad to hear you say so. I'm *damn* glad to hear you say it. Fixed as I am, it's a relief. Just one more thing: you can appreciate I ain't askin' you all this out of no idle curiosity and that's all I had in my mind to say. So you can start to hang up now same as me. I been telephonin' to you from Wollaston, so good-bye."

"What, Clinton?" asked my mother.

My father took off his glasses, held them to the light, and polished them. When he spoke it sounded as though his voice was being meted out a little at a time. "Why," he said carefully, "Dan give me to understand there weren't no call to be alarmed. There hasn't been no pressure brought to bear on him, no pressure whatsoever in any shape, form, or manner. The idea sprang only from himself."

"Oh, isn't that just a blessing!" exclaimed my mother jubilantly. "Dan's a real lovely man. Oh, isn't it lovely it's all straightened out. I declare I *love* a telephone."

"A telephone," said my father learnedly, "is a very remarkable invention. I never said it wasn't. I could hear Dan just now as clear, say, as if he was down in our cellar. As a scientific achievement it can't be beat. Of course, what effect it's going to have on the next generation's powers of hearing, with all that clickin' and bell ringin', still remains to be seen. But anyway, whoever ain't got their hearing *eventually*, I'm damn glad I got mine this evening, so's I could hear Dan Weymouth say he wasn't fired."



INDIANS COME ALIVE

by JOHN COLLIER

1

THE Second World War is more than a military struggle, planet-wide. In a most real sense it is a war within man's spirit, within each nation, even each community. Here, in our Western world, is a population of thirty millions, distributed through most of the Republics, whose democracy existed before there was any Western republic. This population has shown what democracy means. It goes on today continuing the proof, enlarging it. What is it that this Red Indian population has in its keeping for us?

Our country's Red Indians number 400,000. They total 0.3 per cent of our people. From the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, the Indians are 28.2 per cent of the whole population. In eight countries they are more than 50 per cent of the population, and in three countries over 80 per cent. These are statistics of Indians of pure blood and Indians of strongly predominant native blood, many millions of whom speak none but the pre-Columbian languages.

By themselves the mere numbers tell little enough. Important and significant is the fact that remote and desert places of the Western world contain the great strategic materials — tin, manganese, copper, bauxite, rubber — and in these places, with a few exceptions, the Indian population is most dense. The labor which will work the mines and gather the priceless

latex will be Indian labor. From Mexico City southward to Chile and the Argentine, this is the situation.

There have been moments of disquiet about the drift of the political currents to the south of us. Moments of breath-holding, lest by some incautious whisper we should lose important alliances. In a choice between democracy and fascism would our Latin-American neighbors remain on the democratic side? And again, by strange coincidence, the Indian emerges as the shadowy portent which may mark our days for all time to come.

Does any unity of power, of hope, purpose, destiny, bind the Sioux of our Great Plains, the Pueblo and Papago, Apache and Navajo and Cherokee, and the Otomi and Tarascan of Mexico, the Mayan, the millions in the Andes who have come down from the Inca Empire? Does the world's future lean at all on them?

The twenty years gone by have answered these questions, I believe. There has been more than just a growth of knowledge and realization about the Indians and among them. There are many Indian groups whose whole mature membership knows what thing they live by. And few, if any, of the major populations of Indians do not contain men and women who consciously guard and feed an ancient but renewed sacred fire. They believe it is for the world. I shall try to show that they are right.

First, I shall need to make clear, briefly, what I intend in the use of the term "democracy." Certainly no mechanical affair of who votes and who holds office and how such things are managed. And no mere matter of

JOHN COLLIER, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1884. He was educated in the parochial schools, became a special student in biology at Columbia in 1902, and for ten years served as Civic Secretary of the People's Institute, working for the regeneration of immigrant communities in New York. He moved to California after the First World War, and from that time to this has been the American Indians' most understanding ally.

equality of opportunity and the guarantee of personal rights. These are important only because they reflect the deeper thing — they wither when the deeper existence runs dry. For it is a matter that begins in the spirit, that is fed by man's deepest will to live, and that carries men to death unafraid, and lives on after them.

2

The communities of the ancient Indians were positive democracies. They were democracies at many levels, and their institutional forms were extremely varied. A main base and objective of the tribal democracy was the land. The land existed for every soul of the tribe, was guarded and used by each one, and was not only a thing to be made use of: it was a revered source of being. A Yakima chief was speaking for all Indians when, seventy years ago, pleading with the white man against a forced division of the land, he explained that it was like cutting to pieces the living body of the Mother. What we mean mystically by the Universe, the ancient Indian meant by the Land. From it, the Source, no single member of the tribe must be shut away. Beneficial use of resources was the measure of ownership. The profoundest of tribal ceremonialism was inspired by the will to help the land do its work and to renew the soul out of the land.

Ancient Indian democracy was local democracy. Typically, it sought for the leadership which it needed among all who were born. This was leadership in internal regulation, in war, in planting and the hunt, in healing and the assuaging of anxieties, and in the rituals both solitary and congregate which were believed to influence nature and were known to release human power and to move the developing personality through its crises toward its mature capacity to endure, to be wise, to love, and to choose the way of the race as being the way of the self. Seeking leadership among all who were born, the Indian community trained its leaders both by shock and through long, succeeding stages of tutoring and of practice. What we call education was therefore central in every

Indian community, but a more adequate term would be personality development — the pursuit of wholeness of life, social integration in terms of matured personalities.

This way it had been for many thousand years before the Incan, Mayan, Toltec, and Aztec consolidations and empires arose and seized responsibility away from the communities and formed hereditary classes and castes, and blazed with a marvelous incandescence very brief in Indian history, and crumbled away. No consolidations or empire-buildings took place (except very locally) north of the Rio Grande. So the early explorers did not romanticize, but truly found personal greatness to be usual among the tribes.

Then came white domination, applied to our northern tribes as well as to the millions south of the Rio Grande. A newborn racism of the Caucasian turned with a strange proselytizing fury upon the Indians. There were no values except the white man's values. The crushing of the Indians' institutions of democracy, commenced as a mere measure of war, became a civilizing mission pursued with all the resources of the State. The Indians, beaten in war, fought a slowly losing delaying action on the ground of the spirit. Yet even twenty and thirty years ago, in many desert regions of our own country, there could be witnessed the life of the Indians' golden age. The glorious rituals went on, peace was laid on the Navajo soul by the nine-day sing; the Pueblo city-states carried forward their profound, organic democracies; each day the Zuni sun-priest swung the sun into the heaven. Theodore Roosevelt could say of the Hopi villages that nothing in America was more precious or more worthy to be loved.

This, then, is the true significance of the position of the Indian in these troubled times. Behind him is an incalculable history of democratic life-ways, and these life-ways have survived astonishingly, just as he has survived in astonishing numbers. It will pay us to understand something of that survival, for we may be better able to predict the course of the years to come. More important, we may be able at critical moments to aid in bringing the future to realization.

3

Are our few Indians in the United States — one-seventieth of the Indian race — representative of the thirty millions in the Hemisphere? Does what they are accomplishing predict what the millions may be expected to accomplish? I answer, first, that more of the pre-Columbian heritage has survived among our tribes than among any others except a few of the Indians south of the Rio Grande. This is the more remarkable when one remembers that in the United States, governmental absolutism applied to the Indians has been, until recent years, more inflexible, more implacable, more all-searching and all-penetrating, and culturally more hostile than any absolutism in any country south of here.

We started dealing with the Indian tribes as nation to nation. We took their land but we scrupulously left their internal affairs to themselves alone. But we kept on taking more of their land, violating the treaties we had executed in all solemnity. We hurled tribes back on the hunting and fishing and planting grounds of other tribes. So tribe had to fight tribe, and then commenced the border warfare which flamed or smoldered from Canada to Mexico for ninety years. The Indian fought, with great ability and courage, by virtue of his tribehood — his tribal institutions and leadership. So, as a measure of war or of pacification, we crushed his tribehood. We condemned and prohibited his institutions.

Then the civil arm took over the "Indian problem." To smother, to exterminate the entirety of the Indian heritage became the central purpose in Indian affairs. Extermination was applied beyond the tribe and its government to the local community governments out of which the tribes were compounded, and beyond the local governments to the family. The Indian religions were made penal offenses; the Sun Dance, as an example, which was the supreme integrative institution of the Plains tribes, was persecuted out of existence. In order to break the Indian heritage, the child was taken at six years to a remote boarding school, in the summers he was farmed out to whites, and

his use of his language was prohibited. As tribe and local community crumbled under the pressures, remote authority had of necessity to be extended past the group to the individual, and this authority was applied horizontally and exhaustively. Further to destroy grouphood and familyhood, the Indian lands were "allotted in severalty," to each individual and not to heads of families, and through the white man's inheritance system these allotments became split up into millions of heirship equities. The government administered the lands, and generally they were leased and then sold to whites. Only a few of the tribes were spared the full and prolonged operation of the whole range of invidious absolutism.

Invidious absolutism, and yet benevolent: invidious toward all that constituted Indianhood, toward every Indian instrument for molding or implementing personality, while yet benevolent toward the individual Indian. And through its benevolence, the far more subtly destroying. Always, through so many mediums, the Indian was told that as a race he was doomed by social inferiority or impracticability. Always he was challenged to build a new personality out of no cultural heritage at all. The mighty government told him this, through agents on the ground whose authority downward to the Indian was absolute. And such was the condition until only thirteen years ago.

4

It was in 1922 that fundamental change commenced in this country's Indian affairs. The bold and dramatic villainies of Albert B. Fall launched the change. The first years of the change were a struggle outside and inside Congress to break down that system of Indian management which President Lincoln had called "accursed." In all the years after Lincoln the system had elaborated and entrenched itself, had developed an impenetrable ideology of racial superiority, and had achieved alliances with many and various regional and special interests. It was the Indians themselves who launched the struggle. They took their case to many of the great cities and to Washington through a

delegation of seventeen governors and priests of the Pueblos. Strong and persevering white support arose East and West. The conflict intensified during seven years. In Congress some victories were gained, but within that strange world, like to none other, of Indian Service absolutism the repressions were dramatically intensified.

In 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office, Indian policy was changed in fashions radical and exhaustive. The change, in principle, was from maximal to minimal authority; from denial of Indian cultural values to their emphasis; from expectation of Indian doom to expectation of Indian triumph; from one-pattern policy to a policy of multiple options; but first and last, from denial to intense encouragement of group self-determination and self-government. Self-determination under the impact of difficulties and challenges crowding fast. Self-determination even where failure might be very damaging. Above all, self-determination oriented toward regenerating the land and toward using it beneficially. In a word, restoration to the Indian of his two inseparable heritages wherein he had been great — democracy and land, one and indivisible.

Numerous administrative actions were taken, and the changed policy was drafted into legislation amending largely — in principle, revolutionizing — the ponderous body of Indian law. This legislation was spread before the Indians in tribal gatherings in all parts of the country. They criticized and amended it variously. A cautious and slightly incredulous Congress trimmed the legislation and somewhat diluted the self-determination and self-administration provisions, but without significant impairment. Congress enacted the law in June, 1934, with the unusual proviso that every tribe and band by majority vote should place itself within or outside the new basic code. Tribes numbering 196 in a total of 273 voted themselves within the changed system. Thereafter, Oklahoma's and Alaska's Indians were "blanketed in" through Congressional enactments. Eighty-five per cent of all the Indians are now within the new policy, while those who remained out of it by choice

still pursue their own tribal ends through administrative policy.

The Indians in these nine years have furnished to the world a proof that democracy when it is profoundly realized, and when it forges out for itself adequate mechanisms of consultation and of action, is a mighty power. Here are a few examples.

5

The several Apache bands were crushed in war and were then held for two generations in idleness. They were governed by authority immovable though not unkind. The Mescalero Apaches in Southern New Mexico live amid 400,000 upland and high mountain acres. Nine years ago their land was used by white lessees. Six out of seven in the tribe inhabited a camp slum clustered about the Indian agency. The government in preceding years from time to time had endeavored to lure or force the Mescaleros out from their noisome camp and back onto the land. In vain; authority failed, and inducement and argument to the individual failed. Death-doomed, robbed of their war-way, the Mescaleros had regressed, and they silently immured themselves in their despondency.

To Santo Domingo Pueblo in 1934 the Mescaleros' delegates came. The draft of the Indian Reorganization Bill was being presented, and the Pueblos said, "Indeed and of course, for this is our own old-time way." Incredulous, the Mescaleros went home.

Congress passed the Reorganization Act. The Mescaleros were informed: It is the law. The law says that you must yourselves decide, for yourselves, whether you want to be free. You are required to make this choice, and it may be forever.

They chose freedom, and then they realized that it was they themselves who must plan their future life. Tribes under the Reorganization Act may formulate political constitutions which thereafter only they or Congress can change, and they may adopt corporate charters empowering them for the whole range of business enterprise. The Mescaleros framed a constitution and a charter, and earth and life began to emerge

under a clear light, a light new and yet known from long ago. A miasma of collective regression started to fade away.

Utilizing a government loan, — there have been no delinquencies in repayment, — the Mescaleros abandoned their slum camp and resettled themselves out where farming and cattle-running could supplement each other. Their net income from cattle jumped from \$18,000 to \$101,000 in three years. They closed out all leases to whites and they now use their entire range and build up its herbage and soil while using it. Their farm crops multiplied eightfold in value in three years. These figures are indices merely. Long-range economic planning has become a matter of course with the Mescaleros. Their energies surge. They have their war-way once more, their chance for combat, for leadership, the endless universal war-way wherein nature is antagonist and collaborator in one. Among the Mescaleros as among all the other tribes that have organized under the new policy, women and men have equal duties and privileges.

In the 1920 years, the Jicarilla Apaches, up near the Colorado line in New Mexico, were a more depressed group than the Mescaleros, their birth rate lagging far behind their death rate. For many years they, and indeed their local Indian administration as well, were dominated by a white trader who was at once benevolent and very ruthless. Having organized and incorporated, the Jicarillas procured a Federal loan and bought out this trader and all his interests. Now, an Indian trading enterprise is a complicated and difficult business. It sells to the Indian all that he consumes, sells for him all that he produces, and serves as his banker. Heavy credits are needed in the livestock business; the Jicarillas live by sheep. The Jicarillas organized their store on classic cooperative lines, "All for each and each for all." Its success has been complete.

Many years ago, the Jicarilla tribal estate had been broken into individual allotments. I have mentioned that land allotment was one of the devices for breaking down the tribal authority and prestige. The Apaches resisted silently by ignoring the allotments. But then, suddenly, oil was discovered. The

possible or probable value of an allotment leaped to tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars. Under the Reorganization Act, voluntary return of allotments to the tribe is authorized. And every Jicarilla allottee proceeded quietly to revert his allotment to his people, the oil value along with the rest. The people are one, the land is one.

Now to a far profounder incident. Acoma Pueblo, "City of the Sky," comes down from the stone age little changed. Its social organization, its magical and animistic world-view, its racial aims are from of old. That earth shall go on, and the inseparable Race, the tradition and spirit and subliminal power of the Race, is the unchanging preoccupation of Acoma, a democracy of very complex institutions whose pinnacles gleam with a wonder-light and whose foundations rest in a secrecy inviolable. But the Acomas are, too, one of the merriest of races, and sweet as wild birds.

In the years till ten years ago, like the Navajos who are mentioned below, the Acomas and many other tribes were persuaded, even compelled, to overload their ranges with sheep, goats, and cattle. This overgrazing wrecked the range. Long before 1933, the fateful stage of "critical erosion" had been reached and passed on Acoma's land. The Acomas in 1935 were grazing 31,000 sheep-units on land whose diminished carrying capacity was 8500 units.

Livestock ownership at Acoma, as among nearly all the Indians, is individual. Wealth is measured by livestock ownership, and this wealth is an important element in prestige. The livestock owner uses, without paying rent, the common land. It is often and truly said that among whites in our country severe voluntary curtailment of livestock in order to save the public range is unknown.

What, at Acoma, should be the policy? An implacable necessity confronted Indian administration. The range must be saved at huge present cost to the Acomas. Full authority was in the government. Should it use the authority? Here was a chance to try democracy in an ordeal of fire.

The Acomas were invited to community meetings which lasted many weeks. They were given all the facts which the dismaying

range surveys had made plain. They were told of cumulative sacrifices needed not across one year but across ten years at the fewest. And they were told definitely, conclusively: The decision is yours, because the land is yours; the actions must be yours and the pain must be yours. They were told: We know what you are going to do, because you care for the earth, and for your race in the long run, more than you care for your individual lives. The goal is sheep reduction from 31,000 units to 8500. We leave the result and the method to you. We will help you if you ask us, and if we can.

Acoma completely met the challenge. Saving the range involved more than just a 70 per cent sacrifice of livestock wealth. It involved the mastery and application of a wide range of new soil and water technologies, range management practices, breeding technologies, and methods of stock marketing. It involved an economic revolution.

There never was any wavering among the Acomas. There were no recriminations, no self-pityings. Their invincible merriment went laughing on. It was a passage from the stone age across our present time and into a future which as yet is far away from most white Americans. In peacetime, Indian democracy achieved the "moral equivalent of war."

The Navajos furnish the strongest epic of these Indian years. They are 50,000 humans, increasing at twice the speed of the whites, occupying 20,000 square miles of beautiful and terribly eroded plateau land in Arizona and New Mexico. Not 5000 whites could make a living from all that land. The realities were met with the shock of a head-on collision in 1933. The Navajos faced just what the Acomas were facing. But the Pueblos were deeply founded city-states, while the Navajos hardly had functioned as a tribe at all, except in war. Could the way *here* be the democratic way?

They were told: It is you, by your own sustained choice, who shall save your land.

Many wise advisers believed that it was wrong to tell the Navajos this, and to mean it; the policy laid an all but killing burden on their young and groping self-government. And surely it did entail conflict, mental an-

guish, and practical risk which a policy of authority could have spared them. But so it was done. Across nine years the struggle and effort went on. Never once was governmental authority or court process used except narrowly pursuant to the action and petition of the elected tribal council. All that the Acomas did, the Navajos have now done, and they remain more Navajo than before, their *élan vital* is more manifest than before, and their competence in social action is vastly increased. Saving their homeland, they are saving the watershed of Boulder Dam. A population of many millions has a stake in the battle the Navajos are waging.

6

At Taxco, in Mexico, in 1931, at the home of Moises Saenz, educator, Indianist, and diplomat of Mexico, a little group was discussing the strange and wistful history of the Indians. Mexico, since 1920, had re-enfranchised the *ejidos*, the Indian pueblos of old time. In the United States the Pueblos were carrying ahead their winning fight for group liberty for all Indians. Far out in the gray mountain wilderness of Mexico, of Guatemala, and far down on the Andes, tens of thousands of Indian communities, bereft since hundreds of years ago of all their material and external power, still in the realm of human relations, the realm of intangibles where personality is formed, were keeping their democracies alive. The talk went out along the one golden cord that unites Indian history in terms of the good-will of white men — the work of the great monastic orders. Jesuits, Franciscans, and Dominicans — from near to the Arctic tundra of Canada to the forests and plains of Paraguay they had done huge work. The Franciscan missions in the United States were remembered, the *hospitales* of Don Vasco de Quiroga in Mexico — coöperative communities of the Indians, around which Spanish colonial ferocity prowled in vain; and the Jesuit utopia of Paraguay. In that utopia, strangely unremembered by history, white men numbering fewer than one hundred were able to unite and organize Indians numbering 150,000 into a happy, voluntary life of lavish pro-

ductiveness aesthetic and material; it continued a century and a half and was destroyed by war.

We asked: Will the time come when the Indians can be united, when the Republics can pool their experience with Indians, when hemisphere-wide programs for the release of Indian spiritual and economic powers can be set upon their way? Once, in the Laws of the Indies, procured through the monastic orders, a hemisphere-wide bill of rights for Indians had been attained, and the two basic Indian requirements had been acknowledged — land, and grouphood on the land. Could that historical unity live and work again?

At Patzcuaro, in Michoacán, Mexico, in April, 1940, all the Republics of the West joined in supplying the answer. There the first Inter-American Congress of Indians was brought together. The official delegations of the twenty-one Republics were there. "Indianists," or technicians on the problems of the Indian, came from all the countries. Indians came, from Northern United States all the way to Peru and Chile. From our own country, the Papagos, Apaches, Hopis, New Mexico Pueblos, Osages, Nez Percés, and Flatheads sent representatives. Plenary and technical sessions went on through ten days. Out of debates and struggles often excited and very prolonged, but never embittered, there emerged declarations of policy and recommendations of detail which became official and unanimous when voted by the plenary sessions of the Congress. These declarations, as undertakings by the Republics, would have been thought impossible ten years ago; yet they are historically continuous with the early and unbroken opinions of our own Supreme Court and with the Laws of the Indies. Here are some of the declarations:—

That by preference Indian education should be made bilingual—in the native *and* the national tongue.

That, recognizing the social individuality of the Indian, all the countries should establish offices of Indian affairs; but these offices should not monopolize Indian service and should not be authoritarian, but should work as stimulating and coördinating agencies and as agents of social discovery.

That landless Indians should be revested with land, and their tenure be made effective through financial credit, coöperative organization, and technological advice and aid.

That the ruling of Indians, the service and upbuilding of Indians, should take fully into account the Indian local group, should incorporate the group into the national system, and should reach to the individual through his re-enfranchised group.

And that for research, the pooling of experience, and the inauguration of programs, a permanent Inter-American Institute of the Indian should be created through treaty between the Republics. This international Institute should have local embodiment in a national Institute of the Indian within each of the Republics.

Moises Saenz was chosen as provisional director of the international Institute. He died in Peru before the permanent Institute, flowing from the Inter-American treaty, could be formed.

The permanent Inter-American Institute of the Indian has now been established and is fully active, headquartered in Mexico City, with the eminent anthropologist, Manuel Gamio, as its director. And pursuant to the treaty or in anticipation of it, national Indian Institutes, formal or informal, have been established in Mexico, in the United States, in Guatemala, Paraguay, Ecuador, Peru, and Chile.

It is well to note that this union of the Republics in terms of their Indians did not come about as a war measure. Its beginning and its achievement preceded the involvement of the Western Hemisphere in the World War. Yet how relevant, how central to the issues of this second World War it is. To declare minority rights, not in general, but in implementing particulars; to declare democracy, down into the detail which sees that democracy is the creator of men and of societies; to declare that the most cast down among all Western peoples shall be enabled to rise again; to recognize a Western-world solidarity in terms of a population and an earth-loving spirit ten or twenty thousand years old: these actions by the Republics have their importance in the ultimate crisis which has enveloped us all.

THE ART OF VIRGINIA WOOLF

by E. M. FORSTER

1

WHEN I was appointed to this lectureship the work of Virginia Woolf was much in my mind, and I asked to be allowed to speak on it. To speak on it, rather than to sum it up. There are two obstacles to a summing up. The first is the work's richness and complexity. As soon as we dismiss the legend of the Invalid Lady of Bloomsbury, so guilelessly accepted by Arnold Bennett, we find ourselves in a bewildering world where there are few headlines. We think of *The Waves* and say "Yes — that is Virginia Woolf"; then we think of *The Common Reader*, where she is different; of *A Room of One's Own* or of the preface to *Life As We Have Known It*: different again. She is like a plant which is supposed to grow in a well-prepared garden bed — the bed of esoteric literature — and then pushes up suckers all over the place, through the gravel of the front drive, and even through the flagstones of the kitchen yard. She was full of interests, and their number increased as she grew older, she was curious about life, and she was tough — sensitive but tough. How can her achievement be summed up briefly?

The second obstacle is that the present year is not a good date on which to sum up anything. Our judgments, to put it mildly, are not at their prime. I have not the least

faith that anything which we now value will survive historically (something which we should have valued may evolve, but that is a different proposition); and it may be that another generation will dismiss Virginia Woolf as worthless and tiresome. However, this is not my opinion, nor I think yours; we still have the word, and when you conferred the Rede Lectureship on me — the greatest honor I have ever received — I wondered whether I could not transmit some honor to her from the university she so admired, and from the central building of that university. She would receive the homage a little mockingly, for she was somewhat astringent over the academic position of women. "What? I in the Senate House?" she might say. "Are you sure that is quite proper? And why, if you want to discuss my books, need you first disguise yourselves in caps and gowns?" But I think she would be pleased. She loved Cambridge. Indeed, I cherish a private fancy that she once took her degree here. She, who could disguise herself as a member of the suite of the Sultan of Zanzibar, or black her face to go aboard a Dreadnought¹ as an Ethiopian — she could surely have hoaxed our innocent praelectors, and, kneeling in this very spot, have presented to the Vice-Chancellor the exquisite but dubious head of Orlando.

There is after all one little life-line to catch hold of: she liked writing.

These words, which usually mean so little, must be applied to her with all possible intensity. She liked receiving sensations, — sights, sounds, tastes, — passing them all through her mind, where they encountered

¹ See Adrian Stephen, *The Dreadnought Hoax*.

On two occasions, first in the Senate House, Cambridge, and then before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, E. M. FORSTER was called on for his appraisal of Virginia Woolf whom he had known ever since she began to write. His words are a fitting tribute to one of the most luminous and witty women of our time; his evaluation of her writing has that sensitive, creative quality which could only come from one craftsman to another. This essay by the author of *A Passage to India* will shortly be published in book form by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

theories and memories, and then bringing them out again, through a pen, onto a bit of paper. Now began the higher delights of authorship. For these pen-marks of paper were only the prelude to writing. They had to be combined, arranged, emphasized here, eliminated there; new relationships had to be generated, new pen-marks born, until out of the interactions something, one thing, one, arose. This one thing, whether it was a novel or an essay or a short story or a biography or a private paper to be read to her friends, was, if it was successful, itself analogous to a sensation. Although it was so complex and intellectual, although it might be large and heavy with facts, it was akin to the very simple things which had started it off, to the sights, sounds, tastes. It could be best described as we describe them. For it was not about something. It was something. This is obvious in "aesthetic" works, like *Kew Gardens* and *Mrs. Dalloway*; it is less obvious in a work of learning, like the *Life of Roger Fry*, yet here too the analogy holds.

2

She liked writing with an intensity which few writers have attained, or even desired. Most of them write with half an eye on their royalties, half an eye on their critics, and a third half eye on improving the world, which leaves them with only half an eye for the task on which she concentrated her entire vision. She would not look elsewhere, and her circumstances combined with her temperament to focus her. Money she had not to consider, because she possessed a private income; and though financial independence is not always a safeguard against commercialism, it was in her case. Critics she never considered while she was writing, although she could be attentive to them and even humble afterwards. Improving the world she would not consider, on the ground that the world is man-made, and that she, a woman, had no responsibility for the mess. Neither the desire for money nor the desire for reputation nor philanthropy could influence her. She had a singleness of purpose which will not recur in this country for many years, and writers who have liked

writing as she liked it have not indeed been common in any age.

Now the pitfall for such an author is obvious. It is the Palace of Art, it is that bottomless chasm of dullness which pretends to be a palace, all glorious with corridors and domes, but which is really a dreadful hole into which the unwary aesthete may tumble, to be seen no more. She has all the aesthete's characteristics: selects and manipulates her impressions; is not a great creator of character; enforces patterns on her books; has no great cause at heart. So how did she avoid her appropriate pitfall and remain up in the fresh air, where we can hear the sound of the stableboy's boots, or boats bumping, or Big Ben; where we can taste really new bread and touch real dahlias?

She had a sense of humor, no doubt, but our answer must go a little deeper than that hoary nostrum. She escaped, I think, because she liked writing for fun. Her pen amused her, and in the midst of writing seriously this other delight would spurt through. A little essay, called *On Being Ill*, exemplifies this. It starts with the thesis that illness in literature is seldom handled properly (De Quincey and Proust were exceptional), that the body is treated by novelists as if it were a sheet of glass through which the soul gazes, and that this is contrary to experience. There are possibilities in the thesis, but she soon wearies of exploring them. Off she goes amusing herself, and after half a dozen pages she is writing entirely for fun, caricaturing the type of people who visit sickrooms, insisting that Augustus Hare's *Two Noble Lives* is the book an invalid most demands, and so on. She could describe illness if she chose — for instance, in *The Voyage Out* — but she gayly forgets it in *On Being Ill*. The essay is slight, and was not offered for public sale; still it does neatly illustrate the habit of her mind. Literature was her merry-go-round as well as her study. This makes her amusing to read, and it also saves her from the Palace of Art. For you cannot enter the Palace of Art, therein to dwell, if you are tempted from time to time to play the fool. Lord Tennyson did not consider that. His remedy, you remember, was that the Palace would be

purified when it was inhabited by all mankind, all behaving seriously at once. Virginia Woolf found a simpler and a sounder solution.

No doubt there is a danger here. She might have become a glorified disease, who frittered away her broader effects by mischievousness, and she did give that impression to some who met her in the flesh; there were moments when she could scarcely see the busts for the mustaches she penciled on them, and when the bust was a modern one, whether of a gentleman in a top hat or of a youth on a pylon, it had no chance of remaining sublime. But in her writing, even in her light writing, central control entered. She was master of her complicated equipment, and though most of us like to write sometimes seriously and sometimes in fun, few of us can so manage the two impulses that they speed each other up, as hers did.

3

She began back in 1915 with *The Voyage Out* — a strange, tragic, inspired novel about English tourists in an impossible South American hotel; her passion for truth is here already, mainly in the form of atheism, and her passion for wisdom is here in the form of music. The book made a deep impression upon the few people who read it. Its successor, *Night and Day*, disappointed them. This is an exercise in classical realism, and contains all that has characterized English fiction, for good and evil, during the last two hundred years: faith in personal relations, recourse to humorous side-shows, geographical exactitude, insistence on petty social differences — indeed most of the devices she so gayly derides in *Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown*. The style had been normalized and dulled.

But at the same time she published two short stories, *Kew Gardens* and *The Mark on the Wall*. These are neither dull nor normal; lovely little things; her style trails after her as she walks and talks, catching up dust and grass in its folds, and instead of the precision of the earlier writing we have something more elusive than had yet been achieved in English. Lovely little things, but they

seemed to lead nowhere; they were all tiny dots and colored blobs, they were all inspired breathlessness, they were a beautiful drooning or gasping which trusted to luck. They were perfect as far as they went, but that was not far, and none of us guessed that out of the pollen of those flowers would come the trees of the future. Consequently, when *Jacob's Room* appeared in 1922 we were tremendously surprised. The style and sensitiveness of *Kew Gardens* remained, but they were applied to human relationships and to the structure of society. The blobs of color continue to drift past, but in their midst, interrupting their course like a closely sealed jar, stands the solid figure of a young man. The improbable has occurred; a method essentially poetic and apparently trifling has been applied to fiction.

She was still uncertain of the possibilities of the new technique, and *Jacob's Room* is an uneven little book, but it represents her great departure and her abandonment of the false start of *Night and Day*. It leads on to her genius in its fullness: to *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *To the Lighthouse* (1927), and *The Waves* (1931). These successful works are all suffused with poetry and enclosed in it. *Mrs. Dalloway* has the framework of a London summer's day, down which go spiraling two fates: the fate of the sensitive worldly hostess, and the fate of the sensitive obscure maniac; though they never touch they are closely connected, and at the same moment we lose sight of them both. It is a civilized book, and it was written from personal experience. In her work, as in her private problems, she was always civilized and sane on the subject of madness. She pared the edges off this particular malady, she tied it down to being a malady, and robbed it of the evil magic it has acquired through timid or careless thinking; here is one of the gifts we have to thank her for.

To the Lighthouse is, however, a much greater achievement, partly because the chief characters in it, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, are so interesting. They hold us, we think of them away from their surroundings, and yet they are in accord with those surroundings, with the poetic scheme. *To the Lighthouse* is in three movements. It has been called a

novel in sonata form, and certainly the slow central section, conveying the passing of time, does demand a musical analogy. We have, when reading it, the rare pleasure of inhabiting two worlds at once, a pleasure only art can give: the world where a little boy wants to go to a lighthouse but never manages it until, with changed emotions, he goes there as a young man; and the world where there is pattern, and this world is emphasized by passing much of the observation through the mind of Lily Briscoe, who is a painter.

Then comes *The Waves*. Pattern here is supreme — indeed it is italicized. And between the motions of the sun and the waters, which preface each section, stretch, without interruption, conversation, words in inverted commas. It is a strange conversation, for the six characters, Bernard, Nevill, Louis, Susan, Jinny, Rhoda, seldom address one another, and it is even possible to regard them (like Mrs. Dalloway and Septimus) as different facets of one single person. Yet they do not conduct internal monologues, they are in touch amongst themselves, and they all touch the character who never speaks, Percival. At the end, most perfectly balancing their scheme, Bernard, the would-be novelist, sums up, and the pattern fades out. *The Waves* is an extraordinary achievement, an immense extension of the possibilities of *Kew Gardens* and *Jacob's Room*. It is trembling on the edge. A little less and it would lose its poetry. A little more and it would be over into the abyss, and be dull and arty. It is her greatest book, though *To the Lighthouse* is my favorite.

It was followed by *The Years*. This is another experiment in the realistic tradition. It chronicles the fortunes of a family through a documented period. As in *Night and Day*, she deserts poetry, and again she fails. But in her posthumous novel *Between the Acts* (1941) she returns to the method she understood. Its theme is a village pageant, which presents the entire history of England, and into which, at the close, the audience is itself drawn, to continue that history; "The curtain rose" is its concluding phrase. The conception is poetic, and the text of the

pageant is mostly written in verse. She loved her country — her country that is "the country" and emerges from the unfathomable past. She takes us back in this exquisite final tribute, and she points us on, and she shows us, through her poetic vagueness, something more solid than patriotic history, and something better worth dying for.

4

Amongst all this fiction, nourishing it and nourished by it, grow other works. Two volumes of *The Common Reader* show the breadth of her knowledge and the depth of her literary sympathy; let anyone who thinks her an exquisite recluse read what she says on Jack Mytton the foxhunter, for instance. As a critic she could enter into anything — anything lodged in the past, that is to say; with her contemporaries she sometimes had difficulties.

Then there are the biographies, fanciful and actual. *Orlando* is, I need hardly say, an original book, and the first part of it is splendidly written: the description of the Great Frost is already received as a "passage" in English literature, whatever a passage may be. After the transformation of sex, things do not go so well; the authoress seems unconvinced by her own magic and somewhat fatigued by it, and the biography finishes competently rather than brilliantly; it has been a fancy on too large a scale, and we can see her getting bored. But *Flush* is a complete success, and exactly what it sets out to be; the material, the method, the length, accord perfectly, it is doggy without being silly, and it does give us, from the altitude of the carpet or the sofa foot, a peep at high poetic personages, and a new angle on their ways.

The biography of Roger Fry — one should not proceed direct from a spaniel to a Slade Professor, but Fry would not have minded and spaniels mind nothing — reveals a new aspect of her powers: the power to suppress herself. She indulges in a pattern, but she never intrudes her personality or overhandles her English; respect for her subject dominates her, and only occasionally — as in her description of the divinely ordered

chaos of Fry's studio with its still-life of apples and eggs labeled "please do not touch" — does she allow her fancy to play. Biographies are too often described as "labors of love," but the Roger Fry really is in this class; one artist is writing with affection of another, so that he may be remembered and may be justified.

Finally, there are the feminist books — *A Room of One's Own* and *Three Guineas* — and several short essays and other pieces, some of them significant. It is as a novelist that she must be judged. But the rest of her work must be remembered, partly on its merits, partly because (as Mr. William Plomer has pointed out) she is sometimes more of a novelist in it than in her novels.

After this survey, we can state her problem. Like most novelists worth reading, she strays from the fictional norm. She dreams, designs, jokes, invokes, observes details, but she does not tell a story or weave a plot, and — can she create character? That is the point where she felt herself open to criticism — to the criticisms, for instance, of Hugh Walpole.

Now there seem to be two sorts of life in fiction: life on the page, and life eternal. Life on the page she could give; her characters never seem unreal, however slight or fantastic their lineaments, and they can be trusted to behave appropriately. Life eternal she could seldom give; she could seldom so portray a character that it was remembered afterwards on its own account, as Emma is remembered, for instance, or Dorothea Casaubon, or Sophia and Constance in *The Old Wives' Tale*. What wraiths, apart from their context, are the wind-sextet from *The Waves*, or Jacob away from *Jacob's Room*. They speak no more to us or to one another as soon as the page is turned. And this is her great difficulty. Holding on with one hand to poetry, she stretches and stretches to grasp things which are best gained by letting go of poetry. She would not let go, and I think she was quite right, though critics who like a novel to be a novel will disagree. She was quite right to cling to her specific gift, even if this entailed sacrificing something else vital to her art. And she did not always have to sacri-

fice; Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay do remain with the reader afterwards, and so perhaps do Rachel from *The Voyage Out* and Clarissa Dalloway. For the rest, it is impossible to maintain that here is an immortal portrait gallery.

Socially she is limited to the upper-middle professional classes, and she does not even employ many types. There is the bleakly honest intellectual (St. John Hirst, Charles Tansley, Louis, William Dodge), the monumental majestic hero (Jacob, Percival), the pompous amorous pillar of society (Richard Dalloway as he appears in *The Voyage Out*, Hugh Whitbread), the scholar who cares only for young men (Bonamy, Neville), the pernickety independent (Mr. Pepper, Mr. Banks).

Belonging to the world of poetry, but fascinated by another world, she is always stretching out from her enchanted tree and snatching bits from the flux of daily life as they float past, and out of these bits she builds novels. She would not plunge. And she should not have plunged. She might have stayed folded up in her tree singing little songs like "Blue-Green" in the *Monday or Tuesday* volume, but fortunately for English literature she did not do this either.

So that is her problem. She is a poet who wants to write something as near to a novel as possible.

5

I must pass on to say a little about her interests. It is always helpful, when reading her, to look out for the passages which describe eating. They are invariably good. They are a sharp reminder that here is a woman who is alert sensuously. She had an enlightened greediness which gentlemen themselves might envy, and which few masculine writers have expressed. There is a little too much lamp oil in George Meredith's wine, a little too much paper crackling on Charles Lamb's pork, and no savor whatever in any dish of Henry James's; but when Virginia Woolf mentions nice things they get right into our mouths, so far as the edibility of print permits. We taste their deliciousness. And when they are not nice, we taste them equally, our mouths awry

now with laughter. I may refer to the great dish of Bœuf en Daube which forms the center of the dinner of union in *To the Lighthouse*, the dinner round which all that section of the book coheres, the dinner which exhales affection and poetry and loveliness, so that all the characters see the best in one another at last and for a moment.

Such a dinner cannot be built on a statement beneath a dish cover which the novelist is too indifferent or incompetent to remove. Real food is necessary, and this, in fiction as in her home, she knew how to provide. The Bœuf en Daube, which had taken the cook three days to make and had worried Mrs. Ramsay as she did her hair, stands before us "with its confusion of savory brown and yellow meats and its bay leaves and its wine"; we peer down the shiny walls of the great casserole and get one of the best bits, and like William Banks, generally so hard to please, we are satisfied.

Food with her was not a literary device put in to make the book seem real. She put it in because she tasted it, because she saw pictures, because she smelled flowers, because she heard Bach, because her senses were both exquisite and catholic, and were always bringing her firsthand news of the outside world. Our debt to her is in part this: she reminds us of the importance of sensation in an age which practices brutality and recommends ideals. I could have illustrated sensation more reputably by quoting the charming passage about the florist's shop in *Mrs. Dalloway*, or the passage where Rachel plays upon the cabin piano. Flowers and music are conventional literary adjuncts. A good feed isn't, and that is why I preferred it and chose it to represent her reactions. Let me add that she smokes, and now let the Bœuf en Daube be carried away.

After the senses, the intellect. She respected knowledge, she believed in wisdom. Though she could not be called an optimist, she had, very profoundly, the conviction that mind is in action against matter and is winning new footholds in the void. That anything would be accomplished by her or in her generation, she did not suppose, but the noble blood from which she sprang encouraged her to hope. Mr. Ramsay,

standing by the geraniums and trying to think, is not a figure of fun. Nor is Cambridge University, despite its customs and costumes: "So that if at night, far out at sea over the tumbling waves, one saw a haze on the waters, a city illuminated, a whiteness in the sky, such as that now over the hall of Trinity where they're still dining or washing up plates: that would be the light shining there — the light of Cambridge."

No light shines now from Cambridge visibly, and this prompts the comment that her books were conditioned by her period. She could not assimilate this latest threat to our civilization. The submarine perhaps. But not the Flying Fortress or the land mine. The idea that all stone is like grass, and like all flesh may vanish in a twinkling, did not enter into her consciousness, and indeed it will be some time before it can be assimilated by literature. She belonged to an age which distinguished sharply between the impermanency of man and the durability of his monuments, and for whom the dome of the British Museum Reading Room was almost eternal. Decay she admitted: the delicate gray churches in the Strand would not stand forever; but she supposed, as we all did, that decay would be gradual. The younger generation — the Auden-Ishewood generation as it is convenient to call it — saw more clearly here than could she, and she did not quite do justice to its vision, any more than she did justice to its experiments in technique — she who had been in her time such an experimenter.

Still, to belong to one's period is a common failing, and she made the most of hers. She respected and acquired knowledge, she believed in wisdom. Intellectually, no one can do more; and since she was a poet, not a philosopher or a historian or a prophetess, she had not to consider whether wisdom will prevail and whether the square upon the oblong, which Rhoda built out of the music of Mozart, will ever stand firm upon this distracted earth. The square upon the oblong. Order. Justice. Truth. She cared for these abstractions, and tried to express them through symbols, as an artist must, though she realized the inadequacy of symbols.

They come with their violins, said Rhoda; they wait; count; nod; down come their bows. And there is ripples and laughter like the dance of olive trees. . . . "Like" and "like" and "like" — but what is the thing that lies beneath the semblance of the thing? Now that lightning has gashed the tree and the flowering branch has fallen . . . let me see the thing. There is a square. There is an oblong. The players take the square and place it upon the oblong. They place it very accurately; they make a perfect dwelling-place. Very little is left outside. The structure is now visible; what is inchoate is here stated; we are not so various or so mean; we have made oblongs and stood them upon squares. This is our triumph; this is our consolation.

The consolation, that is to say, of catching sight of abstractions. They have to be symbolized, and "the square upon the oblong" is as much a symbol as the dancing olive trees, but because of its starkness it comes nearer to conveying what she seeks. Seeking it, "we are not so various or so mean"; we have added to the human heritage and reaffirmed wisdom.

6

The next of her interests which has to be considered is society. She was not confined to sensations and intellectualism. She was a social creature, with an outlook both warm and shrewd. But it was a peculiar outlook, and we can best get at it by looking at a very peculiar side of her: her Feminism.

Feminism inspired one of the most brilliant of her books — the charming and persuasive *A Room of One's Own*; it contains the Oxbridge lunch and the Fernham dinner, also the immortal encounter with the beadle when she tried to walk on the college grass, and the touching reconstruction of Shakespeare's sister — Shakespeare's equal in genius, but she perished because she had no position or money, and that has been the fate of women through the ages. But Feminism is also responsible for the worst of her books — the cantankerous *Three Guineas* — and for the less successful streaks in *Orlando*. There are spots of it all over her work, and it was constantly in her mind. She was convinced that society is man-made, that the chief occupations of men are

the shedding of blood, the making of money, the giving of orders, and the wearing of uniforms, and that none of these occupations is admirable. Women dress up for fun or prettiness, men for pomposity, and she had no mercy on the judge in his wig, the general in his bits and bobs of ribbon, the bishop in his robes, or even on the harmless don in his gown. She felt that all these mummers were putting something across, over which women had never been consulted, and which she at any rate disliked. She declined to coöperate, in theory, and sometimes in fact. She refused to sit on committees or to sign appeals, on the ground that women must not condone this tragic male-made mess, or accept the crumbs of power which men throw them occasionally from their hideous feast. Like Lysistrata, she withdrew.

In my judgment there is something old-fashioned about this extreme Feminism; it dates back to her suffragette youth of the 1910's, when men kissed girls to distract them from wanting the vote, and very properly provoked her wrath. By the 1930's she had much less to complain of, and seems to keep on grumbling from habit. She complained, and rightly, that though women today have won admission into the professions and trades, they usually encounter a male conspiracy when they try to get to the top. But she did not appreciate that the conspiracy is weakening yearly and that, before long, women will be quite as powerful for good or evil as men. She was sensible about the past; about the present she was sometimes unreasonable. However, I speak as a man here, and as an elderly one. The best judges of her Feminism are neither elderly men nor even elderly women, but young women.

She felt herself to be not only a woman but a lady, and this gives a further twist to her social outlook. She made no bones about it. She was lady by birth and upbringing, and it was no use being cowardly about it, and pretending that her mother had turned a mangle, or that Sir Leslie had been a plasterer's mate. Working-class writers frequently mentioned their origins, and were respected for doing so. Very well; she would

mention hers. And her snobbery — for she was a snob — has more courage in it than arrogance. It is connected with her insatiable honesty, and is not, like the snobbery of Clarissa Dalloway, bland and frilled and unconsciously sinking into the best armchair. It is more like the snobbery of Kitty when she goes to tea with the Robsons; it stands up like a target for anyone to aim at who wants to.

In her introduction to *Life As We Have Known It* (a collection of biographies of working-class women edited by Margaret Llewellyn Davies) she faces the fire. "One could not be Mrs. Giles of Durham, because one's body had never stood at the wash-tub; one's hands had never wrung and scrubbed and chopped up whatever the meat is that makes a miner's supper." This is not disarming; and it is not intended to disarm. And if one said to her that she could after all find out what meat a miner does have for his supper if she took a little trouble, she would retort that this wouldn't help her to chop it up, and that it is not by knowing things, but by doing things, that one enters into the lives of people who do things. And she was not going to chop up meat. She would chop it badly and waste her time. She was not going to wring and scrub when what she liked doing and could do was write.

To murmurs of "Lucky lady you!" she replied, "I am a lady," and went on writing. "There aren't going to be no more ladies. 'Ear that?" She heard. Without rancor or surprise or alarm, she heard, and drove her pen the faster. For if, as seems probable, these particular creatures are to be extinguished, how important that the last of them should get down her impressions of the world and unify them into a book! If she didn't, no one else would. Mrs. Giles of Durham wouldn't. Mrs. Giles would write differently, and might write better, but she could not produce *The Waves*, or a life of Roger Fry.

There is an admirable hardness here, so far as hardness can be admirable. There is not much sympathy, and I do not think she was sympathetic. She could be charming to individuals, working-class and otherwise,

but it was her curiosity and her honesty that motivated her. And we must remember that sympathy, for her, entailed a tremendous and exhausting process, not lightly to be entered on. It was not a half-crown or a kind word or a good deed or a philanthropic sermon or a godlike gesture; it was adding the sorrows of another to one's own. Half fancifully, but wholly seriously, she writes:—

But sympathy we cannot have. Wisest Fate says no. If her children, weighted as they already are with sorrow, were to take on them that burden too, adding in imagination other pains to their own, buildings would cease to rise; roads would peter out into grassy tracks; there would be an end of music and of painting; one great sigh alone would rise to Heaven, and the only attitudes for men and women would be those of horror and despair.

Here perhaps is the reason why she cannot be warmer and more human about Mrs. Giles of Durham.

This detachment from the working classes and Labor reinforces the detachment caused by her Feminism, and her attitude to society was in consequence aloof and angular. She was fascinated, she was unafraid, but she detested mateyness, and she would make no concessions to popular journalism and the "let's all be friendly together" stunt. To the crowd — so far as such an entity exists — she was very jolly, but she handed out no bouquets to the middlemen who have arrogated to themselves the right of interpreting the crowd.

7

"And now to sum up," says Bernard in the last section of *The Waves*. That I cannot do, for reasons already given; the material is so rich and contradictory, and ours is not a good vintage year for judgments. I have gone from point to point as best I could, from her method of writing to her books, from her problems as a poet-novelist to her problems as a woman and as a lady. And I have tried to speak of her with the directness which she would wish, and which could alone honor her. But how are all the points to be combined? What is the pattern resultant? The best I can do is to quote Bernard again. "The illusion is upon me,"

he says, "that something adheres for a moment, has roundness, weight, depth, is completed. This, for the moment, seems to be her life." Bernard puts it well. But, as Rhoda indicated in that earlier quotation, these words are only similes, comparisons with physical substances, and what one wants is the thing that lies beneath the semblance of the thing; that alone satisfies, that alone makes the full statement.

Whatever the final pattern, I am sure it will not be a depressing one. Like all her friends, I miss her greatly — I knew her ever since she started writing. But this is a personal matter, and I am sure that there is no case for lamentation here, or for the obituary note. Virginia Woolf got through

an immense amount of work, she gave acute pleasure in new ways, she pushed the light of the English language a little further against darkness. Those are facts. The epitaph of such an artist cannot be written by the vulgar-minded or by the lugubrious. They will try, indeed they have already tried, but their words make no sense. It is wiser, it is safer, to regard her career as a triumphant one. She triumphed over what are primly called "difficulties," and she also triumphed in the positive sense: she brought in the spoils. And sometimes it is as a row of little silver cups that I see her work gleaming. "These trophies," the inscription runs, "were won by the mind from matter, its enemy and its friend."



MRS. WILLOUGHBY'S LETTERS

by MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER

1

MRS. WILLOUGHBY could see it as clearly as if it had appeared in type. There would be a small advertisement in the Sunday *New York Times* some day, seeking letters written by Mrs. Peter Willoughby, especially those written in her teens, when she was Janet Tucker. "Letters sent for use in the forthcoming volume will be carefully returned," the advertisement would say. "The Blake correspondence is of particular interest." Then the heirs of Henry Blake would send a packet of her letters to New York, and it would all come out, like the correspondence of Tchaikovsky and Mme. von Meck.

A Southerner, MARY ELIZABETH PLUMMER is a promising young satirist who served on the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* before taking up her residence in Manhattan. This is her second appearance in the *Atlantic*. But she will be certain to come again because her heroine, Mrs. Willoughby, has already made friends in our audience.

Just what she would have done, in the meantime, to have catapulted her to fame and brought public demand for her correspondence, still was unrevealed to Mrs. Willoughby; but sometimes, she reflected, mere events, over which one has no control, lift one into the limelight. She considered writing to Henry Blake in this vein: —

DEAR HENRY: —

How have things been going with you since we last met in 1922?

I should appreciate it, Henry, if you would return the letters I wrote to you in 1918.

Sincerely,

JANET WILLOUGHBY

P. S. Please destroy this note.

Mrs. Willoughby occasionally remarked to her eminently satisfactory husband, James Peter Willoughby, that there had been nothing bad about her letters to Henry Blake, but

that there were certain passages in them that were — well — silly.

"So what?" Jim was wont to inquire. "Everybody has written some silly letters."

"Including you, Jim darling?"

"Certainly," Jim always replied with a warm, reminiscent smile that wasn't even faintly rueful. "But I don't worry about it."

That was true. Jim didn't worry. His mind was as free as a bird. Jim also hadn't saved any old letters from "other ladies" — the general appellation Mrs. Willoughby applied to girls Jim had known before he met her.

Mrs. Willoughby herself had kept only four letters of a passionate nature from men other than Jim. They were from the four men, other than Jim, who had proposed marriage to her. She kept the letters in an Adam desk, in the Willoughbys' late Georgian living-room on Sutton Place South.

One of them was from a Harvard senior who had courted her in what Mrs. Willoughby now called "my Cynara stage." The letter addressed her as Cynara, and went on at a great rate about how he had flung roses riotously with the throng and now was desolate and sick of an old passion.

Another was from a Bar Harbor boy with whom she had played tennis when her family went to Maine for the summer. It covered ten pages, the gist of it being that something about her made him feel wordless.

Then there was a letter giving its author's idea of a perfect wedding trip, on a small lazy steamer across the Atlantic and slowly through the Mediterranean. "I would sit in a steamer chair, covered with a warm steamer rug, you beside me also in a chair, and we would either be spellbound by the beauty of the Grecian mountains or would talk of the past and future in the cool twilight. The slow chug, chug of the engines . . ."

The fourth letter started with Ralph Waldo Emerson's lines: —

"Give all to love; . . .
'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly."

It was amorous in unmistakable terms.

Mrs. Willoughby's reason for keeping a token letter from each of these men, she

didn't exactly know, but she felt that at least her three children, Peter, Jane, and Joyce, would be interested some day. ("Mummy was quite attractive, wasn't she? She had five offers of marriage.")

Once or twice she had wondered whether the four men, who were long since married, would be happy to know that one of their letters still reposed in her Adam desk; but she wondered a great deal more whether Henry Blake still had any of her letters in his desk out in California.

There were certain flights of fancy in her old Blake correspondence; certain sentence structures, metaphors, and allegories that embarrassed Mrs. Willoughby. They were not — well — illustrative of her at her best. They represented one of her earlier phases. As she progressed gracefully further and further into maturity, leaving her outgrown shells by life's unresting sea, she had become increasingly dissatisfied with her earlier phases, in which she had not been quite so conscious of the artistic value of the word left unsaid.

Another trouble in connection with her Blake correspondence was that she could not now remember accurately all that she had written to Henry Blake and mailed, as opposed to what she had merely contemplated writing and what she had written and not mailed. She thought that she had once written to him expressing the hope that he would have children, "that thereby beauty's rose might never die," but she wasn't sure whether or not she had mailed the letter. She would never be sure, unless by chance she saw Henry Blake and found out, by some circuitous route.

She felt certain that she had quoted to Henry Blake, by mail, literary fragments ranging from Beowulf and the Venerable Bede to Siegfried Sassoon, simply because, at the time, he had seemed related to every idea she came across. She had quoted far too much. She also had written to him various philosophical abstractions and introspections, because she thought that he was attracted to her and wanted to know how she felt about things.

Some of these passages Mrs. Willoughby could not bear to repeat now, even in her

own mind. Without actually repeating them, she would shudder and murmur to herself, "Silly — silly!" For example, in some of the letters, she had saluted Henry Blake as "Pietà." At that time she had thought that "Pietà" was an Italian term of endearment, and had not realized that it referred to the Crucified Lord in the arms of His Mother. If these letters ever reached the public eye, Mrs. Willoughby reflected, people would think that she was irreverent, in addition to being slightly touched.

She also had written to Henry Blake once — and she was sure she had mailed this — that he was "as beautiful as Narcissus looking over a pool's edge." This reference to Narcissus was an unintentional libel. At the time she had forgotten the fine points of the Narcissus legend; but the Narcissus reference didn't embarrass her as much as the "pool's edge" part. She wished that she had said "the edge of a pool."

"Lolly," Mrs. Willoughby said one day in 1941 to her architect friend, Lolly Winters, when they were chatting on the Willoughbys' satin-covered sofa, "have you ever thought that some day the letters you've written might be published?"

Lolly, who had designed only one house, — the functional gatehouse on the Winters estate, — admitted that she had thought of such an eventuality. An uneasy expression flickered across her face.

"When I was extremely young," said Mrs. Willoughby, looking charming in a candy-striped tea gown, "I used to write to a man named Henry Blake, an older man who was at that time in love with my sister. I felt that he was really in love with me, but he wasn't. Anyway, he seemed to find my letters diverting. He always wrote that he looked forward to hearing from me again. I wish I knew where those letters are."

"Where is he?" asked Lolly Winters.

"I'm not sure. I think he married some woman in San Francisco."

"How long ago was it?"

"1918."

They exchanged a look of understanding. You can't safely ask any man for letters you wrote him that far back.

"However, I should dislike seeing those letters in my published correspondence," said Mrs. Willoughby, "if I ever should do anything that would cause it to be."

"What all did you tell him?" inquired Lolly.

"I told him that I was haunted by beauty," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and that I should like to be a lighter of flames. I wrote to him that all the men in New York seemed inadequate compared to him — that they were lacking in manhood or something." Mrs. Willoughby winced, and added, "I called him 'Pietà.'"

"Once," said Lolly, "when I was quite young, an older man, who was very attractive, told me I was so innocent I reminded him of Alice Meynell's 'shepherdess of sheep.' I was terribly intrigued, and kept the idea alive for months. I used to sign my letters to him, 'The Shepherdess.'"

2

Mrs. Willoughby and Lolly hadn't much time to worry about their collected correspondence that winter, however, because of increased pressure of world events and one thing and another. The thought of her old letters did not cross Mrs. Willoughby's mind again until the Westminster Kennel Club show opened in Madison Square Garden and she saw in the *New York Times* a picture of Henry Blake of California as one of the exhibitors, photographed with one of his whippets.

That afternoon, Mrs. Peter Willoughby and Henry Blake brushed shoulders, by careful arrangement of Mrs. Willoughby, in an exhibit aisle in the Garden. He still had that rugged look she had found so pleasing, but he looked considerably older and a little florid. When she found him, he was watching a whippet lifting its leg.

"Ah," thought Mrs. Willoughby. "Under what adverse circumstances one always meets one's former idols!"

She laid her hand lightly on his arm and said, "Aren't you Henry Blake?"

"Why, yes," said Henry Blake. He looked down at her face, prettily framed by mink, and obviously racked his brain.

"I am Mrs. Peter Willoughby."

"How do you do?"

After all, she thought, he didn't know she had been married.

"You knew me as Janet Tucker."

"Oh, yes. Of course!" he said, obviously groping.

Mrs. Willoughby was forced to add, "The last time I saw you was in Mount Kisco."

"New York?" said Henry Blake, trying to locate the area of the country involved.

"Yes," said Mrs. Willoughby. "You used to come to see my sister, Emily Tucker." At this point, she suddenly felt humiliated.

Henry Blake brightened. She had thrown him an anchor. The dayspring of recognition appeared in his face.

"I was *Janie* Tucker," said Mrs. Willoughby.

"Well, well! Little Janie Tucker!" he said. "Why don't you write to me any more?"

"I did write an awful lot, didn't I?" said Mrs. Willoughby winningly. "How nice of you to remember."

Then she murmured, "I was very young, and I'm afraid my letters were rather silly —"

"Not at all, not at all," said Henry Blake, eager to make amends for not remembering her sooner. "I remember them as being quite delightful — full of fancy and imagery. I always felt that you had a very interesting mind."

They strolled toward the Doberman pinschers. Mrs. Willoughby looked very pretty.

"You know," he said, "I wish I had kept some of those letters. Well-written letters from a fresh young girl with a philosophical approach to life are very rare indeed. I should like to read them now."

"So should I," said Mrs. Willoughby. "I should like to know what I was like then."

"May I assure you that you were charming? I should not say you *were*. You *are*. By the way, how is Emily?"

When Mrs. Willoughby returned home after the dog show, she went to her Adam desk, took out the four letters from men other than Jim, and threw them into the open wood fire. It was the least she could do, after that meeting with Henry Blake. She would do unto others as she had been done by; for civilized society, she reflected, is founded on confidence, and one simply *trusts* that people — *nice* people — don't leavesilly old letters lying around.

She sat down on the satin-covered sofa and looked into the fire while the "chug, chug of the engines" line in the letter about the ideal wedding trip turned to ashes.

Then she began to think about some of the things Henry Blake had said. "So fanciful — so full of imagery — so rare, from a fresh young girl."

It really was rather a shame he had destroyed those letters. After all, she had worked rather hard over them, and they did contain some lovely things. Parts of them would have looked quite nice in print some day.

She could almost see them — say in Chapter VI of her collected letters, printed in beautiful type on a good rag paper: —

CHAPTER VI

HER BLAKE CORRESPONDENCE

MOUNT KISCO
April 3, 1918

PIETÀ:—

Today I was thinking . . .

BRITAIN'S LABOR MOVEMENTS

by HELEN P. KIRKPATRICK

1

THOSE who believe that the party system is a fundamental basis of democracy are perturbed by the increasing distaste with which it is viewed by British electors. But of the two principal parties in Britain — Conservatives and Labor — the former have been able to maintain greater unity, and to show themselves more adaptable to changing times.

Not since the days of Ramsay MacDonald has the British Labor Party faced the problems it does today. Then the issues were clear-cut. Today they are many and confused. On the one hand stands the Churchill Government, a coalition formed in the critical days of May, 1940, when Britain appeared to be on the brink of annihilation. On the other there is the growing strength of the left wing, as yet not clearly defined. The decision of the Labor Executive to join with the Conservatives and the Liberals was overwhelmingly supported by 2,413,000 to 170,000 votes in the Party Conference. The necessity for a political truce was so obvious that none opposed it. At the time, the only thought dominating the minds of politicians and individuals alike was the survival of Britain. But, by taking a step dictated by national exigency, the Labor Party may have signed its own death warrant.

Following her graduation from Smith in 1931, HELEN P. KIRKPATRICK found her feet as Director of the Geneva Office of the Foreign Policy Association. From Geneva she moved to England, where her dispatches, published in the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Chicago Daily News*, marked her as one of the bravest and most intent Americans in the Battle of Britain. She has published two books since Munich — *This Terrible Peace* and *Under the British Umbrella*. Now for the *Atlantic* she describes the fermentation which has been going on in the British Labor Party since 1940.

“The ideas which inspire the conduct of the war are bound to set the frame within which the change to peace conditions is effected” (from Memorandum adopted by 1941 Labor Party Conference). Few of the ideas behind war measures adopted by the Churchill Government conform to orthodox Labor views. Controls of a type no real socialist would admit have been imposed on industry and workers. A mixture of private enterprise and government supervision has been introduced when socialists wanted nationalization. Compulsion for labor without comparable constraint on private enterprise has, according to socialists, left vested interests as powerful as they were before the war.

The electoral truce has perpetuated in Parliament a status quo of the parties believed by the rank and file of the Labor Party to be entirely unrepresentative of the feeling in the country. Conservatives are officially supported by the Labor Party in by-elections in constituencies where Conservatives were elected in 1935, though in a free election, Labor contends, Conservatives would not be returned in many cases, or only after a bitterly contested fight. The absence of opposition has made it possible for both parties to put up candidates who probably would not stand a chance in a contested election.

In short, aggressive socialists now see that, while the Churchill Government had to have the support of the trade-unions (the core of the Labor Party) in order successfully to prosecute the war, socialism not only gained nothing from it but lost a great deal. This feeling was reflected in two votes in the May, 1942, Labor Party Conference. The

electoral truce was sustained by a majority of no more than 66,000, less than 2 per cent of the party membership, and that only after party leaders had made the most urgent pleas for national unity. The ban placed on the Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, by a Labor Minister, Herbert Morrison, was condemned by 1,244,000 to 1,231,000.

While these splits were occurring in the party, members were aware that the patterns of the post-war world were being cut primarily by advanced and progressive Conservatives, and to a growing extent by a vast body of the public unaffiliated with either the Labor or the Conservative Party. The Communist Party, until now of no political consequence in Britain, was doubling its membership every six months. Strikes, restricted by the National Emergency Powers Act and disapproved by trade-union leaders, were taking place.

Nor were the records of the Labor leaders in the Government impressive. Arthur Greenwood, popular deputy party leader, had been dropped in the February, 1942, Cabinet reshuffle. Clement Attlee, leader of the party, had been superseded as leader of the House of Commons by Sir Stafford Cripps, a "renegade socialist." Herbert Morrison, as Home Secretary, had aroused antagonism on all sides by his clumsy handling of the *Daily Mirror* case, by seemingly highhanded methods of dealing with Regional Commissioners and members of the National Fire Service, and by his advocacy of forgiveness for Germany. Hugh Dalton, the bright boy of the party, had made no great mark in the Ministry of Economic Warfare, and during his first weeks as President of the Board of Trade had introduced an unpopular and unworkable fuel rationing scheme, failed to increase coal production, and finally produced a compromise scheme of government supervision of coal mines. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, was popularly supposed to play second fiddle to Winston Churchill in direction of naval strategy. While this saved him from criticism, it did not add to his prestige or that of the party.

Only Ernest Bevin had emerged as an out-

standing leader. His direction of the intricate and potentially explosive manpower problem had been, on the whole, skillful and successful. On the other hand, Bevin had never been a member of the Parliamentary Labor Party. As Secretary of the Trades Union Council, his power had been considerable and his voice effective in determining party matters, but until he entered the Government, as Minister of Labor, he had never sat in Parliament.

The rank and file of Labor, irritated by the fact that participation in the Government had not been used more to the advantage of socialism, could not fail to perceive that the greatest weakness of the party lay in its leaders. And lacking men of outstanding ability and leadership, the party knew that it might well be crushed between enlightened Conservatism and growing if unenlightened Communism.

2

No one in the party could deny that the workers of Britain were tremendously impressed by the war record of Soviet Russia. Here was a country whose system of government had always been held up to them as scarcely distinguishable from Fascism, where chaos and confusion reigned, and where the worker was as regimented as in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. In the war with Germany, its army and its transport system had proved far more efficient than had been anticipated. Its workers had rallied in a manner unequaled elsewhere, and its people had thrown themselves against the enemy with a passion born of faith. And in doing so, Soviet Russia had saved Britain from invasion and perhaps defeat.

Britons of all classes had good reason to be grateful to Russia. In June of 1941, Britain stood virtually alone facing a German-dominated Europe, harassed by increasingly strong enemy concentrations in Libya, and harried the length and breadth of the Mediterranean by German dive bombers. Greece and Crete had been lost. The metropolitan British state had had a tough winter of constant strafing by the Luftwaffe; its army had not yet recovered from the defeats in

France and Greece. Its strength, though growing, was probably still insufficient to meet an all-out German invasion. Instead of attacking Britain, Hitler had turned eastward to Russia. With the vast agricultural and mineral resources of Russia at its disposal, Germany could have become unconquerable. And the road to the Persian oil fields — to India — would have been open. It will be many years before we know just how dire a threat was removed from Britain by that eastward swing. But only the most shallow-thinking Englishman would deny its existence. When Russia did not collapse like a pack of cards after the first blow, but gave back blow for blow, British admiration grew by leaps and bounds.

In the spring of 1941 no Englishman admitted the possibility of defeat, but few saw how victory could be gained. The Russian war changed that picture, and British thoughts turned from defensive measures to means of taking the offensive. No one in the United States, three thousand miles removed from the threat of German invasion, can appreciate the depth of gratitude Britons felt towards Russia. Those more familiar with Russia and Sovietism knew that Russia was fighting for self-preservation and not for Britain's blue eyes. But to the bulk of the working classes Russia appeared to have found a way of life which its people believed eminently worth fighting for, and to have created an army capable of fighting extremely well. Here was the first nation which had been able to stand up to the mighty German Army. The Soviet system could not be as bad as it had been described. Even the purges now made sense — Russia had no fifth-columnists. Probably not more than one pro-Russian for every hundred in Britain knew the meaning of Marxism, or the difference between Marxism and Stalinism. And certainly not more than one in a hundred could have explained where British communism stood in the doctrinaire world.

It was difficult for the Labor Party to canalize this enthusiasm into socialist channels. Labor had stood, it is true, for closer coöperation with Russia during the days before and after Munich. The British trade-unionists in July, 1939, had proposed

for the first time the inclusion of the Soviet trade-unions in the International Federation of Trades Unions. They had known, before the meeting took place, that the proposal would be rejected. British Labor had been pro-Finnish during the Russo-Finnish war. Even its support of Republican Spain had been cautious and qualified.

When it became obvious that Russian resistance would continue, British Conservatives immediately urged the shipment of war material to Russia and, despite the indiscretions of highly placed Conservatives, succeeded in identifying themselves as much with the Help for Russia movement as Labor.

In the 1942 Conference, the Labor Party sought to underline its support for Russia by passing the following resolution:—

This Conference welcomes the efforts being made by the National Executive Committee to give material aid to the people of Russia and hopes that it will maintain ceaseless pressure upon the Government to do everything possible to increase the flow of supplies to the Soviet forces, to secure the complete coördination of British and Soviet strategy and undertake offensive action, as called for by the Soviet leaders, in Europe, without delay; this Conference further requests the National Executive Committee, in view of the favorable circumstances now existing, to send a Commission to Moscow and other Soviet cities to investigate and report on the structure and control of industry and government, and to prepare in due course a report for distribution throughout the country in order that the full facts about the U.S.S.R. may be made known and in order that we in this country may benefit from the experience gained by the peoples of the Soviet Union in the building of a Socialist State.

In the report of the National Executive to the Party Conference, however, appears a statement issued in July, 1941. This begins with an appreciation of the "great efforts of the Soviet Union in the common struggle against Hitlerism," and then rejects suggestions of common action between the Labor Movement and the Communist Party of Great Britain. It points out that, of all sections of the community, the Communists alone before June, 1941, took "every opportunity to obstruct and weaken the national effort."

The 1942 report devotes considerable space to the Communist Party under the heading of "Subversive Movements," and warns members against ancillary organizations which are in fact merely offshoots of the Communist Party. "The Communist Party of Great Britain," it adds, "ever ready to create trouble whatever the conditions, has not hesitated to exploit friendly Anglo-Russian relations for purely party aims."

Britain's Communists have in the past been so few, and their activities so restricted, that the majority of the population have been scarcely aware of their existence. They know little of the Communist leaders, and nothing at all of Moscow's view of them and their party. Not unnaturally, many associated the party platform with that which in Russia had welded a group of chaotic backward peoples into a united, organized, and modern nation. Membership in the Communist Party began to increase.

3

The Communist Party has two representatives in the House of Commons, Willie Gallacher and D. N. Pritt, K.C. Pritt is nominally a Laborite, but his line consistently follows Communist directives. The Communists, however, have an influence in the trade-unions out of all proportion to their size, owing to the strict discipline maintained in the party. Trade-union meetings are usually poorly attended by the general membership, but Communist attendance is very nearly 100 per cent. A small Communist nucleus which decides its policy in caucus and votes for a single panel of candidates can often gain control over a union local whose members may be indifferent or even antagonistic to Communist policies. The Communists were strongest before the war in the engineering union, always the most militant union. The engineering trades, the hardest hit during depression years, were most receptive to the "trade with Russia" agitation.

The Communist Party's shifts during the war are well known: their opposition to the "imperialist war," and their change to sup-

port for the "people's war" when Russia was attacked. To implement their opposition to the war during 1939-1940, the British Communists revived the shop stewards movement of the last war, and organized a "people's convention" dedicated to peace between the workers of the world. The People's Convention met in London on January 12, 1941. Its organizers claimed an attendance of 2234, representing 1,200,000 from 1304 organizations. Shop stewards figured largely on the program. The "People's Platform" was a jumble of popular grievances and a demand for peace. The "people's peace" was not enthusiastically received, and nothing more was heard of the People's Convention. But six months later the most important union in Britain, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with 600,000 members, endorsed a peace resolution almost identical with the "people's peace" resolution of the People's Convention. This was carried by eight Communists in an executive of fifty-two members.

The shop stewards movement of this war bears little relation to that of the last war. That was a spontaneous movement directed against exploitation in the factories, against capitalism, and against the war. Today the shop stewards movement is probably one-third spontaneous and two-thirds the creation of the Communist Party. Until Russia was attacked, it strove to disrupt production. The Communist shop stewards behaved much as Communists in American automobile unions did during the wildcat strikes. Every minor grievance was occasion for a stoppage, although many of the grievances were real and justified, and therefore supported by the majority of workers. In April, 1941, during the height of the "go slow" movement, the shop stewards conference was said to represent 217,000 workers. Their influence was much greater, however, as the bulk came from the essential engineering industries.

By the end of June, 1941, the shop stewards were, like the Communist Party, the most rabid supporters of the Government. No stoppages, obstructionism, or absenteeism was tolerated. Their second conference, held in October, 1941, was exclusively con-

cerned with means of increasing production. Management and workers alike were criticized. Joint Production Committees were demanded (and subsequently introduced by Lord Beaverbrook, then Minister of Production), and Britain was urged to establish a second front in Europe. The conference delegates claimed to represent 500,000 men from 300 key war factories.

By no means every factory has a shop stewards group; nor, in factories where they are established, do they represent more than a fraction of the workers. But they are the source of considerable irritation to the trade-unions, which resent interference from the rank and file, nor do the trade-unions like the growing influence of the shop stewards. The Joint Production Committees, first organized in the Royal Arsenal, have the official support of the Trades Union General Council, the Employers' Federation, and the Ministry of Labor. The trade-unions see in them a point of support against the shop stewards, but the latter have been quick to utilize them too. Shop stewards have had considerable influence on the election of factory representatives to the Committees.

The official shop stewards movement disclaims political bias, but the fact remains that its organ, the *New Propeller*, is nearly 100 per cent Communist-controlled. The ban on the *Daily Worker* has not prevented the Communist Party from producing other publications. In addition to the *New Propeller*, there are the *Labour Monthly*, *World News and Views*, *Soviet War News*, and *Soviet Russia Today*.

Youth and the middle class have been predominant among the converts to Communism. Old-time trade-unionists know the ease with which the party line varies, and even their sympathy for Russia has not influenced them in favor of the Communist Party.

4

But it is by no means certain that official trade-unionism is sufficiently progressive for the majority of the workers. The Labor leaders have found themselves sharing responsibility with the Conservatives for legislation which violates the traditions of

the Labor Party. On more than one occasion the Parliamentary Labor Party has been split. It was only after stiff opposition within the party that the Essential Works Order was passed. This order, passed in March, 1941, enabled the Minister of Labor to control the manpower in any given industry regarded as essential to prosecution of the war. No employer could dismiss a worker unless it was shown that he had been guilty of serious misconduct, nor could a worker absent himself without due cause or change his employment without permission from the Ministry of Labor. The National Service Bill of December, 1941, conscripting the nation's man and woman power either for the services or for industry, almost split the party wide open. Many Labor Members of Parliament were opposed to further compulsory measures unless the Government took similar steps to conscript industry.

Party leaders, aware that the Coalition Government would not agree to nationalization of transport, mines, and the munitions industries, tried in 1941 to prevent the party from going on record in favor of it. But the nationalization resolution was carried in the Parliamentary Labor Party. In the 1942 Party Conference, the Executive succeeded in getting through a vaguely worded resolution omitting any reference to nationalization. Brilliantly and often irrelevantly supported by Harold Laski, the resolution urged that "Government control of industry, central planning of the nation's economic life, and the subordination of many private interests to the common good . . . be carried further in order to achieve swift and total victory. It [the Labor Party] regards the socialization of the basic industries and services of the country and the planning of production for community consumption as the only lasting foundation for a just and prosperous economic order. . . ." An amendment calling upon the Party Executive to include in the resolution nationalization of the land, transport, and banking, and one instructing the Labor leaders in the Government to press this policy "even to the point of the Party's resuming freedom of action in Parliament," were both defeated on the urgent plea of the

Executive. But the voting showed the party to be split wide open on the issue.

An even more delicate situation arose over a Conference resolution on servicemen's pay. It was unanimously resolved that the pay for men in the armed forces and the allowances for their dependents should be raised, to approximate the earnings of industrial workers. This is a view shared by many Conservatives. It was also expressly stated more than once at the Conference that the party leaders in the Government were bound by the decisions of the Conference. The Executive accepted this reading. Only five days after the Conference had adjourned, Attlee, speaking on behalf of the Government in the House of Commons, refused to reopen the question of servicemen's pay. Never was Labor's subordinate position in the Government made more abundantly clear for all to see.

The proceedings of this year's Labor Party Conference seemed to confirm the views of one of its delegates, a Member of Parliament, when he said: "The Party is crawling to the right while the working classes are marching to the left." It is more and more obvious that the party leaders are not in sufficiently close touch with the electorate. People are becoming impatient with old shibboleths and with old men. The average age of Labor Members of Parliament has been rising, that of Conservatives declining. In 1923 there were thirty Labor M.P.'s under forty, and two over seventy. In 1941 there were only five under forty, and twenty-two over seventy. Their average age is sixty-four, that of Conservatives fifty-two.

This is largely due to the system which has long prevailed of rewarding a good trade-unionist on his retirement from active work by a seat in Parliament. Harold Laski has attempted to persuade the unions on more than one occasion to forgo their claims to certain constituencies and to adopt young candidates. The reply of Will Lawther, President of the Miners' Union, typifies the attitude of the unions. "You are correct," Lawther wrote in answer to Laski; "I do resent these highbrow interventions. . . . Without the trade-unions there would be very little of a Labor Party." There is thus

a conflict not only between youth and age, but between the "intellectuals" and the workers. Generally speaking, the "intellectuals" seek to move farther and faster than the trade-unionist and yet seem to be more susceptible to compromise. Both these tendencies make the trade-unionist profoundly mistrustful of the Laski type of socialist.

But the splits in the party are by no means straightforward, between trade-unions and intellectuals, or between youth and age. There is within the Labor Party itself a well-organized and highly vocal opposition composed of men like Alex Sloan, the Scottish Miners' M.P., Aneurau Bevan, G. R. Strauss, John Parker, and Mrs. Daggart. Some of these, notably Aneurau Bevan and G. R. Strauss, are in the anomalous position of supporting Sir Stafford Cripps, an outcast from the party. Bevan is now the editor of the *Tribune*, a weekly started by Cripps but no longer under his control or influence. When Strauss and Bevan jointly edited it and Cripps was in Moscow as Ambassador, the *Tribune* commented in this vein on the 1941 Labor Party Conference: "For it is now clear to all, who are not wilfully blind, that the Labor Party under its existing leadership is ossified and may soon cease to be an effective political force. We deceive ourselves if we imagine that by a continuation of the present leadership and constitution of the Labor Party it can ever be a vehicle by which socialism can be achieved in this country."

The "*Tribune* Group," to which Cripps was closely allied before he became, first, Ambassador to Moscow, then Lord Privy Seal, can be described as "left socialist." It believes in parliamentary methods but opposes Labor's participation in the Government. Although it dislikes Churchill and takes every opportunity to criticize him, it supported Cripps's inclusion in the Government. Its following in the country varies tremendously with its program, which is subject to constant alteration and is negative rather than positive. It has from time to time had the support of Lord Beaverbrook and his powerful chain of newspapers, but so have the Communists and the shop stewards

movement. It is a thorn in the side of Labor and has successfully put independent candidates into Parliament.

There is another socialist group, offshoot of the Labor Party, called the Socialist Clarity Group. Its monthly bulletin, *Labour Discussion Notes*, is widely read throughout the Labor Party and by many of the leaders. Its guiding genius is Harold Laski, but it has also, nominally at least, the support of such prominent trade-unionists as George Gibson, Jim Griffiths, Will Lawther, and Jack Tanner, albeit their views rarely emerge in the publication. George Gibson and Will Lawther, for example, support Lord Vansittart's anti-Germanism, while Harold Laski has openly attacked Vansittart and his supporters several times.

The Independent Labor Party, the traditional party of British socialism — associated with names like Keir Hardie, Bob Smillie, and Tom Mann — has very little influence. It has three members in Parliament, a national following under 10,000, and a circulation of about 15,000 for its paper, the *New Leader*. Following its break with the Labor Party in 1932, it wavered between affiliation with the Comintern and the Trotskyites. Finally it organized the London Bureau, an international center to which were affiliated the Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista of Spain, the German Sozialistische Arbeiter Partei, the Parti Socialist des Ouvriers et Paysans (Marceau Pivert's) of France, and the Lovestone movement in the United States. The I.L.P.'s platform is a mixture of Trotskyism and British Communism. The party is a hodgepodge of pacifists, revolutionary socialists, and malcontents of several varieties. Only the influence of Fenner Brockway has kept it together. Its influence among factory workers and in the country has increased somewhat of late, mainly because the I.L.P. shop stewards are the only ones who have not abandoned the class struggle in the factories, and the only ones who still fight vigorously to have workers' grievances righted. If its anti-war plank were not so important in its platform, the I.L.P. would be a greater threat to the Labor Party than the Communists, and it may yet become so.

5

To whom can the Labor Party look for more vigorous leadership? Herbert Morrison has a large following, but he has been decidedly compromised by his membership in the Churchill Government, his leniency towards well-known fascists like the Duke of Bedford, and his adamant attitude on the *Daily Worker*. He cannot count on rallying the most influential trade-unions. Arthur Greenwood's health and his record in the Coalition Government place him automatically in the background. Hugh Dalton is too much the intellectual. Ernest Bevin certainly emerges as the only obvious leader, but not one who will attract the already restless elements. And Sir Stafford Cripps?

Cripps certainly possesses the attributes of leadership. But his advocacy of a popular front resulting in his expulsion from the Labor Party in January, 1939, makes his re-entry improbable. There are many among the rank and file and in the House of Commons who would like to see Cripps back in the party. It is even probable that the Party Executive could have been made to eat humble pie and invite him back, if he had been receptive. It was with great difficulty that the Executive forestalled a resolution demanding his readmission at the 1942 Conference, and then only by spreading word of his refusal to consider it.

Cripps has assumed too great a role in British public life to recant now, although his views today probably conflict less with those of the party leaders than they did when he advocated a popular front in 1939. But if Attlee, Dalton, Morrison, and Alexander have been tainted by their association with Conservatives, so certainly has Cripps. In an "off the record" speech before the Fabian Society in June, 1942, Cripps indicated his belief that a National Progressive Government would be necessary at the end of the war. The Labor Party members had already opposed the Government's platform of continuing the electoral truce for three years after the war, and Cripps's statement seemed to them to be proof of his complete alienation from socialist principles. They believe, perhaps with some reason, that

Cripps sees in himself the future leader of a National Government with a Conservative majority in Parliament. They must know that many Conservatives hope to see Cripps in their party before the war ends.

But it is more likely that Cripps may seek to organize a third party composed of independents, dissident Conservatives, and restless Laborites, and his mention of a National Progressive post-war Government may be a forecast of its political label.

An observer cannot but be struck by certain tendencies in both major parties. It is only partially possible to generalize on the probable post-war attitudes of the Labor and Conservative Parties. But by and large, the Conservative Party visualizes a post-war world in which the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States will share the responsibility for maintaining law and order, and together work out an economic system based on restricted and controlled capitalism. "... a little more socialism, a little more capitalism," as Oliver Lyttelton put it, sums up the progressive Conservative's view. All but a few die-hard Tories with little or no influence recognize that the post-war world will not be the pre-war world. But they are opposed to state socialism, and they believe that the majority of Americans are like-minded. Some of them undoubtedly regard the U.S.S.R. as a potential menace and as the nucleus of a "communism" which may spread throughout Europe. These even more than the others consider close ties with the United States as essential to check that menace. But a growing majority believe that the British Commonwealth, of which Britain will be not the center but a component part,

the United States, China, and Russia should and must work together for the maintenance of peace and the establishment of an equitable economic system.

The Labor Party, on the other hand, — and again the generalization is only partially correct, — tends more towards Soviet Russia than towards the United States. Its members regard the United States as a conservative influence — a nation which will throw its considerable weight away from rather than towards a socialized world. While the Conservatives have received enthusiastically the Atlantic Charter's provision for disarming the aggressor nations and maintaining strength in the hands of the United Nations, the Labor Party Conference resolution endorses "peace terms to include general disarmament . . ." — a return to 1920-1939 Labor policy, which played so important a role in preventing Britain from rearming in time.

In gauging the influence which the Labor Party will exert in British politics and upon Britain's post-war policy, it will be essential to watch the development of the schisms within the party, the possible rise of a third party, and the growth of the Communist Party. At the present time the situation is still fluid. Tension between the rank and file and party leaders is bound to increase, but the showdown may not take place for some time. If the present Government were to fall and Labor be forced to take office, the effect on the future of the Labor movement might well be fatal, and Labor leaders must realize that. They know that the rank and file would demand the introduction of socialism and that Labor leaders would be unable to institute it.

NOT IN MY COUNTRY

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

I

Not in my country: in the Sunday sun:
The hollowing bells still burning in the air:
Does fear plunge like a hawk, and split the wonder
Down till death is there.
Over the stony fields, in my country,
The shadow of wings is water rinsed from stone;
Like water running; and there is no terror
There,
Or death — such things are known

But not in my city: here the sunlight falls
Quiet upon the streets in the quiet noon,
And shadow lies lost in an ancient thralldom,
Still as the daylight moon.
In the bright town there are bells, and women calling.
They have forgotten that day began with mist.
Men meet, and talk. And there is no mirror
Here
For hate — hatreds exist

But not in my land: they are unremembered lore,
The fabulous nations crushed against the clay —
Paris still unabsolved for Helen's glory,
And Troy in ashes, blowing down the bay.
Out in the stony fields, in my country,
Men have forgotten Troy. They sow, and reap;
And at night they sleep, mindless of ancient sorrow.
And the dead sleep.

II

But from earth, in the evening rain, in my land,
Rise ominous words that contradict the dream
“ — The things that are not fought for will not stand;
Peace is the seeming:
Peace is the saying, in unremitting rain,
‘The sun will follow; and sorrow follows laughter.
We too, even we, alter. But what we planned —
The freedom and the dignity of man —
Cannot fall,
Not in my country.’ ”

And into the cold streets of my fading city
There sift, resistless as rain, the voices of an old
Multitude: not of heroes:

“Not whom you pity
Are we, nor whom you know.
Forget us, we are ashes, we are dispersed —
(We are cursed; think of us. We could not hate
Weak, lovely Helen, nor the revengeful men, —
Till something woke us. It was too late then;
We entered the blowing ashes
Of our own city.)”

And in my country, in the dark, closing rain,
The rising voices chorus, and drown the prayers.
“The dead sleep who do not know their slayers,
Nor know that they were slain.
Peace is the dream; and peace is the end of dreaming.
Perilous Helen laps the heedless dead.
(‘Ah, who, seeing her beauty, would not be
Led like the sifting ashes undersea,
And no more said. . . .’)”

Shall there be no more said,
In my land?

III

Here lie, my country, in the returning sun,
The heavy bells again fumbling with air,
And fear on the front page, by the stale funnies
Under the rocking chair.
Across the waking fields, in my country,
The shadow of wings passes, and is gone,
Running like water — running, perhaps in error,
Over the lawn:

Yet lie here, my city, where sunlight falls
Quiet — yet there is quiet, will you stay
While history bleeds in the breathing hallways,
And night things climb the day?
In the bright town there are bells; men start calling;
And the black shadows gather, and persist. —
Oh at last listen: hate was never nearer,
My people! Hatreds exist,
Old as our land; and is this no man’s guilt?
The swords stand yet in the wounds they made.
Let us no more forget those ages spilt
And no one paid;
Let us earn our sons the not-despaired-of country
Where what they have not sowed they need not reap,
And where at night the world will go on building
For the short hours they sleep.

"DO YOU GET OUT VERY OFTEN?"

by LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

1

AS A matter of fact, there's really no point in our going Outside, since for three months of the year the Outside comes in here, in the form of guests at what we commonly call the Hotel, but which is Captain Coburn's fishing camp at Middle Dam. That's two miles away from us, and that's a good distance for it to be. We can see the Outsiders whenever we want to, but they don't cramp our style. If I want to wear shorts, which is an error no one over eighteen should commit in public, — some under eighteen shouldn't, either, — I can do so. I can also run my household as badly as I please, and our house guests can sun-bathe in the altogether without let or hindrance. It's ideal.

The Outsiders who frequent Coburn's are known, of course, as sports — even the fat lady who comes here against her will, because if she doesn't spend two weeks in summer here with her husband, he won't spend two weeks in Florida in the winter with her. She's quite a gal. She's down but she isn't out. She'd much rather be home in the suburbs, but since she can't be, she does her best to bring the suburbs along with her to the woods. She wears spike heels and flowing lavender chiffon draperies, and gives bridge parties every afternoon, at which she serves the nearest a fishing-camp chef can come to a dainty fruit salad. She herself supplies the cut-up marshmallow and mara-

schino cherries to top off this dish. She gives cute prizes. I find her very tiresome at close range, but at a distance I rather admire her spirit. And, to be honest, she's just as much interested in maintaining this distance as I am. She finds me impossible, too.

One thing about living in the backwoods: You Meet Such Interesting People! Or else you meet so few, and have so much more time to talk with them, that they seem interesting. Maybe everybody is interesting, if you get a chance to hash things over with them while they're in their old clothes and have their mental hair down. I met a woman on the dam the other day. She was sitting in the sun, knitting, while her husband fished. If I had met her at a tea, she would have been wearing a rather dowdy beige lace, a harassed expression, and an unbecoming hat, and we would never have got beyond "How do you do?" because I would have been feeling inadequate and lacking in chic, too. As it was, we covered everything, finally getting around to methods of coping with insomnia.

I'm not an expert, being the kind that seldom remembers hitting the bed; but I advanced my formula. Lying awake in the dark, I plan a trip. It's usually to the West Indies. I start at the very beginning, and go shopping. I buy everything, from toothpaste to the exclusive little model that's going to knock them dead at the captain's dinner. Then I buy the very smartest luggage, and pack. Actually I have yet to stay awake long enough to get myself aboard.

Her method promises even more entertainment. She starts from the present and moves backward in time, remembering every

LOUISE DICKINSON RICH is a Massachusetts girl who was educated in the public schools and at the State Teachers College in Bridgewater. For a number of years she taught English in the high schools of New Jersey and New Hampshire. Then in 1935 she and her husband answered a call to the deep woods. They buried themselves in Maine where they have been ever since, alive, happy, and writing.

dress she ever owned and the most important thing that happened to her while she was wearing each one. She says a lot of things come back to her that she had completely forgotten.

I can believe it. I gave the idea a trial spin while I was washing dishes. I remembered dresses I wouldn't be found dead in now. That black evening gown of 1930, for instance, with a hemline above my knees in front and down to the floor in back, forming a sort of showcase for my legs, which were modishly clad in very light stockings. (Why some of my friends didn't tell me!) I broke my ankle while wearing that dress, which probably served me right.

Then there was a dress — about the only one I can still contemplate without writhing — made of men's heavy silk shirting, striped ivory-color. (Ralph says how can a solid color be striped, but that means alternate dull and shiny stripes.) It was softly tailored and becoming and lucky, as some dresses are lucky. I first brought my golf score down into the eighties while I was wearing it.

When I get more time, I'm going to play this dress game some more. I still don't know the name of the woman who told me about it, but I owe her a vote of thanks. I collect one-handed means of entertainment. They come in handy in the woods.

One of my favorite sports is Mrs. Smith. (I'll just call her that.) She does what she wants to do and doesn't care what anybody thinks about it. She has two hideously expensive, very beautiful, and very dumb wolfhounds which she brings to the woods for their health. They are so extremely thoroughbred that the sense of smell has been dropped somewhere down the pedigree, and if they ran into the woods and got lost they would never be able to find their way back again. So Mrs. Smith hires a guide to walk them up and down the Carry Road, on leashes. For these outings they wear blankets, one royal blue and one royal purple, and they look very patrician and noble as they pace proudly along. It's too bad that the guide always has such a shamefaced and hangdog air. It rather ruins the effect.

Mrs. Smith was the one who bought the

Millers' bull calf. She saw it when it was three days old, and fell in love with it. I don't blame her. Calves are sweet — all eyes and long wobbly legs. She couldn't bear to think of its being killed, so she bought it for three dollars, the price of its equivalent in veal. She took it out on the boat (it was seasick), and home to Westchester County in her car (it was carsick), and put it in her stables along with her show horses for a mascot. Its hoofs were polished daily, and its red coat curried, and it was a thing of beauty and a joy to the beholder.

Came horse-show time, with the grooms too busy getting their entries spruced up to keep an eye on the calf, which was supposed, anyhow, to be harmless. He got bored and started looking around for some fun. His investigations brought him to the central aisle of the stable — which probably has a correct name, but not being horse-wise I don't know what it is. The view consisted of the marvelously groomed rumps of half a dozen thoroughbreds, each culminating in a braided and tied tail. He took an experimental nibble. Either he liked the taste of horsehair or, like a teething baby, he found here balm for sore gums. The upshot was that before he was discovered he had sucked and chewed the tail off every horse in the row, thus automatically scratching the Smith entries in the show. It was too bad; but I like to think he really had more fun signing his death warrant than is usually the case.

2

There are a few things sports do that make me mad, such as wearing smoked glasses the first time I meet them. I hate to talk to strangers in dark glasses. I can see the quirk of the mouth, but without the corroborative evidence of the eyes I can't tell whether it's a friendly quirk or a cynical one. I feel like snarling, "Take those damn things off, so I can tell what's going on behind them."

It doesn't make me mad, though, to have them patronize and laugh at us quaint natives. They don't know it, but we're laughing and patronizing right straight back. They think our clothes are just too picturesque and amusing; and we think beach

pajamas a hundred miles from a beach, and waders worn for boat fishing, and shorts and halters in black-fly season are amusing. Their delight in our naïveté can't exceed our delight in their gullibility. They ask us what makes the lake look streaked. All right, that's a silly question. Any fool should know it's the wind. So all right, it calls for a silly answer, and we have one all ready, because that's a stock question. "Oh, that's where the sled tracks cross the ice in winter," we say, and they usually believe us.

Pete and Ira Brown and I had a lot of fun with a whole porchful of sports one evening. Pete and Ira are two old guides, friends of mine. They were sitting outside the hotel with a dozen fishermen when Ralph and I arrived for the mail.

Pete said, "Hi, Louise. Been to B Pond lately?"

I said, "Yup. Gerrish and I went over Saturday."

"Catch any fish?"

"Nope. I don't think there are any fish over there."

Ira stated flatly, "You don't fish the right place. There are plenty of fish there."

"Well, I fished everywhere, so I must have been in the right place part of the time."

Ira squinted at me through a cloud of cigarette smoke. His eye had a warning gleam. "Bet you didn't fish under the island."

The silence on the porch was electric. Every eye was turned out over the lake, but every ear was cocked in our direction. I had to play this right.

"Why, no," I said uncertainly. "I forgot all about under the island."

Ira looked relieved. "That's where the fish are, this time of year. In them caverns. Last time I was over, I camped overnight on the island. Couldn't hardly get a wink of sleep from the racket they was making, feeding off the roots of the grass. You try there next time."

I couldn't take it any longer. I couldn't stand the bland expressions on the Brown brothers' faces, and the puzzled credulity on the sports'. I said hastily, "Thanks, I will," and went inside.

3

Luckily for our sanity, the deer-hunting season furnishes a distraction around freeze-up time. Of course, everyone in here goes hunting. It isn't sport with us, though. We want and need the deer meat. (Only snobs and city people say venison, I early learned.) Hunting is a business with us. There are plenty of deer. In the summer, when it's against the law to shoot them, they stand around the yard underfoot in romantic, negligent poses, fairly screaming to have their pictures taken. They come into the flower garden at night, and with great discrimination eat the blossoms off all the more difficult flowers to raise, turning up their delicate noses at such common fodder as zinnias and nasturtiums. In the dead of winter, when their natural foods are buried deep under the snow, they drift into the clearing to eat hay or excelsior or cardboard boxes out of the dump, or anything else they can find.

We couldn't shoot them then even if the law allowed us to; they are too gaunt and pathetic — "too poor," as they say up here. Anyhow they wouldn't be fit to eat. They've already been driven to browsing on cedar, with the result that they taste like furniture polish. During the hunting season, when they are fat and sleek and it's legal to kill them, every deer in the country remembers a man he has to see about a horse back in the thick growth on the highest ridges. It's uncanny. Ralph figures that by the time he has caught up with one and shot it and dragged it out, estimating his time at the current local wage of thirty-five cents an hour and taking into account expenditure of shoe leather, ammunition, and wear and tear on clothes, but with no charge for loss of temper, the meat comes to about ten dollars a pound. He doesn't like deer meat, anyhow, so probably his figures are padded. He says he'd rather eat an old goat and be done with it. So he goes out only when I drive him out, almost at the point of his own gun.

Larry Parsons was in the same frame of mind one year. We were up there one afternoon when he came in from hunting. He'd been out all day, and he was a rig. His shirt

was torn, his face was scratched, and frozen mud caked his boots and pants. He told us in no uncertain terms that that was definitely that. He didn't give a damn if he never shot another deer. For all of him, every unspeakable deer in the State of Maine could go climb a tree. He had been over at Black Cat, got into a swamp, crawled through blowdown for two miles or more, and when he went to eat his lunch he found it gone from his back pocket. So he was through. He'd eat potatoes and salt if he had to. He'd eat nothing, if it came to that. But never again, so help him Hannah, would he step foot out of the house after a deer.

At this point Ralph, who had been listening with the look of sympathy we all learn to assume to cover up the fact that we are inwardly estimating just how soon it will be safe to broach the subject of deer hunting again, squeaked and pointed out the back window. In the middle of the clothes yard stood an eight-point buck. Larry shattered every existing record in oath breaking. The kitchen floor smoked as he crossed it. He missed the first shot, and the buck obligingly turned broadside. He couldn't miss the second time. It must have been a feeble-minded buck. From the eugenic viewpoint, it was undoubtedly better for the race that he didn't live to propagate his kind.

4

The real excitement of the deer-hunting season isn't hunting deer, though. It's hunting deer hunters. It's always the same, every year. Any night that Ralph comes in at sunset and says, "It's going to turn cold tonight; we'd better get in some extra fireplace wood," I know what's going to happen. We go out into the lovely still dusk for the wood, but I can't really appreciate the black silhouettes the pines on the western ridge make against the orange and apple-green sky, nor the wreaths of steam that begin to rise from the river as the temperature of the air drops below that of the water. I'm too busy wondering how soon the telephone will start ringing.

It usually starts just at full dusk. It may be the Millers calling, or Cliff Wiggin, or the

Brown Farm, but it all amounts to the same thing. "Say, you ain't seen anything of a couple of hunters, have you? Yeah, they're stayin' here. Went out this morning and they'd ought to have been back an hour ago. Well, sort of keep your ears open for signals, will you, and call me up if you hear anything."

We'll hear something, all right. Just after we've decided that, thank God, they're lost in some other neck of the woods and aren't our responsibility, and have changed into slippers for a quiet evening in the home, Kyak will look interestedly out of the window and indulge in a short "Woof." We'll go out onto the porch to listen. Sure enough, faint and far away will come the sound of three grouped shots, the universal woods signal of distress.

Ralph groans, gets his gun, fires the two answering shots that mean, "O.K. I hear you. Now, for the love of Mike, stay where you are and keep on signaling," and starts pulling on his gum boots again. I go to the telephone to report that the missing "have been spoken." Ralph collects his compass, a lantern, his gun with lots of cartridges for signaling, and sets forth into the night.

If lost hunters would only stay put, they'd be fairly easy to find. But they rarely do. If they're inexperienced enough to lose themselves in the first place, they're inexperienced enough to get panicky. The thing to do, once you know you are lost, is to find a good, safe place to build a little fire, build it, fire the three shots, light a cigarette, and sit down and wait. If the shots aren't answered, wait awhile till you are sure it's late enough for searchers to be out looking for you, and shoot again. If you've plenty of shells with you, continue to do so every five minutes; if not, space your volleys further apart or until you hear someone shooting for you. But *before* you have used up all your cartridges, resign yourself to a night in the open and make the best of it. They'll be looking for you in the morning — you don't have to worry about that. They'll come shooting, and you'll answer with the cartridges you've carefully saved, and before ten o'clock you'll be back in camp eating bacon and eggs and drinking hot coffee.

This is such a sane and easy program to follow, but no lost hunter that we ever encountered ever followed it. They all do the same thing. They start traveling as fast as they can, usually in the wrong direction and always in circles. A hunter over on B Pond ridge went running through the woods at top speed, smacked into a tree, and knocked himself cold. It's better, even if harder, just to sit down and wait.

The procedure for finding lost hunters is always the same. First comes a period of swearing at anyone dumb enough not to get himself out of the woods before dark. (This phase runs concurrently with the assembling of paraphernalia.) Because we live so near the river, the next thing that Ralph does, when he has to go out hunter hunting, is walk up the road to where it's quiet, so that he can hear the shots as plainly as possible and determine their direction by compass. Then he fires two answering shots and starts off in that direction and keeps on walking until he hears some more shots. He rechecks his direction, finds that the lost one has wandered four points to the northeast, say, corrects his course, fires two more shots, hoping that they will toll the quarry in his direction, and keeps on walking. This may continue for an hour or it may continue most of the night. The first time it happened it was fairly exciting, but after years of it, it has become a nuisance.

In the meanwhile I have kept the tea-kettle boiling so that when Ralph gets home, complete with hunter, they can have something hot to drink before going to bed. My inclination, after half a dozen experiences, is to go hastily to bed as soon as I see their lantern up the road, and let them get their own lunch. Six times is enough to hear the same old story, and it always is the same old story.

5

I love some of the sports. I used to love old Dr. Aldrich, who came up yearly to fish and play poker. He liked to fish, but he also liked his comfort. There's nothing very cozy about sitting on a hard cold rock, surrounded by a cloud of black flies and mosquitoes, so Dr. Aldrich didn't do it. Every

evening he'd go down to Harbeck, a good pool just below Middle Dam, weighed down with impedimenta. First he inflated an air cushion, a process which left him purple of face and bulging of eye, arranged it on a rock, and arranged himself on it. Then he tucked a steamer rug carefully around his legs and placed a Flit gun beside him, its handle, like that of Lady Macbeth's dagger, to his hand. Then he was ready to fish. He'd work out fifteen or twenty feet of line and make a dozen casts. Suddenly he'd reel in furiously, lay down his rod, and snatch up the Flit gun. A fog of insecticide all but obscured him, and the black-fly corpses fell like rain. Then down with the gun and up with the rod, until dark. I used to walk clear up to Harbeck of an evening, to watch Dr. Aldrich fish. It was worth the effort.

Something else that is worth the effort once — and it is an effort — is the National Championship White Water Races held here on the Fourth of July. I'm not awfully sure they are worth tagging along after more than once. After all, one guy getting dumped into the river is much like another guy getting dumped into the river, and this is one sport that is as hard on the spectators as on the entrants. Harder, maybe. All that can happen to a contestant is getting wet, getting bruised on rocks, and getting drowned. All these things can happen to the spectators, and in addition they can get bug-bitten, heel-blistered, scratched, sun-struck, exhausted, and lost. So I do my race-watching from my own front porch, knitting and dispensing food and drink to those of our friends who drop in in passing.

The reason that these races are held on the Rapid River is that the flow of water can be regulated here. A flood or a drought doesn't matter. Renny Miller can just raise or lower a gate in the dam. And the river, while actually not navigable, is so nearly so that there is always the sporting hope that by some combination of luck and skill someone might get through in a canoe. Most of the races are not canoe races, though. They are run in fold-boats, which are exactly what the name suggests — light little collapsible boats built like kayaks. The frames are made of short pieces of wood with metal

sockets on the ends and can be fitted together into the skeleton of a boat. Over this is drawn a rubberized canvas cover, which comes up over the bow and stern, leaving a cockpit for the operator, who sits flat on the bottom, on a couple of slats, and wields a double-bladed paddle. A rubber apron buttons tight about his waist. With this apron it is impossible to swamp the boat. It draws so little water that it can slide over submerged ledges, and the construction is so flexible that it bounces off rocks instead of cracking up on them. So it is comparatively easy to run the river in a fold-boat. But only comparatively, you understand. I don't want to try.

What fascinates me is not the races themselves, although they are exciting, what with spills, hairbreadth escapes, and near-drownings. The real interest lies for me in what I will call the White Water Crowd. Travis Hoke, a friend of ours, is always talking about the various crowds — the Wedding Crowd, for example, college classmates who make a lifework of attending each others' weddings, and whose conversation is filled with references of how stinko dear old Pinko got at Blinko's bachelor dinner. Or the Doggy Crowd, with their dead-serious discussions of that little bitch of the Squire's, Faux Pas, by Social Climber out of Emily Post.

Me, I adore the White Water Crowd. All day long they slide down the river in their little boats, looking grim and desperate, and stagger back to Coburn's, battered and exhausted, to start all over again. They talk about haystacks when they mean swells, and about amazingly clever bow-work, and about Skowhegan Guide's Models, and they talk about nothing else. Tense and distraught, they come into the yard and ask to borrow some inner-tube patches and rubber cement, so that they can mend their boats in time for the next race. They're so deadly earnest about the whole thing.

They don't even slip into something loose and relax in the evening. Oh my, no! When it gets too dark to risk life and limb on the river any longer, they trail back to Coburn's, take off their football helmets, life preservers, and sodden shorts and sneak-

ers, — regulation river-running costume, — paint their wounds with iodine, and assemble in the lobby of the main lodge to look at each other's river-running movies. The movies are very good, actually. I like to look at them, too. But most of all I like to sit in the dark with all these hearty souls sprawled around me on the floor — and I am sorry to say that I can never believe that floor-sprawling is anything but a pose; I have tried it, and it is *not* comfortable; but it looks well in the flickering firelight, and is in good magazine-story tradition — and hear them talk.

"That's Pussy on the Housatonic," someone will say of a fast-moving streak on the film. "Remember? That's the first time Pussy was ever in a fold-boat."

"Sure. But Pussy was always a good canoe man."

"Where is old Pussy now?"

"Pussy? Oh, Pussy's out on the Great Snake in Idaho, trying to make a record. Heartbroken not to be here, of course, but when this thing came up —"

"Ooooh, look! Ace, there's you. Look, Ace! I told you you were putting too much beef in your back-water. See what I mean now? See how your bow weaves and — Oh! Hey, can't we have that run over again? I want to show Ace —"

It all adds up to lunacy. And the lovely lunatic pay-off is that they do all this for a little bronze medal with a picture of a man in a fold-boat on the front and the date, place, and occasion engraved on the back; and I, who never wet a foot or scraped a knee, I, with my wrong attitude, get one, too. I get one because Ralph was helpful about carrying them and their boats repeatedly from the finish back to the start in his cars. So when the Presentation of Medals came along, and they had one left over, they gave it to him, ceremoniously, to show their appreciation; which was very nice of them. And he came home to where I was sitting and reading, and pitched it into my lap, saying, "Here, Mama. Here's something to add to that charm bracelet you've been claiming you're going to collect." Rubies wouldn't have pleased me more. I like a dash of irony in my dish.

6

Nobody ever asks me, "Is this life you are living worth while?" That's a question that I ask myself, occasionally.

I ask it when I get up on a twenty below zero morning to find the kitchen stove in one of its sullen moods. Smoke oozes from every crack, but the top won't heat enough to melt the ice in the teakettle. A cup of hot coffee is a long way in the future. I bang the oven door and the stovepipe falls down, raining buckets of soot over everything, including the butter that I have put on the stove shelf to warm to a spreadable consistency. Smoke pours out of the down chimney in clouds, and I have to open the door and all the windows, or suffocate. My eyes smart and run water, and my hands and feet slowly and painfully turn to ice, and the answer is "No! Nothing is worth this!"

I ask it when, at the end of a long, hot summer, everyone in Middle Dam has used up his entire ice supply, and I want a glass of ice water. I can't have it. Moreover, the meat is going to spoil unless I do something about it at once, and the butter is unattractively liquid, and the lettuce has wilted, and the tomato aspic that I made this morning isn't going to set. I think of tall, frosted glasses, and salads that are crisp and noisy under the fork, and lemon sherbet, and decide I'd swap the whole north woods for one properly refrigerated meal.

I ask it when Rufus, all snowy and rosy, comes in from a day with his lumberjack pals and croons lovingly, "Mummy nice old son of a bitch." I ask it when I've got the lunch dishes done and the kitchen tidy and am all set for an hour's leisurely reading before going swimming, and a whole hungry gang drops in. Anywhere else, we could drive to the nearest hot-dog stand, but here I have to start from scratch and throw together another complete meal. I ask it when I look at the hands of Coburn's women guests and then at my own, with their short nails, calloused palms, and the burns from the oven door across the backs. The answer is always "No. It's not worth it."

"Is it worth while?" is not a question that I think to ask myself when I am out in the

middle of B Pond, watching the gulls inscribe their white scrolls against the sky. I don't ask it when I see a deer drinking at Long Pool, or hear a loon laugh, or when I compare Rufus with other children of his age and discover that he is two inches taller and five pounds heavier than most of them, and that he doesn't enter rooms with a piercing shriek of "It's Superman!" I don't ask it when I get a check for a story, or find that my \$1.98 mail order bathing suit looks much nicer than the \$15.00 model I saw on a woman up at the hotel — or does it only seem that way because I'm browner and thinner and can swim better than that woman? I don't ask it when friends have such a good time with us that they hate to leave as much as we hate to see them go; or when we all sit on the porch in the evening with our feet on the rail, and watch the tide of the dusk rise from the valleys up the hills and across the sky. The stars come out one by one, and the moon swings up above Pondy Dam, changing the river to a road of restless gold. It isn't a moment to be asking questions. It's a moment to enjoy.

So, after all, why should we bother to go Outside? There would be only one reason: to see our friends; and our friends come here instead. We have swell friends, as I suppose everyone has, and we'd much rather see them here, undiluted by people we don't like, than Outside. So if they are willing to put up with my offhand meals for the sake of lounging around in their oldest clothes and being free to do and say what they please; if they are willing to swap their own good beds for our not-so-good ones plus a lot of excellent scenery and fishing; if they want to take the long, involved trip in with nothing much at the end except us and the assurance that they are very much more than welcome, why that's the way we want it, too. And that's the way we have it.

Once in a while the river gets to sounding like the wake of a steamer, and then I think maybe I'd like to go somewhere on a boat. I've only been on boats a little — one trip to Europe, long ago — and I love boats. But where in the world could I go today? Where is there peace and quiet and contentment? Where — except here.

— THE ATLANTIC SERIAL —

THE
Year of
DECISION

— 1846 —

BY BERNARD DeVOTO



— CHAPTERS XIX-XXV —

HOW THE DONNER PARTY BEGAN

In the year 1846, when Polk was in the White House, forces were at work which would determine within the twelvemonth the destiny of Oregon, Texas, New Mexico, and California. At the beginning of the year the sovereignty of these huge, unoccupied territories was in dispute. Mountain men like Jim Clyman had explored the new country, looking for the openings which would let the immigrants in. And by 1846 they were guiding the white-tops West in an ever-increasing stream.

One of the largest and most fateful of these wagon trains started from Independence, Missouri, in May. It included a group of emigrants from Springfield, Illinois, the nucleus of the eighty-seven men, women, and children whom we know as the Donner party. The captain of the group of relatives and neighbors was the patriarch, George Donner, sixty-two years old. Notable among his companions were his brother Jacob and his neighbor, James Frazier Reed. Reed and the Donners were wealthy men, and the entire party was extraordinarily well outfitted for the western passage. They carried thousands of dollars in cash and quantities of goods of all kinds; they rode blooded horses and drove milch cows in addition to the usual oxen.

Traveling eastward to meet the wagon trains was Lansford Hastings — part realtor, part guide, and part fake — who was interested in turning this year's immigration south to California. To every train he recommended a "cut-off" from the established trail, which he had never tried, but which he said would shorten the distance by several hundred miles.

At Fort Bernard the Donner party was solemnly warned against the Hastings

cut-off by Jim Clyman, a seasoned mountain man. But on Hastings's promise to lead them in person, they disregarded the warning. Then, when they arrived at the base of the Wasatch with its bewildering canyons, they found that Hastings had gone ahead. He had deserted them.

Ahead of the Donners rode Edwin Bryant with ten unencumbered men, traveling light, on muleback, without wagons, herds, or families. At Fort Bridger they overtook Hastings and his partner Hudspeth, who were assembling a wagon train to lead in person over the "Hastings Cut-off." Hudspeth rode on with Bryant; Hastings followed with his wagon train, which is known as the Harlan-Young party. Hudspeth led Bryant across the Wasatch Mountains to Great Salt Lake, where they turned westward. At dawn of August 2 they prepared to cross the Great Salt Desert, the worst desert in North America, one of the most appalling wastes of the world. Here, turning back to rejoin Hastings, Hudspeth said, "Now, boys, put spurs to your mules and ride like hell." They did. In the best crossing ever recorded, they put the Great Salt Desert behind them in thirty-one hours.

Hastings, with his partner's help, got the Harlan-Young party through the Great Salt Desert in two days and a night. They escaped disaster by a hair: oxen died, wagons had to be abandoned in the salt. Hastings got them over the Sierra early in October, and on down to California. They had lost about three weeks by taking his dangerous new route.

They were the last ones through. Laboring far behind them came the Donner party — big, cumbersome, inexperienced, slow. So the tragedy begins . . .

THE YEAR OF DECISION

1846

by BERNARD DeVOTO

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THE Wasatch are one of the most beautiful of Rocky Mountain ranges, but not among the highest. Characteristic of them are small, narrow, twisting canyons which have no logic except the laws of flowing water. These canyons are adventurous for mountain climbers, but their discouraging attribute for those who travel them seriously is the way they lead into one another. The Union Pacific Railroad takes the one direct pass through the north and south main chain of the Wasatch, Weber Canyon, which we have seen Bryant and the Harlan-Young party traveling — but takes it by virtue of dynamite. All other passages of the Wasatch are circuitous, by small canyons which lead into other small canyons, sometimes widen into circular valleys off which a number of canyons lead (only one of which will be the right way onward), and by degrees take their streams westward round cliffs, the base of peaks, and the jutting ends of spinal ledges. Modern highways cross the Wasatch by such oblique routes now.

The Donner party started out on August 12 to find such a route. Fifteen days later, on August 27, they reached Salt Lake Valley, having covered a distance estimated, but probably underestimated, as thirty-six miles. In the meantime Reed's lost companions had rejoined the party,

BERNARD DeVOTO grew up in Ogden, Utah, at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, surrounded, as he says, "by Mormon pioneers and other veterans of the West, miners, bullwhackers, cowboys, desert runners, prospectors, Indian fighters." The story of the frontier, he took in through his pores. He camped and fished in the mountains, worked on a ranch through which ran ruts of the California Trail, and wrote his first piece about the Diggers while he was still in high school. He began his systematic study of the Southwest after the Armistice, and from that time to this the Oregon Trail, the Mormon migration, the annexation of Texas, the Donner party, and the deeds of the mountain men were the exploits which his mind worked on year after year.

and the Graves family had caught up with them from the east.

They had had to make a road for wagons, by a route which no wagon had ever taken before. They had had to chop through aspen and popple and cottonwoods and underbrush which choked the small canyons. They had to dig tracks and fell trees and level off centers high up on mountainsides, pry boulders out of their course, riprap swampy patches, sometimes bridge brooks that could not be crossed otherwise, grunt and strain and curse while the oxen heaved the wagons up inclines, over ridges, and around spurs of rock. Every ridge they topped showed a haze of further ridges beyond it. Every canyon that opened out closed in again. Every canyon that might be the last one ended in another one that might also be the last. Three times they found that they could go no farther, had to go back over part of the road they had built, and, abandoning it as wasted, try again, chopping and shoveling a new road. When they camped at the end of the fifteenth day they were almost out of the last canyon, the narrow defile which the Mormons were to call Parley's Canyon. The next morning they decided that they could not get through a tortuous place where the canyon walls almost met and the notch between was choked with loose rock. So they retraced their way up Parley's Canyon and the gulch by which they had entered it, and took the wagons straight up a mountain, over the ridge, and down into what is now called Emigration Canyon, and out, at last, into the valley of the lake.

Edwin Bryant, who left Fort Bridger on July 20, reached the valley of Great Salt Lake on July 26. The Donner party, leaving Fort Bridger on July 31, reached the valley on August 27. That difference in traveling time states the first circumstance of their disaster but does not reveal

all that had happened to them in the Wasatch. Their morale had begun to break. The morale of any emigrant train can be judged by its success in solving a fundamental conflict. On one hand there is any American frontiersman's impulse to go his own way, make his own choices, reap the rewards of his own intelligence and skill, and pay the penalties for his own mistakes. On the other is the coöperation enforced by the wilderness, which requires choices to be made in the common interest, assesses against the group penalties for every mistake made by individuals, and pools intelligence and skill for the use of everyone. We have seen the wagon trains breaking up and re-forming. Every new grouping was an attempt to establish a small social system which would function effectively; a successful passage along the trail meant the creation of a group spirit.

The feeling of being members one of another cracked in the Wasatch. In fourteen days of heartbreaking labor, some had begun to resent the weakness of companions who could not do their full share, and some had refused to do their share, accepting the common labor without putting into it all they had. The membrane that incloses the primordial inheritance was thus wearing through, and an even more dangerous pressure had been put on it. They had thought that Big Mountain was the last ridge that they must cross, but Stanton and McCutchen rejoined them just as they got down from it, and told them that it was not. Then, Eliza Donner Houghton says, "Sudden fear of being lost in the trackless mountains almost precipitated a panic, and it was with difficulty that my father [George Donner] and other cool-headed persons kept excited families from scattering rashly into greater dangers." They had at last realized the danger they were in, and the realization tended to drive them apart.

Overstrained and fearful, but less exhausted than their stock, with the wagons jolted and shaken into brittleness, they headed for the south end of Great Salt Lake and the Salt Desert beyond. One of George Donner's wagons stopped in blistering sun, and Luke Halloran, the consumptive, died, his head in Tamsen's lap. They examined his possessions, which he had bequeathed to George Donner, and found \$1500 in gold coin and the insignia of Masonry.

There were eighty-six of them now, and twenty-three wagons. They toiled on, hurrying as fast as the condition of the oxen permitted, and in five days reached the last oasis east of the Salt Desert. Here they found fragments of paper tacked to a board. Tamsen Donner gathered

them up and pieced them together, and they proved to be a note from Hastings. The author of their ills was confessing another enthusiasm. He had originally said that the Salt Desert was no more than forty miles wide and could be crossed in one day. Now he was telling them that the crossing would take two days and nights.

It took them six days and they traveled all or most of every night.

Here is where the membrane broke, where the group was atomized to individuals. The blinding glare, the burning blue sky with the insolent peace of bellying clouds, the horizon of mountains blue and purple and amethyst, the reds of sunset and the greens of dawn — the cruel beauty of the death-giver could be observed in irony. Twisting whirlwinds or high walls of salt blew past them. Mirages offered them lakes and streams or showed them fields of grass blowing in the wind. William Eddy saw a file of men moving across the distance; they were himself repeated twenty times. Others saw similar processions and once some of them cried out, for this must be Hastings, the deliverer, coming back to help his victims. But none of this mattered, for fear and the pit were upon them. The social system disintegrated. Some drove their oxen to the uttermost exertion, some tried to conserve their strength, some merely went on. Following the tracks of Hastings's wagons, they strung out across the white hell, under sun or full moon, formless, disorganized, at random, the stock failing, men and women with death in their hearts, all of them forced to observe the stoic, uncomprehending agony of the children.

The heavily loaded outfits of Reed and the Donners fell to the rear, where shrewdness would have put them anyway in a crisis of *saute qui peut*. But too much had been required of the oxen in the Wasatch, and by the third night there was no water left in the casks. Men and stock must have water or die in the salt. Reed rode ahead, passing most of the others. Some had abandoned their wagons, driving the teams toward the water that was somewhere ahead. Others, frail, black-faced, stolid, were trying to keep to the wheel-tracks. At the end of the fourth day (if he had slept at all, it was during part of the first night) he got to Pilot Peak and its springs. William Eddy and the Graveses had got there before him, first of all. Eddy, taking water to an exhausted ox, went back a few miles with Reed, who again in the moon's unreality passed down the frayed line of specters. He met his own teamsters, who had unhitched the oxen and were trying to get them and his horses

to water in time. Then the Donners, driving their stock and some wagons. Then an abandoned Donner wagon and at last, toward dawn, his wife and children and some employees. One of the employees took Reed's horse back. The others waited for the drivers and the oxen.

They sat there in the salt, under the sun, blistered by wind, all the next day. No oxen and no drivers came. . . . Reed's herd, maddened by thirst, had stampeded into the wasteland and would never be recovered. . . . So at the end of the day, Reed carrying the three-year-old Tommy, the others packing some food from the wagons and the remaining gills of water, they started out to walk it. When the children could go no farther, they made a kind of camp. An insane ox charged them and they got up again and went on. They reached Jacob Donner's wagon; Reed heard that he had lost his teams, and, leaving his family, hurried on. Nearly everyone was getting to Pilot Peak now, some with their wagons, some with only their teams, some staggering in alone. The last day stretched out its agony. Jacob Donner came in with Reed's family, and, with no one dead, they had crossed the Salt Desert in six days. September 8.

Thirty-six oxen all told, just half of them Reed's, had died or stampeded into emptiness. As soon as they had drunk and let the surviving oxen drink, they started back to round up any stock they could find and bring the wagons in. There were few spare teams left now, and all the stock were dangerously worn down. No more dangerously so, however, than their owners. The Salt Desert had accelerated the collapse which the Wasatch had begun.

They started toward the Humboldt. The oxen weakened and some of them died, and the wagons kept falling apart. The travelers repeatedly lightened their loads, sometimes making caches in the dream that they would be able later on to come back and open them, sometimes just leaving the stuff there in the desert.

And now they realized that there wasn't enough food. To the terror that they might not get across the Sierra before the snow came (now stimulated by a typical September snowstorm), there was added the terror that they might starve before they could freeze. So they did what the desert-bound in these parts always did: they resolved to appeal to Sutter. After a debate two volunteered and were accepted: the bachelor Stanton and the tall, powerful McCutchen, who would leave a wife and child behind him. On September 18 they rode ahead, hoping to bring supplies back from the Sacramento Valley in time.

Even on the trail the Nevada stretches were always felt to be the worst of all. Except for occasional dry drives there was always water, and the double-teaming, the struggle with narrow gaps of rock or sudden and insane vertical hills or knife wedges of rock or stinking quicksand, was by now so routine that no one regarded it. But it was here that the reserves of physical strength and moral stamina were exhausted. Here the cumulative strain of emigration precipitated trouble for man and beast and outfit alike, if it was going to. And here, if you were going to, you encountered the Diggers, their half-gram brains vibrating with the remembered murders of hundreds of kinsmen and with desire for oxen and other plunder.

20

The Donner party reached the main trail on September 30. They had come back (just west of Elko) to the road from Fort Hall which they should have taken from the Little Sandy or Fort Bridger. Exactly a month before, on August 30, Edwin Bryant had come down to Johnson's ranch on the far side of the Sierra.

The party split in two, one group forming round the Donners, whose outfits had survived in the best condition and could travel faster. The division was made on the theory that they could thus make more efficient use of the sparse grass. But it was really an act of anxiety, further evidence that the bonds of the community had been broken.

Some Diggers who came into camp seemed amiable and they were fed and allowed to spend the night. They were gone in the morning and so were two oxen. Some of their kin got a horse presently, and others began shooting arrows, not yet fatally, into the hides of oxen. And on October 5 the constraints of human association snapped apart.

It was double-teaming up one more of a thousand slopes that did the business. The Reeds had by now merged their small remaining outfit with Eddy's. Reed's teamster, Milt Elliott, who was driving the single wagon, had hitched Pike's team to it for the ascent. Elliott got into a quarrel with John Snyder, of the Graves party, over precedence up the hill. Snyder flamed into a rage and became violently abusive. Reed intercepted his threats. Snyder began to beat Reed over the head with his bull-whip, gashing him badly. Reed drew a knife and stabbed Snyder, just as another blow from the whip knocked him down. Snyder died almost at once. And at once this band of pilgrims traveling the frontier of death was atomized to

armed men threatening one another. The Graveses demanded Reed's life. Keseberg, whom Reed had once insisted on temporarily banishing from the train for rifling an Indian grave and thus risking all their lives, propped up his wagon tongue — they were sufficiently veteran to know that this was how you hanged a man on the trail. Reed, supported by Eddy and Elliott, would not be hanged without some shooting first. When due fear of loaded guns had made itself felt above the blood lust, the party convened as a court, Reed's wounds bandaged and his wife's face showing the bruise where Snyder's whip had struck her. Sentence: on promise of the others to take care of his family, Reed must hereafter travel alone. And unarmed.

Prevailed on by his family, and by the thought that he might bring help to them all, Reed rode ahead the next day. Someone — either Virginia Reed or William Eddy — defied the common will by taking his rifle to him and so giving him a chance to survive. He overtook the forward section and had breakfast with George Donner. One of his teamsters who was traveling with them, Walter Herron, joined him and they went on.

They were six days along the Humboldt stretch of the trail when the quarrel occurred. It took the main party the entire month of October to travel that stretch, go up the Truckee, and reach Truckee Lake just east of the final Sierra crossing. Obeying the law of avalanches, the daily disasters grew worse.

Hardkoop, who was more than sixty years old, had been traveling with Keseberg and had suffered badly from the desert. One morning he could walk no more. Keseberg, with the limpid logic of the German mind, would not take him in a wagon, condemning the unfit for the preservation of the strong. That night he did not come in, and that night and the next day Eddy, Elliott, and Pike would obey the obligations of humanity and go back for him. But they had no horse to ride. Those who had horses would not lend them for such an errand. Let him die. He died.

They caught up with the section that had been leading. At once the Diggers ran off Graves's horses. The next night they got eighteen oxen and a cow. The following night they playfully shot arrows into some oxen without killing them. The third night they shot twenty-one oxen, and those which were not killed were useless. . . .

The dreary process of combining outfits and caching possessions in the hope of sometime reclaiming them went on. Wolfinger stayed behind one day to cache some of his wealth. Probably he wore a money-belt. His countrymen, Reinhardt

and Spitzer, stayed to help him, and Keseberg was also making a cache that day. When Keseberg, alone, caught up with the rest, he was suspected of having killed Wolfinger, but it was Reinhardt and Spitzer who murdered him, got his money-belt if he had one, and reported that Indians had killed him and burned his outfit.

At the end of that desert was the Truckee River. They rested for a day. Reinhardt and Spitzer came in and told their wild West romance. The widow Wolfinger attached herself to the Donners, who crawled ahead of the rest again, and Eddy could get no food for his children. They headed up Truckee Canyon. And then, on the third day, October 19, Stanton came riding in from the west with seven pack mules and two Indians driving them. Sutter, whose mules and Indians they were, had not failed them. Nor had Stanton and McCutchen failed them. McCutchen had given out on the crossing and was laid up at Sutter's. But Stanton, a bachelor, moved solely by the obligation which most of them daily refused to acknowledge, had, after reaching safety, put his life in jeopardy again and brought back over the divide the food which, for a time, saved the lives of all. He could report that Reed and Herron had got through, though barely. At one point they had found five navy beans spilled from some wagon, and later a tar bucket discarded from another, at the bottom of which was some tallow that they could eat, though it puked Reed. They got down into Bear Valley, however, and, catching up with the rear guard of the emigration, got food and met Stanton.

Stanton took Mrs. Reed and her children under his protection. They came up to the Truckee Meadows. Here they were all together again — something over a dozen decayed wagons, and the oxen and the cows that were yoked with them all but dead. They were a tangle of fear, hatred, family love, friendship, fortitude, panic, and desperate hope. Ahead of them was the worst ascent of all, to the divide above Truckee Lake. If their teams had been sound they could have made it in at most three days. But their teams were hardly alive. They had to rest their stock at the Truckee Meadows — but there had been a number of snowstorms already and the sky above the pass was leaden with the threat of winter. The two dreads made a cruel dilemma. They solved it by lingering to recruit the teams. Stanton had been told at Sutter's, where the best judgment was to be had, that they could expect nearly a full month more before the snows would begin to block the pass.

They could not even be careful now. William Pike, the husband of Harriet Murphy, handed his pistol to his brother-in-law, Fosdick, and the gun went off. Pike died. Naomi and Catherine were fatherless.

There was another snow. It scared them and, without decision, merely as they could, they started for the pass, traveling in three rough sections. When the first section made camp, the first evening, a Digger skewered nineteen oxen. Eddy killed him. October 25.

The peaks above them were blanketed with snow, and clouds hung round the summits. The advance party reached the lake — or rather a couple of miles short of it, a mile from the Schallenberger cabin — on the evening of the last day of October. It had taken them just three months to get here from Fort Bridger. Four or four and a half months would have been about right for a good crossing from Independence to the Sacramento.

The terrible cold of the high places wrapped them round. On November 1 they tried the ascent. They found five feet of snow in the pass. They came back to the Schallenberger cabin, which the Breens pre-empted. They decided to stay there. On November 2 it rained all day. The middle group, Stanton traveling with them, came up. Stanton found them in the apathy of despair, but roused them, or most of them, to try again on November 3.

Even when there was no snow, wagons were taken up that terrible slope only by an all-out labor of man and beast, by doubling teams, prying with crowbars, blocking wheels with stones and drags, all hands manning ropes. Before they reached the ascent, before they had even passed the lake, they saw that the snow was impassable. They abandoned the wagons, packed what they could on the backs of oxen, tied the now crippled Keseberg to a horse, shouldered the children, and drove the stock ahead of them, to pack down a trail through the snow.

Stanton and an Indian got to the divide . . . and could have gone down the western slope. He came back. To help the others.

But they had reached the extremity and he could not rally them. No more. Don't call on the outraged flesh or the defeated soul for what is beyond its power. Evening was coming up and they made a fire and stayed close to it, quarreling. Make the effort, don't make it, stay here for the night, don't try till morning. They stayed here. So it came on to snow. Strange weights woke them; their companions were sitting up from white mounds and the cattle had disappeared. They understood. The next morn-

ing, while the snow fell steadily, they straggled back to their abandoned wagons and on to the little cabin at the lake. That snow caught the rear guard, the Donner families, a few miles farther eastward. They turned up Alder Creek Valley, made camp, and hurriedly felled trees for cabins. There was not time enough for cabins; brush huts must do. The snow fell, almost continuously, for eight days.

Not more than thirty miles to the west, on the far slope of the divide, Reed and McCutchen with a pack train struggled toward them ever more slowly through the same snow, and at last were stopped. They had come up from Sutter's to Johnson's ranch with two Indians and thirty-one horses packed with food. Ignorant of what had happened since they left the train, they expected to meet their families on the way down from the divide, doubtless very hungry but safely out of danger. They thought of their desperate journey as one of alleviation only, not rescue.

There was snow to their shoulders, snow so deep that sometimes they had to dig the horses out of it. Finally it stopped them. And while their families and former companions, hardly thirty miles away, built shelters in a realization that the long snow had brought the winter in, Reed and McCutchen, with the same realization, turned back to lower altitudes. Sutter told them that this premature snow had made it impossible for them to do anything till February.

21

The Breens and Dolan reoccupied a cabin built by emigrants two years before. Keseberg built a lean-to against one of its walls. The Murphys (including the Fosters and the widow Pike and her children) and the Eddys built another log cabin, not far away. Another double cabin was built, one half of it for the Graveses and Mrs. McCutchen and her child, the other for the Reeds, John Denton and the surviving teamsters, Stanton, and Sutter's two Indians. These were crude log structures, the roofs being merely poles covered with whatever would turn water, or partly turn it. They were better than the huts which the Donners were able to build in Alder Creek Valley. George Donner built a semi-circular hut of boughs and canvas against a tall pine, interlacing small branches and covering them with quilts and wagon-covers. It was divided into two crude rooms and had a hole in the ground for a fireplace. Mrs. Wolfinger lived with the George Donners. Jacob Donner built a similar but even cruder structure, across the

brook from George. The four teamsters had a Digger-like tepee of brush. There were twenty-one people at Alder Creek, sixty at the lake.

They could look up to the crest above them when the snow paused and the clouds withdrew: any help that might reach them would come from the west. But they could not depend on help. They must prepare to pass the winter here without help. The only food they were certain of was the surviving cattle. They saw clearly that they did not have enough for more than half the winter. They tried to catch fish: the trout of the mountain lake would not bite at this season. They tried to hunt: practically all the game had gone down to lower levels. Eddy, tirelessly roaming the snow with his borrowed rifle, killed a coyote, an owl, two ducks, a gray squirrel, and finally a grizzly. Most days he killed nothing.

Successive storms, some of them several shrieking days long, steadily deepened the snow at the camps. The refugees got weaker and more lethargic, making relentless inroads on their stores. The Donner women had to do a man's work; all the women had to. But in this camp of slowly approaching death, one thinks most painfully of the children.

On November 12, thirteen men and Mary Graves and Sarah Fosdick tried to get over the divide. Of course, both Eddy and Stanton made this attempt. They were stopped a full three miles short of the divide. The snow "was soft and about ten feet deep." They were back, defeated, by midnight.

After more storms it was possible to make another attempt on November 21. There were twenty-two all told, six of them women. This time, on a firmer snow crust, they actually got over the divide, where Eddy measured the snow and found it twenty-five feet deep, and started down the far side. They were barely strong enough to gather wood for fire, but spent the night in the snow. And spent part of it, the two most resolute, Eddy and Stanton, fatally disagreeing. They had been using Sutter's mules to break a trail; the mules were done in and must be abandoned. Stanton would not go on without the mules — they belonged to Sutter, and the sacred rights of property required him to return them. Eddy pleaded the imminence of death, in a great gust of rage. No use. The next day they went back over the divide to camp.

Another storm lasted more than a week, while everyone's strength waned. When it was over, all the oxen and horses that had remained alive were dead and lost beyond recovery under the snow. So were Sutter's mules, which Graves had

not let them kill for food and Stanton had refused to abandon beyond the divide. Graves and Stanton, who were Easterners, were showing their companions how to make snowshoes out of split oxbows and strips of oxhide. There was another storm, which lasted for five days.

At the upper camp Baylis Williams died; at Alder Creek old Jacob Donner, Shoemaker, Rheinhardt, and James Smith.

Fourteen pairs of snowshoes were ready. A party of seventeen prepared to start out: ten men, five women, and two boys. The three who had no snowshoes would trudge behind the others, in the trail they hoped to make. They took a rifle and an axe, a blanket apiece, and minute rations of dried ox meat, which they expected to last for six days. Stanton and his Indians and William Eddy were again the dominant spirits. Uncle Billy Graves, fifty-seven years old and the author of the snowshoes, went along. Mrs. McCutchen left her year-old baby in the care of the invalids and joined the party. Their principal hope was Stanton and the two Indians, who knew the route. December 16 was a clear day after a night of vicious cold. They started out.

It took them a full day to get to the upper end of the lake, about four miles. Two Murphy boys and Burger, Keseberg's teamster, were the three who started out on foot. Burger and one of the boys gave it up and turned back. That night they made a crude pair of snowshoes for the other boy and he kept on with them. On December 17 they got over the divide, all but dead. They could go down the far slope now, but they were eating an ounce of food a day and the sun gave them snow blindness. Their movement was slow and agonizing, the travel of the half-dead. Stanton, besides being snow-blind, was weakening. On the march he fell behind, coming in to the campfire at night. There were brief, wild, swirling snowstorms. Their feet froze. Mary Graves had a hallucination. They had seen no game. On December 20 they camped far down, beyond the Yuba Bottoms. Stanton came in late to that campfire too. And Stanton was done.

December 21. That morning, going through his little pack, Eddy found half a pound of bear meat which, unknown to him, his wife Eleanor had put there, taking it from her own small store in order, her note said, to save his life in extremity. And when the others prepared to set out the next morning, Stanton sat quietly smoking a pipe. They asked him if he were coming. Yes, he said honorably, he would be along. He sat there, smoking.

On the day before Christmas, their ninth day out, not knowing that they had lost the trail,

their last daily mouthful eaten two days before, snow beginning to fall, suddenly a fatality gripped them. All the men except Eddy announced that they would go no farther. But an assertion of human will followed, and Eddy insisted on continuing the effort while life was left to them. The two Indians agreed. So did all the women. "I told them," Mary Ann Graves said, "I would go too, for to go back and hear the cries of hunger from my little brothers and sisters was more than I could stand. I would go as far as I could, let the consequences be what they might."

The will prevailed — but also it precipitated another decision. Patrick Dolan voiced the thought which they had so far kept from voicing. Let them draw lots to see which one should be killed. Eddy agreed, Fosdick refused. Then Eddy, in revulsion, proposed a manlier solution: that two of them, selected by lot, take revolvers and shoot it out. In a moment the obvious became obvious to them. Someone would die soon. They groaned on through falling snow.

After they camped that night, the Mexican herder, Antoine, died. And toward ten o'clock the snowstorm changed into a blizzard. A tornado-like wind drove whirlpools of snow at them, their fire went out, they lost their one small axe. Most of them were moaning or screaming in the dark. Uncle Billy Graves was dying, and all but Eddy were willing to die. Eddy spread some blankets on the snow and had his companions sit on them in a circle. He tented them over with the remaining blankets and closed the circle himself. Presently the blizzard covered them over and they could live. But, bidding his daughters eat his body, Uncle Billy died. His corpse upheld his part of the tent all through Christmas Day, while the blizzard howled and made the mound bigger. Dolan died that night, and all that night the storm kept up. It stopped toward midafternoon, the day after Christmas. They crawled out of their mound, made tinder of the cotton lining of a mantua, and got a dead pine tree to burn. So they cut strips from the legs and arms of Patrick Dolan and roasted them. Eddy and the two Indians would not eat, and the food would not revive Lemuel Murphy, who died that night. On December 27 they butchered the bodies of Graves, Dolan, Antoine, and Lemuel Murphy, and dried at the fire such portions as they did not need now. They started out again, a little restored, on December 30.

Back at the lake, Milt Elliott, who was one of Reed's teamsters, and Noah James, who was one of the Donners', had started out on December 9

to get news of the Alder Creek camp, and Elliott got back to the lake on December 20. He reported the deaths of Jacob Donner and Samuel Shoemaker and James Smith and Joseph Reinhardt. They had not starved, for some food was left; they had just died. (Before he died, Reinhardt confessed to George Donner that he and Spitzer had murdered Wolfinger.) At Alder Creek they were trying to locate the frozen bodies of the oxen by thrusting poles into the snow, but they were not succeeding. They were catching the field mice that crept into the huts, and eating them. And they had begun the diet that was to be the staple here and at the lake. Strips of oxhide were singed to remove the hair and then boiled for hours, or days, till a kind of glue was formed. (They had some pepper left to season it.) They boiled the bones also till they were soft and could be swallowed, and a faint taste of meat was imparted to the water.

Eliza Donner remembered that one day her mother Tamsen took her up the snow steps to where the dazzling sun shone on the snow and blinded her, and led her to a hole from which smoke was floating up. Uncle Jacob lived there, Tamsen said (but he didn't live there any more), and they must go down and see Aunt Betsy and Eliza's little cousins. Eliza peered down that blackness and was afraid. She called to her cousins to come up instead — and was more frightened when they did. They had grown skinny and white, they were strange, suspicious, feral.

They had buried the dead in the snow, which froze over the bodies and then deepened as more storms came. At the lake no one had died since Baylis Williams gave the party an omen for their departure. The huts at the lake were a little better off than those at Alder Creek — in that there were more hides to make glue of, some frozen meat still, a couple of handfuls of flour from which Mrs. Murphy could make gruel for her granddaughter, the infant Catherine Pike. Catherine had been weaned when Harriet Pike went over the divide with William Eddy — weaned on spoonfuls of water thickened a little with this hoarded flour. There were, or had been, four other nursing babies at this camp.

One thinks especially of these and the older children on Christmas Day. They could remember firelight on friendlier snow, Sunday-school classes with scrubbed faces, hymns in warm rooms, going to bed at night, the inexplicable behavior of grownups on Christmas Day, the myth of a fat man who brought gifts. They could remember the Christmas of the vast America far to the eastward of this mountainside where trees

cut down for firewood left twenty-foot stumps in the snow and death came slowly to families trapped by Lansford Hastings's ambition.

Nevertheless there was one Christmas feast at Donner Lake. In her end of the double cabin whose other half was occupied by the remaining Graveses, Mrs. James Frazier Reed had taken thought long before of her children's memories. When she bought four oxen from the Breens and Graveses, she had cleaned the tripe of one and hung it low outside the cabin, where snow would conceal and preserve it. She had also contrived to store away through nearly eight weeks a quantity of white beans amounting to a cupful, half as much rice, half as much dried apples, and a two-inch square of bacon. On Christmas Day she took them from the hiding-place and made a stew of them. While the storm that was killing Dolan and Graves on the far side of the ridge buried the cabin still deeper, the children danced round that bubbling pot. Thirteen-year-old Virginia; Patty Reed, eight years old; Jimmy, five, and Tommy, three. There was once more a perfume of the kitchen in the hut, and diced cubes of tripe or bacon jigged on the bubbles while the children shouted. Thinking of her husband, possibly dead, possibly alive somewhere beyond the hurricane of snow, Margaret Reed could nevertheless speak the warning of all mothers on Christmas Day, "Children, eat slowly, there is plenty for all."

22

The party with William Eddy are known as "The Forlorn Hope," and of the fifteen who crossed the divide, ten were left when the Christmas storm was over. Gradually they got down to where patches of bare ground showed through the snow. "Gradually" is a word: the meaning is men and women who were all but dead falling forward step by step through a white desolation, the risk of tumbling into oblivion disregarded, their minds dim and submerged in terror. Eddy shot a deer and thereafter could not muster strength enough to raise the rifle. Jay Fosdick died, and his wife saw his heart roasted on a stick. Foster lost his sanity and begged them to kill some of the women; then, when Eddy would not, to kill Sutter's Indians. The Indians slipped away into the snow, but they failed, and Fosdick shot them before they died. Eddy and Mary Graves forged ahead. It was on January 17 that the others finally gave up and lay down to die. But a handful of pine nuts, given to him by some Indians whom they met at last, revived Eddy. Supported on the shoulders of two Indians,

Eddy left bloody footprints across six miles of rough ground and came, an hour before sunset, to a little shack on the edge of Johnson's ranch, the first outpost of settlement, at the eastern wall of the Sacramento Valley. The shack belonged to M. D. Ritchie, an emigrant of '46, who had settled near Johnson's for the winter. Young Harriet Ritchie, his daughter, came to the door and Eddy asked her for bread.

Harriet Ritchie burst into tears. But she got him to bed, got bread for him, and ran out among the other shacks, summoning help. Before long, four Americans were hurrying back to find the six survivors whom Eddy had described, and were able to find them by following his bloody footprints. The Forlorn Hope had reached the succor of their own kind — seven of the fifteen who started out, thirty-three days after the beginning of the effort for which they had laid in six days' rations of two mouthfuls a day.

Now the settlements could learn the truth about the Donner party, of whom they had known only, on Reed's and McCutchen's reports, that they were caught in the snows with enough cattle to see them through the winter. Reed had tried to raise help at San José but had had to ride out with the local cavalry to help settle disturbances that had followed the Bear Flag uprising, before help could be spared. It was not till February 1 that he was able to get to Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and call a mass meeting. Yerba Buena raised \$1300 to equip and pay a relief expedition, and put in charge of it a recent arrival in California, Passed Midshipman Selim Woodworth. He was the son of a journalist who is still remembered as the author of "The Hunters of Kentucky" and "The Old Oaken Bucket." Polk had sent him overland to Oregon with news of the termination of Joint Occupation. He was a bad choice. While Woodworth talked and Reed worked furiously preparing his expedition, Sutter's launch arrived with the tidings which Eddy and the Forlorn Hope had brought. And old Caleb Greenwood came in from Sonoma, where McCutchen had been trying to organize relief, offering to head another expedition. Reed and Greenwood rode off to prepare an advance party, leaving Woodworth to organize supporting expeditions. From this came what is called the Second Relief. But meanwhile the First Relief had left Johnson's and headed toward the snow, on February 4.

The First Relief originally numbered fourteen, among them William Eddy of the intrepid heart, who had had less than three weeks of rest. They made a base camp at a high ridge well up in the mountains, at Mule Springs, and sent Eddy and

another back with the horses, since they would have to go in on foot. They left two others to guard the camp. Four days later, at the foot of the vertical wall that drops down from Emigrant Gap, three of them had had enough. That left seven: two runaway sailors, Sels and Ned Coffeemeyer, and five emigrants of '46, Acquilla Glover, Reasin Tucker, the two Rhoads brothers John and Daniel, and the Riley Septimus Mootrey whom we saw married to Mary Lard last June, beside the Platte.

They camped at the western end of the pass on February 17, fourteen days out from Johnson's. The next day they went over it on their snowshoes, with Glover and Dan Rhoads barely able to cross. They were all day coming down the barrier and following the silent, white lakeside to the huts. They could see no smoke, they could not even see the huts, since they were buried deep, till they came right up to them at sunset. They shouted, wondering if anyone were still alive, and something like a woman came up out of a hole in the snow. The others crawled up the ramp of frozen snow to mew at the seven men from beyond the mountains, in the crimson sunset and the violet shadows of the woods. They looked like mummies; their wailing was cracked and tiny, their cries broke into lunatic talk. Around them at the top of the ramp, in the sunset, lay the bodies of those who had died since the last storm, dragged so far and left uncovered.

Life in those buried huts since December 16, two months before, when the Forlorn Hope departed, is hardly to be understood. Over them were the storms and the sunny, bitter days and the sunny, gentle days. Around them was phantasm, whose figures were both real and unreal. Their minds peeled down to anger and dread, out of which bubbled the primitive delirium for which physicians to the diseased soul probe. No clue told them which of the figures they saw and the voices they heard were hallucinatory and which those of their companions. The mind grew monocular, its vision flat. Up from childhood came the figures of the Old Testament, and from a far more distant past the figure of Lansford Hastings, by whose act they had become animals that died in apathy and animals that lived on, sodden with their personal filth.

Breen was reading his Bible and keeping his diary, one of the most soul-shocking documents in our literature. It details the weather and the deaths, not much language spent on suffering or despair. How the Graveses confiscated the hides that Margaret Reed had bought with promises,

how Milt Elliott made good his demand that Margaret be given a hide — the Keseberg baby died last night — "Eddy's child died last night," February 5, with Eddy climbing toward Bear Valley in the rain to save little Margaret's life. Then Mrs. Eddy is growing weaker — Spitzer dies — Mrs. Eddy dies — Keseberg never gets up from bed — "Milt Elliott died last night at Murphy's shanty," the last friend of the Reed family gone — John Denton, the English gunsmith, growing weaker — Mrs. Graves takes back the hide that Milt had got for Mrs. Reed (title to it really vested in John Augustus Sutter) — "wind SE all in good health Thanks be to Almighty God Amen" — and the First Relief arrives.

The seven gave them a little food, — it was not safe to give them more, — posted a guard over the packs, and got their first full night's sleep in a week. The next morning, three of them went on down to Alder Creek. None had died there since the report Milt Elliott brought back, but George Donner appeared to be dying. Tamsen was still strong. She would not leave and neither would Elizabeth, Jacob's widow. So the rescuers took four of the older children. They also took Noah James and the widow Wolfinger. They left the Donner women and the younger children with one man to take care of them, the worthless Jean Baptiste Trubode. They were counting on the Reed-Greenwood relief being just behind them. They went back to the lake, where their companions were trying to decide which of the babbling, cursing survivors could or should attempt the trip.

That left eleven at Alder Creek, and there was only one hide remaining. As the party started out, Tamsen said staunchly that if food did not come by the time it was used up they would begin eating what they had refrained from eating.

All the Reeds were to go and their surviving hired girl, Eliza Williams. Only Edward, thirteen, and Simon, nine, of the Breen family — who had plenty of hides. William, Eleanor, and Lovina Graves (their father had died on the Forlorn Hope, but the rescuers carefully lied, saying that everyone who tried the crossing had survived); Mary and Sarah had got through, their mother and younger brothers and sisters would wait for the next rescue party. William Murphy, eleven, who had started with the Forlorn Hope but had to come back, and his sister Mary — leaving their mother, feeble and going blind, ten-year-old Simon, and the Pike baby and little George Foster, Mrs. Murphy's grandchildren. She would also try to take care of James Eddy, William's surviving child. Mrs. Keseberg was

to go, with the surviving Ada, but Keseberg was too sick to make the attempt — and, if later suspicions were correct, he had his eye on the property of the dead. The dying John Denton would start, too, and John Rhoads would carry Naomi Pike, daughter of Harriet Pike of the Forlorn Hope.

Twenty-three all told started with the seven rescuers on February 22. The calm weather still held. They had not gone far when it became obvious that three-year-old Tommy Reed and his eight-year-old sister Patty could not make the journey. Glover told Mrs. Reed that they must be taken back to the huts. "That was the hardest thing yet," Virginia's account runs, "to leave the children in those cabins — not knowing but they would starve to death. Martha [Patty] said, 'well Mother, if you never see me again, do the best you can.' The men said they could hardly stand it: it made them cry." The Breens refused to take them in. Mootrey and Glover had to make detailed promises of reward and at last had to supplement them with threats. Even so they doubted if the children could survive the unwatched charity of the Breens.

The first day Denton failed on the trail and had to be carried into camp. The next day he failed altogether. They built a fire for him and left far more than his share of food, wrapped him in a blanket, and left him to his courage. When they reached the first cache, it had been rifled by martens. There was nothing to do but to send the two strongest ahead, Mootrey and Coffeemeyer (the latter's snowshoes had been eaten, overnight, by one of his charges). Glover and Dan Rhoads had to go with them; they were exhausted, of no further use. They would either meet another relief party or raise one of the remaining caches and bring back food. That left Sels, Tucker, and John Rhoads to bully and exhort the twenty survivors, give them a shoulder for a few rods, cajole and carry the children by turns. They built fires on log platforms by night. At evening on the fifth day Mootrey and Coffeemeyer came in with packs replenished from the cache at Bear Valley. But they brought also the terrifying news that they had not met any of the other parties who by now should be here.

In the morning they started out again. They must be seen in a line stretching westward below the peaks, among the evergreens, in the snow and silence of the heights. So James Frazier Reed saw them, who was hurrying his Second Relief forward, having met Glover and Dan Rhoads the night before. "Left camp on a fine, hard snow," Reed's curt record says, written by firelight in

fifteen feet of snow, "and proceeded about four miles, when we met the poor, unfortunate starved people. As I met them scattered along the trail, I distributed some bread that I had baked last night. I gave in small quantities to each. Here I met my wife and two of my little children. Two of my children are still in the mountains. I cannot describe the death-like look all these people had. 'Bread!' 'Bread!' 'Bread!' 'Bread!' was the begging cry of every child and grown person. I gave all I had to give them and set out for the scene of desolation at the lake."

Margaret Reed fainted when the cry came down the straggling line that her husband was here, but Virginia ran and fell and ran again over crusted snow till she was in his arms. They had last seen each other on the Humboldt, with Snyder buried and Milt Elliott cocking his rifle lest Keseberg should prop up his wagon tongue again for a desert hanging. But Patty and Tommy were at the lake, with the unwilling Breens. . . . Reed told the saved that behind him the swiftly organizing Californians were building a series of way stations for them, bountifully supplied with food. The vigilant, resolute Passed Midshipman Woodworth would take care of them. They were, his diary says, "overjoyed." Reed led his party on and the saved took up the trail again.

Two days later they reached Mule Springs, where by now Woodworth, who was supposed to be the head of the relief efforts, had come up and made a camp. Military man's camp, with brandy to drink and strikers to rub the commander's feet with snow, lest they be frostbitten. Virginia Reed was not yet fourteen years old, but this was a frontier community they were coming down to, after all, and one of the emigrants who was shepherding them had an eye to the needs of the commonwealth. He looked at this skinny child and proposed marriage. By that token Virginia, giggling an unpracticed refusal, knew that the ordeal was over and they had come in. (Three months later she wrote her cousin Mary, back in Springfield, "Tell the girls that this is the greatest place for marrying they ever saw and that they must come to California if they want to marry." Before the year was out she was married.) On March 4 they reached Sutter's and the nursing of Mrs. Sinclair.

23

The incompetent Woodworth had missed all the meetings he had arranged, but men like Reed, McCutchen, Miller, Turner, and the Greenwoods did not need help or rely on it. So

far they had come on their own, triumphantly, and they hurried on toward the lake. On the way they passed the frozen corpse of John Denton, sitting wrapped in his blanket at the foot of his tree. He had not needed the food in his pockets, but before the end a strange need had come upon him. Dying as a man of honor in the snow, he had taken out his memorandum book and pencil and had written a poem. Reed and his companion did not find it when they passed but William Eddy did, a few days later, and here it is, from the hour of death in the snow: —

O! after many roving years,
How sweet it is to come
Back to the dwelling place of youth —
Our first and dearest home:
To turn away our wearied eyes
From proud ambition's towers,
And wander in those summer fields,
The scene of boyhood's hours.

But I am changed since last I gazed
Upon that tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch-elm
That shades the village green;
And watched my boat upon the brook —
It was a regal galley,
And sighed for not a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.

I wish I could once more recall
That bright and blissful joy,
And summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy.
But now on scenes of past delight
I look, and feel no pleasure,
As misers on the bed of death
Gaze coldly on their treasure.

Early in the morning of March 1, Clark, Cady, and Stone went on down to the first hut. They distributed a little food, and Clark and Cady pushed on to Alder Creek. The others came up at noon and Reed found that Patty and Tommy were alive. At the Murphy cabin they found Stone washing the children's clothes. They took off their own clothes — need one remark that there were lice? — and began to bathe little James Eddy and George Foster. Finishing this sanitation, Reed and McCutchen began to bathe the disabled Keseberg, who once had propped up his wagon tongue to invoke the justice of the trail on Reed.

Just outside the hut was the dismembered, recognizable body of Milt Elliott. It was nine days since the First Relief had left the lake, and in that interval the survivors had reached the extremity. Breen's diary, six days earlier, stated: "Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday that [she] thought she would commence on Milt and eat him." She had. The faithful Thornton adds, "Half consumed limbs were seen concealed in

trunks. Bones were scattered about. Human hair of different colors was seen in tufts about the fireplace."

And at Alder Creek the same. Clark and Cady got there at a moment when Trubode, sent by Tamsen to borrow a meal from Elizabeth, was returning with a leg of Elizabeth's husband, Jacob, and the message that the best of neighbors would be able to spare no more. At sight of the rescuers, he tossed the now unneeded leg back on the butchered corpse. Jacob's surviving children "were sitting upon a log, with their faces stained with blood, devouring the half roasted liver and heart of the [ir] father, unconscious of the approach of the men, of whom they took not the slightest notice even after they came up."

Elizabeth had not eaten the food her children fed on, and she was nearly dead. George Donner, Reed's old friend, with whom he had shared the dream of California in the long planning of an earlier winter — George Donner had a few words of friendship for him but seemed to be dying. Tamsen, keeping her resolution, had kept her strength. Reed could see the bearded face of his other old friend, Jacob, in the snow, the head cut off from the body and the brain opened.

Once more Tamsen would not leave her husband. She would stay beside him while he died. Reed decided that the younger children also must stay here. Surely Woodworth would arrive in two or three days at most, and he was able to leave food enough to last a week. So Tamsen's three daughters, Frances, Georgia, and Eliza, and Elizabeth's two youngest sons, Lewis and Samuel, would stay at Alder Creek, waiting for the largest and best-supplied of all the relief parties, as Woodworth's would surely be. Reed left Cady and Clark to care for them and took Elizabeth's three remaining children with him. At the lake he chose Patrick and Margaret Breen, Mrs. Graves, and eleven children. That left the two helpless adults, Keseberg and Mrs. Murphy, and three children, Simon Murphy, James Eddy, and George Foster. Stone was left to care for them, and Woodworth with many men and much food must come down from the pass any day now.

Woodworth was not coming; he never came. So the return of the Second Relief, which should have been the most successful, constitutes the final catastrophe of the Donner party.

Like the First Relief, Reed's men had been scrupulous not to allude to the deaths of the Forlorn Hope, and Mrs. Graves was taking to her dead son-in-law, Jay Fosdick, the violin she had watched over for him at the huts. Patrick

Breen played on it for hours, the first two nights out, serene in the belief that they were safe at last. That music is a bizarre touch, for already the Second Relief were in ghastly danger. They had counted on traveling faster than it was possible to travel with so many children, most of whom the seven rescuers had to carry in turn. And they were counting on meeting Woodworth.

Even before they got over the divide, Reed sent three of his best men ahead — Turner, Gendreau, and Dofar — to bring back food, whether by lifting the nearest cache or by urging Woodworth on if they should meet him. The four remaining rescuers got their seventeen charges over the divide and down to the head of the Yuba. The three who had been sent ahead should join them here if they found the first cache intact. But it had been rifled by animals and they had to go on.

On March 6 just such a storm as the Forlorn Hope had had to live through struck the Second Relief. From Reed's diary: "The men up nearly all night making fires. Some of the men begin praying. Several of them became blind. I could not see the light of the fire blazing before me nor tell when it was burning. . . . The snow blows so thick and fast that we cannot see twenty feet looking against the wind. I dread the coming night. Three of my men only able to get wood. 'Hungry,' 'Hungry,' is the cry with the children and nothing to give them. 'Freezing!' is the cry of the mothers who have nothing for their little, starving, freezing children. Night closing fast and with it the hurricane increases."

The storm lasted two full days and three nights. Once the fire was blown out altogether, but McCutchen and Hiram Miller got it blazing again. During the last night five-year-old Isaac Donner died quietly, unnoticed, lying between his sister Mary and Patty Reed. When the wind dropped and the snow ceased on March 8, they had to make their last try. The four rescuers could travel. They would take the two Reed children and Solomon Hook (Elizabeth Donner's son) and Mary Donner. The Graveses could not travel. The Breens would not — Patrick's will to survive had gone out and Reed's pleas and commands would not budge him. They cut wood for the eleven they were leaving behind and started off, Miller carrying Tommy Reed. That afternoon Patty seemed to be dying. Her father had saved about a teaspoonful of crumbs in the thumb of his mitten. He gave it to her, he warmed her with his own body, and the child came back. Her heart rose too: "God has not brought us so far to let us perish now," she told them. She is a slightly formidable child, this

eight-year-old with an ancient fatalism and an ancient hope, but she was holding them to the job. The first night after the storm they camped beside the Yuba. The feet of several were frozen. No sign of Turner, Gendreau, and Dofar. No sight of Passed Midshipman Woodworth. But Cady and Stone, who had been left to take care of the starving, came down from the pass. They brought no one with them, not even a child. But they had a pack of table silver, silk dresses, and other valuables that had been the Donners'.

Nothing could be said to men who had broken their trust: whosoever chooses to save his own skin is entitled to. In the morning they started off together, and another fraction of the Donner party were leaving bloody footprints on the snow. Late in the afternoon they found some food hanging from a tree at the end of a rope. Turner, Gendreau, and Dofar had hung it there, finding a little left in the second cache. They struggled on. They camped for the night, building another fire. Cady and Brit Greenwood, their toes frozen, pushed on a little way. They shouted to the others. Their shouts were answered — from the wrong direction. The tip of another relief party had reached them. Howard Oakley and John Starks, of that party, came to the fire with food. Later Midshipman Woodworth, here making his farthest venture toward the pass, came up. Later still the two men appeared who had shamed, threatened, and bullied Woodworth to this effort. They were William Eddy and William Foster of the Forlorn Hope, who two months before had been murderously attacking each other in the snow.

Reed and those with him were safe now. But there were the Breens and Graveses back in the snow, and there were the others at the lake and Alder Creek. Eddy and Foster were blazing to go on, but at first could get no companions except John Starks, who had come up with Woodworth, and the staunch Hiram Miller, who had just come down with Reed. Eddy and Foster pleaded with the others and finally determined to go alone. Reed persuaded them against suicide, got them all to go back to Woodworth's luxurious base camp in Bear Valley, and there renewed his pledges of high pay. Howard Oakley volunteered. So did another of Woodworth's men, named Thompson. So did Starks and Hiram Miller. So did the recreant Stone. On March 11, the Third Relief really got going. Let it be remembered that Foster and Eddy had been with the Forlorn Hope, and Hiram Miller had just escaped death on the Second Relief.

It was at Woodworth's camp that Patty Reed

revealed the secret she had kept throughout this last journey of cold and agony. Before leaving the huts she had wrapped up her treasure in a little bundle. Doubtless it had sustained her through the days after her mother left her there. Doubtless it had been a solace through long days of dust along the trail last summer and she had cherished it when the wagons parked at night beneath twisted buttes or when she came footsore to bed in the Wasatch or when the grownups argued or despaired along the Humboldt. Leaving the lake, she had hidden it under her dress, knowing that the men would make her throw away the slightest weight, even so slight a weight as this. There was a tiny glass salt cellar, one of those jewels that are precious to children. There was a small wooden doll with black hair and black eyes. And there was a lock of gray hair, her grandmother's hair. When Mrs. Keyes had died, way back at the Big Blue, Patty herself had snipped that lock before they buried Grandmother, before John Denton, now dead below the Sierra, chiseled her name in stone. She had wrapped them all in a shred of lawn dotted with blue flowers. Now she was safe in California and could bring out the treasure and settle down to play.

24

It was due to the will of Eddy and Foster that Woodworth had nerved himself to come as far as this. The two men were friends again, companions in anxiety. The return of the First Relief with its starving refugees informed Eddy that his wife and daughter were dead but that his son and Foster's were still living when the refugees left. When the last storm ended, the two got horses and rode furiously toward the mountains, knowing that the Second Relief would be in terrible danger but believing that Woodworth would be hurrying to rescue them. Reaching Woodworth, who bandaged his cowardice with innumerable justifications, they had cursed him and his five men as far as the camp from which they had heard the shouts of Reed's party.

Late in the afternoon of March 12, the seven reached the survivors in the pit which their sinking fire had made — twenty-five feet deep, bare ground at the bottom. It was the fifth day since Reed had left here. Little Isaac had died before that. Since then the five-year-old Franklin Graves had died and so had his mother. Her year-old daughter Elizabeth, when the rescuers got there, "sat at her side," Thornton says, "one arm on the body of its mangled mother, and sobbing bitterly cried 'Ma! Ma! Ma!'"

Eddy, Foster, Thompson, and Miller, after

leaving the camp whence Starks, Stone, and Oakley were taking their charges down, were able to cross the divide in a few hours. Mrs. Murphy, nearly blind and almost dead, answered their question with a single word. George Foster and James Eddy were dead. The terrified Donner children thought then, and thought throughout their lives, that Keseberg, now a mere sac of bestiality, had killed little George Foster. Whether they were right or not, Keseberg could stand there in the hut and remark to Eddy and Foster that he had eaten their sons.

Besides Keseberg and Mrs. Murphy, there were still alive in this room littered with filth and butchered corpses the three Donner girls, Simon Murphy, and — Tamsen Donner. Tamsen had come here from Alder Creek desperate for word about her children.

She could have gone over the divide with this, the Third Relief. But George Donner, her husband, somehow had not yet died when she left Alder Creek. Moreover, she supposed that Clark and Trubode were there, and she had a duty to tell them the rescuers had come. Eddy pleaded with her, setting out the logic of her going with him. But no. If they would wait while she went back to her own huts at Alder Creek (Elizabeth was dead, everyone was dead but George and Elizabeth's little Samuel) it might be that they would find that her husband had died. But the trip would consume another full day and they could not wait. So Tamsen said good-bye once more to Frances, Georgia, and Eliza. She would go back and sit beside George Donner and, when the time came, close his eyes.

Two hours after reaching the huts, they started back. Mrs. Murphy obviously could not be taken. Neither — if anyone cared — could Keseberg. They did all that they could for the dying widow Murphy and then took charge of a child apiece. Miller carried Eliza, but the others could mostly walk by themselves. They reached the foot of the pass and camped for the night. . . . And Clark and Trubode joined them, Clark carrying a heavy pack of loot, instead of Samuel Donner, whom he might have brought from Alder Creek.

The rest is the memories of children. On the second day Hiram Miller's kindness cracked and Eliza remembered that he bribed her to walk with a promise of sugar which he did not have. Then he punished her. She was lonesome for her mother. Frances stormed at Eliza's persecutor. Eddy found a bundle beside the trail, and when they opened it at the evening fire it proved to be the spoons and silks which Cady had abandoned when his feet swelled. So Thompson, who had

previously made some moccasins for Frances, got out his needle again and from the fine silk dresses made sleeping bags for the three little girls. They wore them on the trail too, the next day — the dove-colored silk for Frances, the light brown for Georgia, and the dark brown for Eliza. Eliza remembered passing a dim, wailing line of children and John Starks setting two down from his shoulders beside the trail and going back for two more. Then there was shouting. They had met Glover, Coffeemeyer, Mootrey, and Woodworth. It was March 17 and their mother had been right. God had taken care of the children who had been told always to say that they were the children of George Donner.

25

The survivors were brought down to Sutter's as soon as they could travel, and there they might grow from death to life and to the expectation of a new home in the West. Two families had come through intact, the Reeds and the Breens — the most complex nervous systems, one thinks, and the simplest. The others were variously reduced. All the Donners were orphans (Hiram Miller would be appointed their guardian) and William Eddy had lost his entire family. Everyone who has written about the Donners has remarked that the women had withstood the trial better than the men.

The final expedition was made primarily to salvage the property of the survivors. It was headed by Thomas Fallon, a Canadian mountain man. Five veterans of the reliefs joined him, and an emigrant from Johnson's. They left Johnson's on April 13 and found no snow till they reached the head of Bear Valley, whence they went in, like all their predecessors, on foot with packs. They thought that Tamsen and Keseberg might still be alive, but found no one at the lake, which they reached on April 17. They did find a scene which shocked Fallon, whose nerves were probably strong. He mentions the body of Mrs. Eddy, "the limbs sawed off and a frightful gash in the skull," and other "sights from which we would have fain turned away." They went on to Alder Creek, which looked worse. The Donner property, broken open by Keseberg and probably by Diggers as well, was scattered all about. At the mouth of a hut — the snow had mostly melted away — was a kettle full of pieces of the body of George

Donner. They judged that, amazingly, he had been dead no longer than four days. They noticed that legs of oxen, reclaimed from the snow that had preserved them, had not been eaten.

They made up packs of valuables, and four of them started back to the lake. There they found Keseberg, whose tracks they had seen in the melting snow and who had been keeping away from them.

Like a monomaniac squirrel, Keseberg had filled his noisome burrow with possessions of the Donners. Fallon was a curt man; he put the rope to Keseberg's neck and commanded him to reveal where the money was. He got \$517. Cady and Stone had got as much before. No more of the thousands of dollars in cash which the Donners brought with them was ever found.

Keseberg's story was that Tamsen had come to the lake in delirium after George Donner died. She was raving, babbling of children, the pass, her dead husband. Keseberg said he warmed her and put her to bed and the next morning found her dead. The salvage party could identify no trace of her body, unless there might be fragments of it in the pan or in "the two kettles of human blood, in all supposed to be over a gallon." Since she had been in excellent strength three weeks before, in fact a little corpulent, they believed that Keseberg had killed her. He denied it and went on denying it through the rest of his life. But there in the cabin he told them that "he ate her body and found her flesh the best he had ever tasted. He further stated that he obtained from her body at least four pounds of fat."

They took Keseberg with them when they started back on April 23, as they might have taken an abandoned dog from the scene of a friend's disaster. The snow in the pass was only six feet deep. On April 25 they were back at their horse-camp. The episode was over, and so was the work of Lansford Hastings. There had been eighty-two of them when they reached the Sierra, after five had died this side of the Wasatch. Thirty-five of these had died and, besides them, two of the rescuers, Luis and Salvador, the Indians. Forty-seven had come through to the end of the trail and might now set about fulfilling the dream that had started them toward Independence on this journey, in April just a year before Fallon brought Keseberg down to Bear Valley.

(To be continued)

HOW SERIOUS ARE THE COMICS?

by LOVELL THOMPSON

1

EVER since the turn of the century when the Yellow Press was named after Outcault's Yellow Kid, the war of the comics has been savagely fought. It has been a bitter civil war with parents on one side and their children on the other. Under leaders like Charles W. Eliot and Kate Douglas Wiggin, and publications like the *New Republic* and the *Chicago Daily News*, the parents have been winning the battles but losing the war. That is because the elders find themselves regularly reading the comics and have to fall back on that old line: "We read them to see how bad they are." After half a century of successful attack by the comics we ought to be considering the terms of surrender. We should rise above the battle and take the cold long view.

The newest outrage of the enemy has been the comic magazine. It is only a few years old but it is deeply entrenched. The best evidence of this is the fact that it has forced out the marble as childhood's medium of exchange.

The child's marble, curving, pellucid, used to carry a mystery in its center. The alley, impenetrable, unyielding, self-contained, had in its depth an answer such as no jewel ever gave. When you had it in your hand, you knew it was a sphinx's eye. The future that children sought beneath the marble's surface has for a moment almost become explicit in the comic magazine.

If you have ever found yourself guiltily reading one of your child's comic books and exchanging it hastily for the *Times Book Review* as someone enters the room, you know that there seems a sinful unreality about this superworld. It is too easy and too inhuman. There are no real problems and no real answers. It is a long procession

of tawdry Charles Atlases accompanied by a minimum of reading matter of no distinction whatever. It is the world of the Batman and Captain Marvel, of Superman and the Phantom. It is a criminal world and an idealistic world; it is sadistic and romantic. In it time and space are reduced to secondary nuisances. You may have the career of Jimmy Doolittle and that of Michelangelo side by side and Flash Gordon's rocket ship not much more than a stone's throw from Jimmy. Can a mind nurtured on this predigested wood pulp hope to have form or direction when it grows up?

Thinking back in search of an answer, I have often wondered why our parents forbade us such comics as Buster Brown, who lived in the days of Alexander's Ragtime Band and the leg-o'-mutton sleeve. He was a moral if misguided little boy. His virtues are clear when you compare him with a modern killer of fiends such as the Batman, a fiend's fiend. Whatever may be the vices of Superman, Buster was hopelessly good. In retrospect he looks like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

There are many strips which look similarly harmless. Moon Mullins still devotes himself exclusively to the simple old vice of wine, women, and song; and the improbabilities of Orphan Annie are lost in the flow of refugee children. Will our children in their turn look back and find Superman as far short of reality, and are we repeating the error of our parents? Did our parents forbid us Buster because they knew that Batman follows Buster? (And what could follow Batman I know not.) They said that the funny page was bad training for the grown-up world. It was not a way to nurture the habit of reading and study. That was what they said, but it wasn't quite what they meant; the comics are not a bad preparation for *Life* magazine or the Roto section.

Advertising and Production Manager of Houghton Mifflin Company, LOVELL THOMPSON is a publisher whose delight it is to analyze the power of the printed word as it appears in the *Congressional Record*, the *Sears Roebuck Catalogue* — and the funnies.

Today only a library will yield forth Buster and his black-sheep brother the Yellow Kid, but if you look back there you will find that they represent the two sides of the industrial revolution. Times changed, but not the soul of Buster. Annie, too, has her fixed period. Hers is the generation between wars — the lost generation. Sad, wise, humorless little Annie is the child of Farewell to Arms.

Only on December 7 did the world catch up even to such comics as Terry and the Pirates. Terry had been Far East minded since his beginning in the middle 1920's. He is a transfigured boy scout learning to cope with the wisdoms and cruelties of the East. He seems to grow at half-speed, and even at this leisurely pace it has taken us half a generation to catch up to his time by putting an army of Terries in China. Being Terry minded hasn't done any of those soldiers any harm, and some are likely to read Terry nostalgically for many years. When you read Moon Mullins you're back three decades to the era when father carried his shoes in his hand if he came in after midnight. When you exchange Moon for Annie you move from the old pre-war world to the newer post-war world. When you read Terry you have moved on from the era of the lost generation into today. And when you read a really recent strip like Superman? Do not doubt it, you read a caricature of tomorrow.

The tendency of the comics is to prolong a period by anticipating it before it arrives, sustaining it during its brief passage, and maintaining its illusion after it is gone.

2

Man has always feared change. When he has been shown the future he has resented it. When he finds it in the comics he resents it no less — and he forbids his child to have anything to do with it. That is why our parents were instinctively against Buster. For us the problem is the same as it was for our parents, and it is really our problem, not our children's.

There are only two ways to meet this problem: one is to shut your eyes to it, and the other is to open your arms to it. In terms of their generation, all that is said about the comic magazines by parents who confine themselves to the daily or Sunday funnies is true. It was bad enough when four pages became eight and when all eight came out in color. But to be able to sit down and read sixty-four pages of colored comics — for ten cents — and then read sixty-four more on a swap, and finally become a child with a library of this feebly vicious material, certainly

seems the goalless excess of decadence. This is a sub-hell where the devil himself is disciplined.

True or not, this is true for you. In Buster our parents felt a new, picture-minded world and they resented it. Like our parents, we scent a changed world in the comics that our children read and we stick with Moon, with Orphan Annie, and with Terry, finding there a refuge from the front page and from the Batman.

Do not let a tempted eye which has strayed out of the lost world of Mutt and Jeff and Gasoline Alley into the present of Terry and the Pirates and Smilin' Jack Martin go into the world of tomorrow. There you are afraid. There only the men of tomorrow can take it. Do not try to deal with the world of Flash Gordon. Don't try to get around with Zatara the magician, with Captain Marvel, or with the Shadow, or the Flame, or the Torch, or the Phantom, or Toro, or Lightning, or Captain America and Bucky, or Spy Smasher, or Magno, or Bullet Man and his flame Bullet Girl. Don't slip into the new dark age with Prince Valiant. Even Superman can hardly take that stuff. Leave the world of tomorrow to the men of tomorrow, but remember that the men of tomorrow are the children of today.

3

That is how to shut your eyes to the menace. If you are to open your arms to it, you must look more deeply into your own guilty reading of the comics and into that of your child whose guilt you have cultivated. Suppose that you wish to look into the sphinx's eye. How can the nightmares that you see there come true?

For one thing, when you look at the comics you read and the comics your child reads, you will realize — and perhaps nobody has ever had such a chance to realize it before — how different is your child's stake in the world from your own. Before your eyes, and with the dime that he chisels off you, that child is planning the new world, searching for new strength to deal with the old evil which has found wheels and wings. He has already discounted your world — the old world.

His search is not without effort and discrimination. You will find, for example, that a few of the thoughtful people interested in child education have begun to point out that the children who read comics are also the children who read books. They are, in fact, simply children who read. It's even thought that the comics tend slightly to make readers of children who might not otherwise get the reading habit. Children

develop definite patterns of taste in comics: some like it hot, some like Mickey Mouse, some prefer to dwell even in the familiar old, old world of their grandparents with the Katzenjammers. A "good" child will select what at first glance will look to you like the worst comics. Each child's selection will give you something of a glimpse of his particular world problem. If you know the gamut of the comics, there can be for you a terrifying pathos in that pile of magazines in your child's life. For there are the dangers he accepts, which you, as you cling to Annie and Terry to escape the headlines, try not to foresee.

Not all comics deal with imaginary men of tomorrow. There is a comic magazine called *True Comics*. It is intended to be uplifting and is a fight-fire-with-fire sort of tactic, started by *Parents' Magazine*. It was bad to start with, but now it is full of hard fact in a Superman package. Your child reads it and he thinks that everyone knows that Chiang Kai-shek was a stockbroker who got wiped out in a depression in 1920 and that he divorced a first wife to marry Mayling Soong. He has a method of learning certain kinds of information far more efficient than any you encountered. The picture-caption-diagram-caption never was put to really effective use in the days when our minds were open, the days when we learned the things we remember. In the comics this most effective technique works overtime, and the things that it teaches are very far from the trivial misdemeanors of Buster Brown. This is the making of 1960, for that is when some of these children will find themselves in power.

As you go yet more deeply into the pile of comics, you will see how, under the stimulus of the comic horror of tomorrow, this same child begins to turn to the practical side of miracle making. Next the shelf that holds the comics you will find a shelf of magazines with titles such as *Mechanix Illustrated* and *Modern Design*. You will find them amongst the mess of model airplane parts not far from the discarded streamlined train. With the same affection that you learned to spot an Overland or Maxwell these children identify a P-40 or a B-26. They live in a world of strange machines, a less social world than ours — more lonely; a world where the law is likely to fail and a man must be able to look out for himself. Those are a few of the ways by which the comic is transmitted into fact. And there are other more contemporary ways in which you can watch this unreal world of tomorrow being converted into the real world of today.

4

Our comics are on the noses of our fighting planes, and do you remember where you met the Jeep? He was sent to Olive Oyl from the heart of Africa by her Uncle Ben Zene. He was almost Segar's last gift to the world before he died and Thimble Theatre passed into other hands. In 1936 Olive would have sold you that Jeep — his name was Eugene — for five bucks. The Jeep was a magic little animal who looked to be by Rikki-Tikki-Tavi out of Krazy Kat; he had a very red nose and all the answers. He had to be fed orchids. Well, there are a lot of Yankee mechanics concocting spare parts for jeeps in a land where there are plenty of orchids and no spare parts.

In the comic world a top-flight German official flew secretly to England from Germany only a short time before Hess did. To a comics-reading child the Hess flight would seem a thing to be expected. Finally, I know a little girl who wears her cardigan sweater buttoned once at the neck and flung back over her shoulders, the arms hanging free like dislocated wings. That's Superman style and it will be a mode in ten years when that little girl is grown.

When I was a child, my friends and I fought a war with lead soldiers that lasted nearly a year. It outstripped the war of '14 then in progress. It became by spring a war with a fluid front based on strong points, a highly mechanized force, and enormous fire-power concentrated in the hands of one man. A few of our tactics still grimly await fulfillment.

So, as the war of '39 has always been my War and Terry's War and perhaps even Daddy Warbucks's War, the struggles of '60 are those that go on now in the comics which we wisely denounce. Like all men in the storybooks and out of them, when we are shown the future we scoff with our minds — and with our souls we fearfully await fulfillment. Meanwhile, however, if you have stomach for tomorrow, don't feel guilty about adding the Phantom to your repertoire. You can have the Twentieth Century all at once instead of day by day. Between *Puck*, the comic weekly founded around 1900, and *Planet Comics* you have time on a map. You can determine your progress and know what's around the bend.

It's all right with me. I can take it if the children can; there's only one thing that worries me, and that is: How will those children face their children, who will be the men of the day after tomorrow? After Captain America — what?

THIS WAY TO MEXICO: THE FAMILY ENTRANCE

The Inviting Story of Mexicans at Home

THE DAYS OF OFELIA. By Gertrude Diamant.
Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75

MEXICO is as difficult to compress into a book and deliver to a reader's understanding as are the manifold contents of a long-lived-in house to ship and set up in another dwelling in another place. Books and articles on Mexico have poured from the presses in this Good Neighbor era, but the formulae for explanation still fall far short of mathematical precision. There is social addition and subtraction in Mexico, but little blending. For this reason perhaps, the microcosmic approach to Mexican life has produced the books with the greatest reality.

Miss Diamant, an American archaeologist working in Mexico City, focuses attention on a little Mexican girl, Ofelia, who had insinuated herself into the author's employ as a servant. The day-by-day experiences of the employer and her little maid are recreated with sympathetic insight. Purely personal relationships are delicately dignified, tinged with humorous pathos and patient courtesy. The outer world of man and of nature is almost palpably remorseless. There is no good working method for understanding its action, and thus avoiding or taking advantage of its consequences. *No hay remedio*. There is no remedy. With this phrase Miss Diamant's Mexican friends and associates express their lot.

Meeting the family

The author went to Mexico to give intelligence tests to an Indian group. She had to live in terms of the Mexican medium white-collar class. She was not insulated from working Mexico like the tourist, nor was she affiliated with the directive level of Mexico, like the international group of government agents, business heads, or "cultural relations boys." She apparently was not seeking the nirvana of absolute creation. She was living in the world of ordinary people, in a small, ordinary household with those who do not have private wires to the mighty, nor yet to the "soul" of the people.

This book is valuable not only for its literary charm but also for its bearing on the whole process of inter-

American — or, for that matter, international — understanding. There is usually a way for directive groups to understand each other. Those who use their minds and pens professionally likewise can find means of communication. But when there are millions of people hermetically sealed from one another by custom, habit, and economic status, anything more than superficial internationalism, or even pan-Americanism, seems an impossible goal. The elaborate procedures of economic loans, textbook exchange, radio programs, newspaper communiqués, with which the literate groups of various countries approach one another, appear fantastically superficial when scaled off against the scene revealed by Miss Diamant.

Miss Diamant discloses the dignity of human relationships among these poor people of Mexico. A child in Mexico has a status and receives a respect from elders that is inconceivable in North America. Even our progressive methods in education, while rendering lip service to the individuality of the child, basically are trying to change him. Humanity among these poor people is restricted to deeds within their power, not to blueprinting a City of Heaven.

In our Western civilization, there is an economic and intellectual framework which guides our growth and walls out the infinite menace of natural forces. The underprivileged in Mexico, some 90 per cent of the population, do not have such a lattice to screen off the processes of the laws of nature. Crop failure, famine, illness without benefit of scientific medicine, economic ruin, all are very close to a resident in Mexico. Perhaps that is why individuals in Mexico show great sweetness to one another and have a keen appreciation of social if not of legal rights.

The Days of Ofelia is an enchanting book, fit to rank with Spratling's *Little Mexico*, Flandrau's *Viva Mexico*, and Madame Calderon de la Barca's *Life in Mexico*. John O'Hara Cosgrave's illustrations reinforce the mood of the book, the atmosphere of a city whose working classes live as they did in their rural pueblos. Miss Diamant has given us a charming study of Mexico, the flavor of which can be appreciated just as much by a casual reader as by an ardent Mexicanophile. I am going to add *The Days of Ofelia* to my list of twenty *must* books for Mexico.

GEORGE C. VAILLANT

Bookshelf

JAPAN'S DREAM OF WORLD CONQUEST

The Military and Economic Planning Behind the Rising Sun

JAPAN RIDES THE TIGER. By Willard Price.
John Day. \$2.50

THE Japanese are not a post-Pearl Harbor novelty to Mr. Price. In fact, few journalists have a better claim to consistency than he on the question of Japanese dreams of world conquest. It is not so many years since Mr. Price was considered somewhat alarmist for pointing out that, while America was leaving the Philippines by the front door, Manila, the Japanese were coming in the back door, Davao.

This book incorporates some of Mr. Price's earlier work, *Children of the Rising Sun*, with much new material. The style is lively, journalistic, first person, easy and entertaining for those who like ideas and information served up to them that way. Personal experience, analysis of events, descriptions of Japanese life and customs, trade and colonization, are all interwoven with the skill of a good journalist.

Mr. Price deserves high praise for his success in getting across to the reader certain important concepts. Even the dream of world empire seems a logical, necessary part of the life of the poorest peasant. He develops the thesis that Japan is using Western means for Eastern ends, that all the modern means of intellectual communication in education, theater, radio, and music are used to emphasize old ideas rather than new. The moving-picture industry concentrates on pictures of the old samurai, and Mr. Price makes the samurai well worth the knowing, for they are so much alive today. Education is used to make the student accept the code of his country not by indirection, through setting his mind free, but by mass drills and constant exhortation. And who directs all this? The Army, says Mr. Price, but does not stay to give an answer when the reader asks what the Army is.

Asia for the Asiatics

A virtue of the argument, as of the book, is that it goes into places often omitted: a bird's-eye view of Korea, of Manchuria (the slave state), and of Mongolia. A frank admission that Japan is unbeatable in the Yellow Sea leads to well-informed insistence on the importance of Micronesia, Japan's little-

known spearhead in the Pacific, the "life-line to the south." Mr. Price advises cutting the life-line as soon as possible. Nor is the author timid about the Philippines, admitting that Japan's propaganda of Asia for the Asiatics had gained some converts in those islands. Knowing the Japanese, he correctly anticipates the disappointment of those who welcomed them, but also draws the conclusion that "Upon the way we meet the Japanese propaganda of 'Asia for the Asiatics' hangs the very fate of the white race." "To avoid becoming the subject race of the future, we must now wipe out forever the whole evil idea of subject races."

There is another point in the book which is well taken and could do with more general acceptance. It is that the Japanese look upon their military men as idealists, those who sacrifice material things and life itself for the spiritual ideals of the country. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that the author does not go somewhat more into the composition of the Army, that vast body of men corporately so rich and individually so poor — except, perhaps, for some at the top? If it is true that the soldiers come from the peasantry, where do the officers and generals come from? Why have certain groups kept alive, so successfully, the dream of world conquest? What do they gain from it in Japan? Surely, in order to give a convincing picture of Japanese political drives, one must analyze the internal position of the Army as a social force. Nor does Mr. Price tell us anything about the state planning which accounts for Japan's industrial growth during the last decade. If these things had been better understood, the author might have avoided the apparent contradiction. He argues that "Japan's military war is merely designed to serve her economic war." If his last chapter, "Japan Wants the World," means anything at all, it is the exact opposite. The author might also have said something of the internal battle of the Army for control of Japan, a necessary preliminary to world conquest. In other words, the book would have carried more weight if it had drawn more upon the basic analyses of Japan which scholarship has contributed. Mr. Price does little to bridge the important gap between scholarship and journalism.

GEORGE E. TAYLOR

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

by EDWARD WEEKS

THE war books which I have selected this month indicate the patterns of writing which have already been developed by a war psychology.

Since Pearl Harbor we have not yet produced any book as naïve and as funny as Ed Streeter's *Dere Mable*, which sold over half a million copies in 1918. But I have seen two fresh versions which will amuse any parent with a son in training. I mean the delightful caricatures of camp life, *Private Berger* by Private Berger (Rand McNally, \$1.00), and secondly the collection of grinning, good-natured sketches in prose, *See Here, Private Hargrove* (Holt, \$2.00), in which Marion Hargrove (also a private) takes himself and the Army for a ride. Private Hargrove is not really discontented in the Army (no man is). But he doesn't like his Sergeant (who does?); he misses his privacy; his awkwardness continually lands him on K. P. — and soon he is griping as only a buck private can. The author is at his laughable best when describing what actually happened to him or when setting down those marvelous bull sessions which fill in the chinks. He is at his second best when he becomes conscious of what he is doing and proceeds to talk to you like an older brother. The naturalness and gayety of this book are, I think, a little marred by this note of tonic fraternalism.

The Raft by Robert Trumbull (Holt, \$2.50) is a recording by an expert journalist of what three American aviators endured during their thirty-four days on a rubber raft, eight feet by four. Chief Petty Officer Dixon, Tony Pastula, and Gene Aldrich, radio man and gunner, are fair specimens of our flying forces. When they were pitched into the Pacific a thousand miles from nowhere, their courage and resourcefulness saved their lives. Two of the men could not swim; they were not buddies; yet the loyalty and the sanity with which they clung to each other and the raft, and the leadership with which Dixon kept them afloat, make up a true story worth remembering. But the mere record is not what Hakluyt would have given us. Trumbull catches the details. What he misses is the rough flavor of speech and the sharp edge of individuality as it shows under stress.

The Commandos by Elliott Arnold (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50) is an adventure story which takes us behind the German lines. Alan, the American hero, is a soldier of fortune who fought in Spain and has now proved himself one of the toughest raiders of the Norwegian coast. Alan fights like Daniel Boone, and when you see him training the less agile Poles and English under his command, you realize how really tough the commandos must be. The raids are told in lean, hard prose, and they are the best of the book. The love-making (Alan has a Norwegian mistress very adept at seducing the Nazis) and much of the dialogue are patterned on Hemingway. And I notice one weakness which recurs in these adventure stories — one which I am sure John Buchan would not repeat: the tendency to make the Germans more stupid than they are. Paul Dichter, the German lover, is a stooge straight from Hollywood. I should like to believe there was an army of Dichters waiting for us in Europe. But there isn't, and it weakens our fiction to say so.

Louis Bromfield was an ambulance driver with the French Army in the last World War. He has known France intimately for twenty-five years and his feelings for Paris and the French are clearly and skillfully released in his new novel, *Until the Day Break* (Harpers, \$2.50). This story of an American fan dancer who stayed on after the German occupation because of her Russian lover, and because with him she wanted to take part in the underground resistance to the Boches, has a character and is charged with a feeling far superior to Mr. Bromfield's recent portrait of New Orleans. La Biche, the old actress; Madame de Thonars, the astrologer; D'Abriizzi, the producer, are unmistakably French. So are Madame Luigi's kitchen and Roxie's apartment with its gaudy Rumanian accessories. The novel catches the atmosphere of Paris in decadence and Paris in chains. Mr. Bromfield is never one to spare the sensuous touches, and here he lapses into the melodramatic whenever he thinks of the Germans. The Field Marshal at Maxim's and "the complicated Gothic perversion" of Major von Wessellhoft have a theatricality about them. If the Nazis are to be the devils in our fiction, let's give the devil his due.

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING

The Story of the Great Lakes

by Walter Havighurst

"A colorful, interesting book. Presenting the Great Lakes from the days of the search for the Northwest Passage to the present-day controversy over the St. Lawrence Waterway."—New York Times. (Illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II) \$3.00

ALASKA UNDER ARMS

by Jean Potter

This is a reporter's account of life and action in the American Territory that lies closest to Japan. Here is a book about the fast-changing Alaska of today, not only the swiftly developing military base, but of the country itself. (Illus.) *\$2.50

THE GUILT OF THE GERMAN ARMY

by Hans Ernest Fried

This well-documented and brilliantly written book deals with the deeper meaning of this war through understanding the true character of National Socialist Militarism — and prevention of its recurrence after the next peace. *\$3.50

BRAZIL UNDER VARGAS

by Karl Loewenstein

An impartial and authoritative book about the current situation in the largest of all South American countries. After reviewing the background of present day Brazil, the author dissects the Vargas regime, its constitution, decree-laws, courts and the dictator himself. *\$2.50

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by Eden Phillpotts

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TOPER'S END, A Mystery

by G. D. H. & M. Cole

Superintendent Wilson, of course, comes into this latest case of the Coles, but this time entirely by accident, and his solution is achieved by methods unusual in the history of the Yard and more effective than any American third degree. \$2.00

VICTORY ON WEST HILL

by R. L. Duffus

"A beautiful story," says the New York Herald Tribune, "with more than verity to recommend it. Continually interesting, often eerily thrilling—and something more." "Here's deep satisfaction; one of the few I want to read again."—Chicago Sun. \$2.50

ONE SMALL CANDLE

by Cecil Roberts

"If you are looking for a book that keeps you interested and never throws you off balance, we suggest Cecil Roberts' latest novel. There's a lot of suspense in it and it is as real as a movie in technicolor." —New York Times \$2.50

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GO DOWN, MOSES, AND OTHER STORIES

By William Faulkner

RANDOM HOUSE, \$2.50

THIS is Faulkner at his best and worst — perhaps not quite his worst, for no loonies, degenerates, or gentlemen who fall in love with cows figure as major characters in these stories. The same people, black and white, appear in all of them. The chronology is obscure, the characters are vague, the interrelationships demand closer study than the casual reader can afford, and there is a great deal of what — to all but Faulkner addicts — must seem to be mere maundering and verbiage. But there is enough magic, here and there, to justify this or any other book. Sometimes this splendid writer cannot help writing splendidly. "The Bear," from page 191 to page 254 in this volume, is a superb story, perhaps an immortal one, and then it falls to pieces and degenerates into drivel. One feels that to the author the drivel is the really important message, the thing he *has* to say, but there is a failure in his technique. His message does not come through. It bogs down in words and confusion. "... feeling again and as always the sharp shocking inrush from when Isaac McCaslin long yet was not ..." is a slovenly way of expressing one's emotions on almost stepping on a rattler. Mr. Faulkner has always been, to this reviewer, an annoying writer. He has everything, a wealth of talents. But he lacks horse sense and discrimination. He can spoil his best work more thoroughly and quickly than any other man living. This book, I repeat, shows him at his best and his worst. R. E. D.

EUROPE IN REVOLT

\$3.50

By René Kraus

MACMILLAN

EUROPE under the Nazi new order is a macabre place. An old civilized continent is being ruled by the methods of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. Hunger and terror stalk everywhere. And, despite all the ruthlessness of the Gestapo, the spirit of freedom still finds expression in the armed struggle of Yugoslav guerrillas, in the occasional assassination or act of sabotage in France, in the more passive resistance of the countries of Northern and Western Europe. Mr. Kraus tells a vivid, sometimes lurid story of German oppression and of the means which are employed to combat it. His book abounds in racy anecdotes of the Nazi overlords and of the traitors and weaklings who collaborate with them. He describes in detail the underground press of France and Belgium and makes the point that the youth in the occupied countries stand almost solidly in opposition. The book contains some ghastly stories of sadism, perhaps the most extreme since the publication of Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*. Here it is possible that Mr. Kraus's zeal and indignation carry him beyond the bounds of probability, or at least of verifiability. He

is more positive about the attitude of the population in occupied Russia than the meager known facts would seem to warrant, and he leans heavily on the reports and publications of governments in exile, which do not always possess documented authority. But he ends on a realistic note: "Conditions under the New Order," he writes, "will get considerably worse before the monster collapses." W. H. C.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

\$2.50

By Helen MacInnes

LITTLE, BROWN

HELEN MACINNES showed in *Above Suspicion* that she can write a superior thriller, and *Assignment in Brittany* is another proof that she can. Although it has the ingredients of a thriller — espionage, Gestapo, commandos, man hunt, death in an inn and in quicksands, underground hiding-places — it has an unusually interesting theme: the attempted assumption of one man's personality by another. The style is always restrained and sober, the incidents without melodramatic forcing. One easily swallows the initial improbability, of an Englishman impersonating a Frenchman, for the sake of the story. After that, the descriptions of Breton towns, countryside, and types strike one as records of actual observation, and the suspense never flags. Hearne, the hero, is a properly modest adventurer, and the man he impersonates an interesting degenerate. The gradual recognition by the Corlay family of the deception is plausibly handled. A really good adventure story should deal with people who are more than pawns pushed about in an imbroglio, and the characters here are all that. Madame Corlay, Anne, Elise, Albertine, Myles, Henri, with Hearne and the absent Bertrand, as well as the many Breton fishermen and German soldiers and agents, all have the air of truth, as has the grim, brooding tension of the war in the background. Especially clever is the way in which the "assignment," which had seemed so completely prepared for in London, is complicated by human intangibles in Deodat.

R. M. G.

DIALOGUE WITH DEATH

\$2.00

By Arthur Koestler

MACMILLAN

MR. KOESTLER spent one hundred and two days of 1937 in "the hermetically sealed Andalusian mortuaries" that Spanish political prisons became during the Civil War. He experienced two of them: an ancient and noisome establishment in Malaga, where he fell into the hands of the Fascists, and a modern, almost model prison in Seville, which he found in the long run rather more than less horrible. Of his hundred and two days he spent more than half in solitary confinement; and he spent all of them in the expectation of death, for he was constantly given to understand, though never quite officially, that he was condemned, and in Seville he was quartered in the row of condemned cells. (In the preceding summer, as correspondent of the *London News-Chronicle*, he had

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One of the greatest writers of our time is here concerned with the same scene and central characters as "Bread and Wine"; yet this is a wholly self-contained novel. The story of Pietro Spina, son of a prominent family of southern Italy, long in open rebellion against the Fascist government is an eagerly awaited literary event of the first magnitude. \$2.75

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Author of "Here's to Canada"

This book provides more than a surface portrait of Nova Scotia, and has itself the quiet graces and inner strength that mark the Nova Scotians. Illustrated. \$3.00

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By **HILAIRE BELLOC**

The brilliant biographer of Charles II and Louis XIV makes a frank venture into little explored avenues that lead to daring conclusions about the character and capricious personality of Elizabeth. More than biography, more than history, this is a trenchant analysis of a period doubly interesting because it was the seed-time of modern England. \$2.75

Her Heart in Her Throat

By **ETHEL LINA WHITE**

Another top-flight thriller by the author of "The Wheel Spins," "Some Must Watch," etc. Elizabeth's very presence next door to the house that had been barred, locked and shuttered for eleven years was a threat to the murderer who had already killed two women and would not hesitate to kill again. \$2.00

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By **MONICA DICKENS**

A delightful exposé of the hospital world, written with scampish humor and wicked veracity. Here's the excitement, the headache and the heartache, the comedy, the under-cover escapades, the real low-down on hospital life stripped of the customary frills and melodrama. The author is the great granddaughter of Charles Dickens and author of "One Pair of Hands." \$2.50

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enraged Queipo de Llano and other ranking insurgents by publishing information they wished to suppress.) In both prisons he saw, at midnight after midnight, other inmates marched or dragged past his door by twos, by tens, by fifties; and their passage was shortly followed by the volleys of the firing squad. *Dialogue with Death* is in large part the diary that he kept in these circumstances whenever he was allowed writing materials. Since its subject is chiefly himself — his own mental behavior, the queer but typical tricks and subterfuges his mind resorted to for the sake of a night's sleep, a day's forgetfulness, an hour's illusion — the narrative makes a genuine contribution in an area of morbid psychology that recent history has immensely widened. W. F.

WEST WITH THE NIGHT

\$3.00

By Beryl Markham

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

THIS book is Africa; it is also Beryl Markham, one of the most self-reliant, intrepid women who ever lived. As a mere child, the daughter of an English farmer in Africa, she was attacked by a lion — no circus lion either — and miraculously escaped with a few scars. (Previously she had sung a song to the lion, but he wasn't impressed!) The only white child anywhere near Njoro, she had a native playmate; she had no alternative but to learn all there was of native lore; she describes the Kikuyu dances with enviable graphic skill. Horses were a part of her life; her portrait of Camiscan, a thoroughbred imported from England and as solitary as herself on the African scene, is superb and full of understanding of animal nature. While still in her teens she undertook the breeding of race horses; incidentally, she describes a horse race which her horse won, communicating to the reader a rare thrill. It was inevitable that she should become acquainted with aeroplanes, and that this acquaintance should become a passion. In her capacity as a free-lance aviator, she carried mail, passengers, supplies to safaris; she was the first person to use the aeroplane for spotting elephants for the benefit of hunters. Her ultimate achievement was her westward transatlantic flight in 1936, though she failed to reach her goal, New York. This is a stimulating, well-written book. J. C.

A DEMOCRATIC MANIFESTO

\$1.50

By Emery Reves

RANDOM HOUSE

THIS book is at once stimulating and irritating. It is stimulating because it lays bare, in a keen and pungent style, many of the shams and hypocrisies of our time, because the author sees clearly some of the dilemmas of the present crisis in the history of civilization. It is irritating because Mr. Reves often fails to think through the practicality of some of the

remedies he advocates. He makes an important point when he emphasizes the basic contradiction between the nationalism which has proved such a strong force in modern society, and the growth of science and technology which gives to world economy a more universal character. As he says, a fast airplane can fly across the Atlantic in seven hours. But frequently one must wait seven months for a visa. He is also correct in pointing out that international law has ceased to exist and that there is little prospect of peace without some generally recognized mandatory law. Some of his concrete proposals, however, raise more questions than they answer. He sets great store by the idea of denying democratic liberties, freedom of speech, press, assembly, and so on, to those groups and individuals that are opposed to democracy. But a totalitarian demagogue, confronted with such legislation, could profess to be all-out for "true" freedom and democracy. Mr. Reves does not make it very clear how his desired rule of law in international affairs would operate; and his idea that "the democratic nations must become imbued with the dynamic spirit of attack and conquest," while it may be sound enough militarily, raises the awkward question whether one can shoot people into being democrats and liberals. W. H. C.

MUD ON THE STARS

\$2.75

By William Bradford Huie

FISCHER

IF YOU can stand another rough-and-tough novel of the goddam-guts-bitch school of writing, in which the author tells all about everything, you will find this one very instructive — and the older you are the more you will learn from it. Its obvious faults are as revealing as its excellences. The dedication gives its theme and purpose: "To the Roosevelt generation of Americans; to the modern children of confusion; to the fellows who, at the end of an era of cynicism, were forced to die for the proposition that men are noble creatures." The TVA, WPA, Jews, Catholics, "Southern gentlemen," damyankees, Fascists, the University of Alabama, Hugo Black, Aimee McPherson, communists, strikes, lynchings, the New Deal — the young hero knows them all, has ideas about them all, puts them all down. As a record of one kind of youth in a bad time, it is practically encyclopedic; as an account of a groping for firm footing amid quicksands, it is both saddening and heartening. R. M. G.

HOW THE JAP ARMY FIGHTS

25 cents

By Lt. Col. Paul W. Thompson and Others

PENGUIN

"IT is an army which looks like hell — but which performs acceptably." Here is a blunt and substantially accurate characterization of the armed forces of our Pacific enemy by Lieutenant Colonel Paul W. Thompson, who collaborates with Lieutenant Colonel Harold Doud, Lieutenant John Scofield, and the editorial staff of the *Infantry Journal* in preparing this useful little pamphlet on the fighting qualities and

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The White Queen

THE VIKING PRESS New York City

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characteristics of the Japanese Army. Colonel Doud some years ago was attached to a Japanese regiment as a military observer, and his report on this interesting experience coincides closely with that of the British Captain M. J. Kennedy and other foreigners who have seen Japanese troops at close range. Officers and men alike live on a far more Spartan basis than the soldiers of the richer Western countries, and the Japanese Army is not the highly mechanized machine that Germany put into the field and that only Russia, so far, has met on land on something like equal terms. But the fighting spirit of the Japanese is second to none; weapons are well cared for; and the capacity of the Japanese soldier, who, on the average, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 117 pounds, to stand the strain of long forced marches is amazing. Smartness is despised; officers and men rarely shave and there is little marching in step. But the Japanese on the battlefield is a tough, resourceful, tenacious adversary, as recent events have shown. W. H. C.

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE \$3.00 By Constance Rourke HARCOURT, BRACE

THE best review of this book is to be found in the admirable Preface by Van Wyck Brooks. Constance Rourke had planned a three-volume History of American Culture and had published several preliminary studies and prepared the chapters contained in this volume when her work was cut short by death. The loss of her completed and constructive scholarship should not, however, lessen one's appreciation of the actual accomplishment represented in this book. Such chapters as "The Rise of Theatricals" are not merely a promise of more to come; they are valuable and understanding studies which every observer of the American scene can read with pleasure and profit. Miss Rourke's work is marked with sympathy. Never a mere antiquarian or student, she feels with the people she describes, and lives in their period and in their thinking. Her imagination walks in step with her scholarship — a happy and, alas, uncommon combination. This volume is recommended for its content; our only regret is that the *magnum opus* was not completed. R. E. D.

THE NEW BELIEF IN THE COMMON MAN By Carl J. Friedrich LITTLE, BROWN, \$3.00

THIS analysis and defense of democracy, the product of ten years' studious reflection, is an uncommonly fruitful book. At least, it is that for anyone who can command the mental toughness to stop echoing the more or less sacrosanct clichés and to re-examine fundamentals without assuming anything that wants proof. You get a simple pragmatic measure of its

fruitfulness when you insert slips at the passages that excite, jolt, alarm, or specially hearten you. On this system you get the volume so bristling with slips that to retrace the noteworthy passages virtually means to reread it entire, probably inserting as many more slips as you go. The book, in short, grows on you, and it makes you grow.

The task of these chapters is to formulate a realistic conception of the irreducible democratic unit — to wit, the common man, Everyman — that will stand up under the criticism of the modern pseudosciences of psychology, sociology, and economics, and under the pounding of the totalitarian challenge and of current world events in general. The book is a closely reasoned affirmation of faith — faith in the collective common sense, character, and judgment of workmanship; faith in the present and the future of American democracy; faith in the common man's evolution toward a world citizenship of practical coöperation in respect to universally felt needs, even in the face of flat disagreement on fundamentals. Books more sanguine have been written: there can hardly exist a book more hopeful that is at the same time as levelheaded. W. F.

MARK TWAIN AT WORK \$2.00 By Bernard DeVoto HARVARD UNIV. PRESS

WHEN Bernard DeVoto became custodian of the Mark Train Papers four years ago, a great deal of material began to reach print which Mr. Paine had not released. The present book represents further "work in progress" towards the definitive life which Mr. DeVoto will write in time. It consists of three essays, with illustrative matter, on the origin and growth of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* — both deeply interesting to lovers of those great books — and a fresh theory about the cause of Mark's late cynicism and misanthropy. The new theory finds the cause not in shame and spiritual defeat, but in external events. His daughter's death, his bankruptcy, physical and mental strain, his wife's invalidism — these combined not only to make him doubt man's freedom and responsibility, but almost to inhibit his invention. He was very near insanity, but was saved by trying to write out his bewilderment on paper. The discussion is an engrossing piece of critical detection. The other related question, of whether Mark emasculated his works because of the prudery of his wife, Howells, or Gilder, receives an ironical answer: Mark was more reticent and even prudish (in print) than any of his friendly critics. R. M. G.

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS \$2.50 By Evelyn Waugh LITTLE, BROWN

FATUOUS "smart" people, many of whom might have stepped out of an early Aldous Huxley novel, survivals, according to their age, of the nineties or the twenties; an amusing rotter who expertly exploits

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✓ **River Rogue**

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HOUGHTON
MIFFLIN
COMPANY

them and uses the war as a means for chicanery; and most of the rest of England running about trying to create an illusion of being absorbed in war work: this during the year or so of what was then called the Phony War or the Great Bore War. These ghosts, as Mr. Waugh calls them, suggest that the war itself is better than the frame of mind it killed. "I find more food for thought," he says, "in the follies of Basil Seal and Ambrose Silk than in the sagacity of the Higher Command." If the reader is very thoughtful, he may find them so too. Silk and his circle represent the fatuities of the Intellectuals of the time; but Seal is the realist without conscience, the Nazi in essence, though he is much more amusing than any avowed Nazi. His little scheme of using a family of nauseous refugees as a bludgeon over the heads of well-meaning people of means, who pay heavily in cold cash not to have to receive them, is even better — or worse — than Falstaff's little scheme of recruiting. Basil sticks in the mind as clever rascals will. The satire on red tape, stuffed shirts, the War Office, is balanced by Freddy Sothill, Peter Pastmaster, Alastair Trumpington, and especially Cedric, who represent the plain British doggedness and deeds-without-fuss. The war, when it really started, suddenly sent some of the ghosts back to their tombs and made others into flesh-and-blood people.

R. M. G.

VICTORY ON WEST HILL

\$2.50

By R. L. Duffus

MACMILLAN

WEST HILL is four miles outside Alderbury, which is Mr. Duffus's invented or synthesized microcosmic community in Northern Vermont. And this story of West Hill in the summer of 1941 is at least four miles outside the province of the novel, if one takes the novel to be the province of created characters who live from within by the force of spontaneous inborn qualities. Mr. Duffus, an always pleasant writer, is a more popular philosopher than novelist, and *Victory on West Hill* is philosophy of a timely sort, fiction-plated. It is a story with the force of a parable. Its characters are loosely individualized types, and its action is dictated by the moral these characters exist to point. The chief of them is a ruggedly simple man so very aged that he has begun to confuse himself with the even more ruggedly simple grandfather who dominated his boyhood, and even to confuse his own soldiering of 1864-1865 with his grandfather's under Washington. The struggle that culminates in a qualified victory is his struggle to impress the ancestral virtues on three generations of his descendants, victims in their several ways of the modern softness, skepticism, and self-pitying complexity.

The Vermont flavor of the narrative is unexpectedly dilute, and the reader is left wishing that more of the dialogue had the pungency of the retort by

the nonagenarian whose grandfather fought in 1776 when he hears it murmured that that was "a long time ago": "Depends on how you look at it. It wasn't a long time ago when it happened." W. F.

1 1 1

STRATEGY FOR VICTORY

\$1.75

By Hanson W. Baldwin

NORTON

FIERY old Clemenceau was in the habit of scourging halfhearted Cabinets by constantly reprinting the slogan: The enemy is still at Noyon. Noyon is less than seventy miles from Paris. No such single phrase can be used with equivalent effect in the United States. The Aleutians are far away, geographically and in the consciousness of all but a few naval experts. But many Americans need to be told incessantly a few hard truths. They need to be told that we are at war with two immensely powerful military machines, neither of which shows any sign of cracking; that all the big positive territorial gains so far have gone to the Axis; that the victories of our side have been of a negative and delaying character — in blunt brief, that we haven't even begun to win the war and stand a serious chance of losing it. Because Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, a military expert who really deserves that somewhat tarnished title, tells us all this he has written a good book and a needed book. He explains clearly and forcefully the key areas which must be held at any cost (the British Isles and the Near East and the Caucasus, India, Hawaii, and the Alaska-Aleutian region). Rejecting fanciful panaceas, he outlines a strategy which may defeat the Axis, although, as he warns, only after years of hard struggle. It is a good book; it would be a better one if it were not spread so thinly. Mr. Baldwin is a military and naval expert; he is an amateur on such subjects as war aims, civilian morale, and world reconstruction.

W. H. C.

1 1 1

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING

\$3.00

By Walter Havighurst

MACMILLAN

MR. HAVIGHURST has written the story of the Great Lakes. It opens with the picturesque tale of Jean Nicolet who, in 1634, with seven paddlers, entered the Straits of Mackinac in a birch canoe. He thought his destination was China; he carried with him a robe of China damask, embroidered with poppies and birds of paradise, so that he might fittingly face the merchants and princes of Cathay. To his surprise he found the same copper-skinned savages he had left behind in New France. A forerunner of pioneers, he was the first white man to see the potentialities for exploitation of the vast wilderness beyond. Later came George Stuntz who, gazing at the unpeopled hills and empty water, said: "This will be the heart of the continent." And so it was. Hundreds of sailing vessels whitened the trade lanes in the eighties; German, Irish, and Scandinavian settlers trekked westward to territories beyond. Still later came opulent steamships and the weighted freighters. If and

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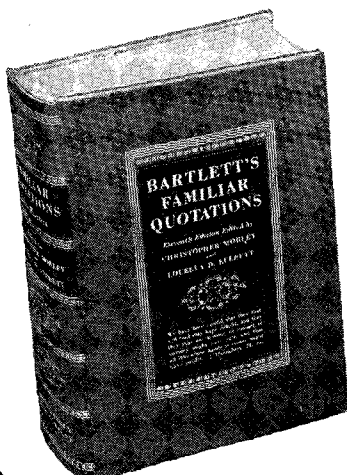
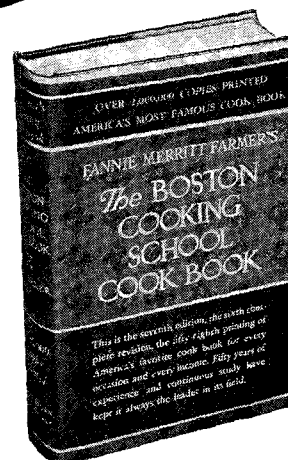
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when the long-debated, seemingly inevitable Seaway becomes a fact, the future will bring added importance to these inland waters. This Seaway, we are told, would transform the Great Lakes into a Mediterranean Sea of this hemisphere and enhance manyfold the trade of this region, affecting the lives of fifty million people. J. C.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

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By Clyde Brion Davis

FARRAR & RINEHART

THE special quality of Mr. Davis's novels is a mixture of artlessness and irony. The artlessness is on the surface and produces an effect of humor without exaggeration. The irony is submerged and is far from being funny. In this fine novel, against a background of world events between 1899 and 1941, we have the life of Charles Martel of Pabuloma, Missouri; and the irony begins with his very name, for he is the complete antithesis of the Hammer who defeated the Arabs in 732. In a marvelous imitation of a write-up of him in *Time*, he is called a Padded Hammer. He is an extraordinarily ordinary boy, homely, timid, the victim of adenoids and earache, who "follows" his mother and, when grown, his press agent, to become an industrial magnate and national figure. In the World War, by following himself, he becomes by chance also a national hero. Mr. Davis never hates his characters, as so many contemporary realists do; and the result is that we believe in them. R. M. G.

THE COPPER POT

\$2.50

By Oliver La Farge

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

THE internal evidence suggests that *The Copper Pot* is a pre-war manuscript hastily revised for timeliness. Or it may be a premature attempt to redeem something outgrown by sticking in something not yet grown up to. That something is consciousness of the war and of the general state of the world in the year 1941; and, being stuck in, it sticks out, as the afterthoughts of novelists mostly do. To Mr. La Farge's chief character, a young painter just outgrowing his callowness and about to cross the threshold of success and prestige, the war appears to be completely nonexistent most of the time; and yet his infrequent awareness of it is represented as that of a man whose emotional life it has so permeated and obsessed that he can hardly think of anything else. It is difficult to explain him as anything but a pre-war conception dragged up to date by topical interpolations strange to everything he was created to be and to mean. The final effect is to reduce the global tragedy, the disaster of mankind, to a convenient fictional device for resolving the difficulties of one egotist's mismanaged affairs and getting him out of a personal, passionate impasse. And that is a pity, for as an American *Vie*

de Bohème and portrait of the artist as a young man *The Copper Pot* has integrity and evident authenticity, not to speak of its news value to the curious as a conspectus of yesterday's group of young artists in the French Quarter of New Orleans. W. F.

DRIVIN' WOMAN

\$2.75

By Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier

MACMILLAN

THIS is a curious book. The opening and the final chapters are somewhat in the fashion of, but worse than, *Gone with the Wind*. Certainly few novels get off to a less convincing start. After the battle, murder, and sudden death of the first four post-Civil War chapters, one is tempted to read on to see just how bad the book can be — it has all the characters and fixings of such melodrama as *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model* — and then, strangely enough, it becomes readable and interesting. Miss Chevalier is not yet a novelist in the professional, craftsmanlike sense, but when she writes about the tobacco war in Kentucky, when she realizes her characters, she does a thoroughly good job. Her next book should be interesting, as she shows every indication of becoming a significant author, unhurried and sincere. R. E. D.

THE PROBLEMS OF LASTING PEACE

\$2.00

Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

DESPITE its absorption in the war effort, America is deeply concerned about the nature and durability of the peace that will follow the war. There is probably more discussion of peace aims, and of schemes of world political and economic organization which might be expected to prevent future wars, in America than in any other country. We are not yet in the direct line of fire, so far as our own cities are concerned. And in this war, as in the last, America is not animated by hope or expectation of territorial gains. Hence the desire is all the stronger to achieve the frustrated objective of the last war: to win the peace and make the world permanently safe against any new eruption of total war.

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson are exceptionally qualified to discuss with authority the subject of their book: the bases of a lasting peace. Mr. Hoover is our only living ex-President. Mr. Gibson is a veteran career diplomat who was associated with Mr. Hoover in relief work and who has represented the United States at many international conferences.

Starting out from the proposition that seven dynamic forces — ideologies, economic pressures, nationalism, imperialism, militarism, the emotional elements of fear, hatred, and revenge, and the will to peace — have largely shaped the history of the world, the authors trace the influence of these forces from the American and French Revolutions to the present time.

Coming down to the modern events in which both have been active participants, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson discuss the causes of the gradual disintegra-

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 Twentieth Century mind



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By Edith Hamilton

"GREEK, Roman and Norse myths . . . retold with a sure taste and scholarship."—*The New Yorker*. "This beautiful book has a bright and shining quality that only the imagination and understanding of the author of *The Greek Way* and *The Roman Way* could give it."—*Harpers Magazine*. Illustrated by Steele Savage. \$3.50



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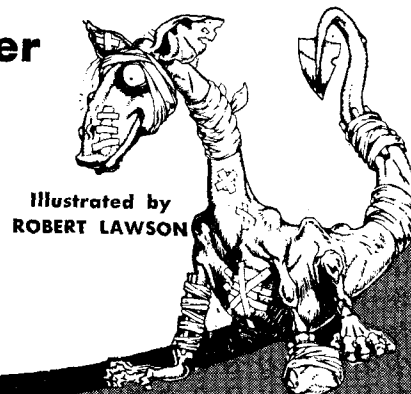
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By the author of "Captain Horatio Hornblower"

POO-POO AND THE DRAGONS

By C. S. Forester

Poo-poo Brown found a dragon named Horatio and brought him home as a pet. Poo-poo's father was rather inhospitable to Horatio until the dragon made himself useful lighting cigarettes with his flaming tongue and cutting the grass with his saw-tooth tail. But when Horatio became a father it surprised even Poo-poo. \$1.75



Illustrated by
 ROBERT LAWSON

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tion of the peace that was established after the First World War. Discussing the reasons for the fading of Woodrow Wilson's dream of world peace through the League of Nations, they reach the conclusion that the League was at once too rigid and too feeble in its Constitution and procedure. It was too rigid because adequate provision was not made for peaceful revision of treaties. It was too feeble because, when its authority was challenged on such issues as Manchuria and Abyssinia, nothing effective was done.

The authors strike an unusual note in attributing a good deal of responsibility for the collapse of peace in Europe to the refusal of France to make concessions to Bruening's moderate Government in the disarmament question. Had France granted some of Bruening's modest requests, the authors believe, the rise to power of Hitler might have been staved off. This is a matter of opinion; but it was certainly a tragedy that what was refused to the reasoned arguments of the German Republic was granted, ten times over, to the bluster and threats of the Third Reich.

In discussing the question of what to do after the end of the present war the authors lay stress on two points: immediate maximum disarmament, while people's minds are still in the mood to welcome this idea; and encouragement, in the defeated countries, of freely elected representative governments. They are in favor of imposing stern punishment on the individuals who are responsible for the war; but they express the belief that "there can be no lasting peace in Europe with a dismembered Germany."

The authors discuss at length the many types of schemes for the maintenance of international order and peace. While they limit themselves in some cases to setting forth the pros and cons of the proposition which they are describing, one gathers that they favor the regionalist rather than the universalist pattern of world organization; that they are skeptical of all schemes which require abrogation of national sovereignty; that they favor a revived League of Nations, shorn of coercive functions and operating as an aid to the persuasive processes of diplomacy. Police power, they feel, should be — or, in any event, will be — exercised by the victorious powers.

The book makes an energetic plea for economic freedom, which reflects Mr. Hoover's well-known opposition to bureaucratic control of national economy. No important element in world society has been overlooked; one finds valuable reflections on trade barriers, on the raw materials question, on migration. Far-reaching in scope, rich in thought and experience, this work might well be recommended to all Americans who, as individuals and in groups, are seeking the answer to the thorny yet imperative question: What will establish and maintain that world peace without which civilization, in an age of total war, seems destined to perish? W. H. C.

OUT ON ANY LIMB

By John Myers Myers

\$2.50

DUTTON

GENTLEMEN, scholars, rovers, adventurers, rogues, thieves, racketeers, cutthroats (sometimes some of these in combination), ladies, doxies, manors, taverns, lyrics, ballads, gore, encounters of sharp wit, lots of action, plenty of sack and ale — such are the ingredients that have gone into this spicy Elizabethan stew of Mr. Myers's making, all very cheery and authentic-seeming, just the sort of thing you'd expect of the age that produced Raleigh and Marlowe, Drake and Shakespeare. One-eyed Sir Chidiok Sangrel and Sir Roger Stukely, their gentlemen servants, Ingram (the hero) and Giles, and the shrewd vagrant thief Yare, are a valiant if ruffianly crew in pursuit of Lord Ralph Trammell's gang, responsible for the murder of Lord Dorking. An exhilarating novel — and if Englishmen of Queen Bess's day did not live like this, they surely should have. A remarkable piece of re-creation, full of gusto and real fun.

J. C.

WRITERS IN CRISIS

By Maxwell Geismar

\$3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

As history and summary, this is a very valuable book, and one can hardly take exception to its general critical conclusions. It consists of six essays bound together by a scheme. Lardner, as representing the 1920's, is contrasted with Hemingway, Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Wolfe, of the '30's, and Steinbeck, as suggesting the direction of the '40's, while the conclusion presents the author's summary and the moral of the two eras of boom and depression. The treatment of Lardner suffers because of the domination of a thesis; that of Faulkner, because of the author's labored attempt to be fair. His prime admirations are for Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Wolfe, though they are by no means indiscriminating. One could wish he had put a little more yeast in his bread and had served it in smaller loaves; for there is a good deal of repetition of idea and much involution of sentence. He appears stronger in ethical than in aesthetic equipment. Nevertheless, the book is admirably balanced and high-minded, and there is no other that gives so much of valuable summary and comment for the period.

R. M. G.

AN AMERICAN DESTINY

By A. Powell Davies

\$1.50

BEACON PRESS

IN A world gone berserk it is cheering to read a prophecy of good. Mr. Davies sees victory ahead, he sees the ascendancy of America, he sees her using her opportunities for bettering the lot of Man — a task for which she has been destined from the first. She may not like this task. Yet, if her ways of life are to be preserved at home, the Commonwealth of Man must prevail the world over. The Pax Americana does not imply empire, but the end of empire. America will

reassert the principles which gave her rise; she will employ the momentum of her entire history to bring about the world democratic revolution. It will be a moral, not a military, blitz. Mr. Davies writes lucidly and fervently. J. C.

TWELVE DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE MIND

By Gorham Munson GREYSTONE PRESS, \$3.50

THIS book bears the subtitle "The Story of Propaganda during the Christian Era with Abridged Versions of Texts That Have Shaped History." The phrase "Christian Era" is clearly an error. It is true that Mr. Munson begins with Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, but from this he skips to Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, the *Declaration of the Rights of Man*, the *Communist Manifesto*, and so forth. It would seem that the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds, the writings of Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas Aquinas, Magna Charta, and the utterances of Luther come well within the scope of Mr. Munson's book and there are others. The author excludes art from the category of propaganda, but there is a fallacy or at least a contradiction here; for at the same time he asserts that the more successful the instrument of propaganda the more story or drama quality does it contain. By the same token, one may argue that the most successful propaganda is sure to take on a form that fails to reveal any tangible propaganda. In this sense, contrary to Mr. Munson's idea, a work of art may be the purest form of propaganda, all the more because it is bound to influence persons or masses without their knowing how or why.

Mr. Munson defines propaganda as "the art and science of controlling the mind of mankind by overwhelming insistence upon a point of view." The point of view may be a right or a false one; it may be even a downright lie — which need not militate against its acceptance; indeed, as Hitler well knows, "a thumping big lie," if repeated often enough, will be welcomed as gospel truth. Mr. Munson rubs in this point with Hitler's own speeches and with *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, both successfully designed to stimulate the duped masses to bloodthirstiness. The remaining examples included are *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Zola's *J'accuse*, Wilson's *Fourteen Points*, Lenin's *Theses of April 4th*, Mussolini's *We or They* declaration, and *The Mind of America* (1941), in which Mr. Munson calls for a new Thomas Paine to drown out the noise made by totalitarians. There is no reason why an authentic anthology of propaganda should not contain a thousand examples, but Mr. Munson's dozen are fairly representative, and sufficient unto the day is the propaganda thereof. J. C.

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EVERY WORD CONTAINS A HIDDEN STORY OF ITS ORIGIN

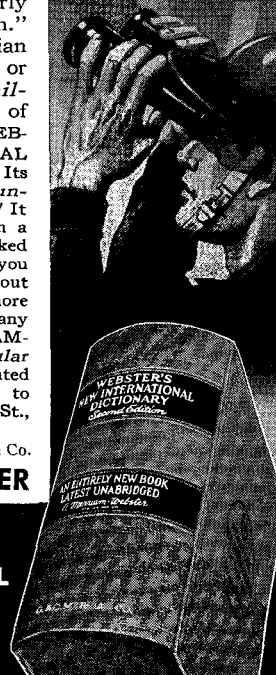
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THE
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PRESENTS

for September a new novel by ANN BRIDGE, FRONTIER PASSAGE and a second book about Carol by HELEN DORE BOYLSTON: CAROL PLAYS SUMMER STOCK.

Ann Bridge is a familiar name to *Atlantic* readers. PEKING PICNIC won the Atlantic \$10,000 Novel

**FRONTIER
PASSAGE**

Contest in 1932. ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE was serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1937. These two books together with ILLYRIAN SPRING have already estab-

lished her reputation. FRONTIER PASSAGE carries it forward. The story begins in the autumn of 1938 when the little village of St. Jean de Luz was steeped in an atmosphere of tension and intrigue. Here on the frontier between France and Spain were gathered refugees, journalists, spies, and evacuated diplomats — their destinies profoundly tangled with the fortunes of Spain's Civil War. And this was the scene which greeted Mr. and Mrs. Oldhead and their youthful daughter Rosemary, when they arrived on a vacation sojourn from England.

At first Rosemary was content merely to watch this exciting spectacle with wonder and curiosity. But through James Milcom, the *Epoch* correspondent, and the legendary beauty the Condesa de Verdura, she became drawn more and more into an undercurrent of espionage.

Behind the luxurious front of M. Jacques's hair-dressing shop, there was more happening than its innocent activity suggested. The Grotte de Sare was more than just a picturesque cave for the eyes of tourists. And the "peasant" whom Rosemary encountered near by was far too alert to pass as the man he pretended he was.

Here are adventure, tragedy, love and intrigue skillfully woven by a practised hand. The author herself says of this novel "For my part, in writing this book I have been determined to leave it to the Spaniards themselves, and to history, to appraise the true meaning of these tragic years, while attuning my

**ANN BRIDGE
EXPLAINS**

heart and mind to the indestructible significance and nobility of the Spanish attitude to life — and death." Ann Bridge has lately returned to England after an extended stay in this country where she has done a good bit of lecturing. Both her daughters are air raid wardens at night in London, and she herself is working for the Women's Land Army.

HELEN DORE BOYLSTON'S "Sue Barton" books established the redheaded nurse as a national favorite. Last year came Carol Page who wanted to be an actress. We were sure Sue and Carol would get along famously for both were attractive, spirited, highly

**APPLAUSE
FOR
CAROL**

individual girls. We predicted for Carol a popularity that would match Sue's. And we were right. CAROL GOES BACKSTAGE showed youngsters who were theatre-minded what an apprentice group was like. CAROL PLAYS

SUMMER STOCK is concerned with the next step on the road to Broadway — the summer theatre. Every girl who has dreamed of going on the stage will want to read both these books to discover the meaning of the theatre — its demands, its disappointments and its rewards.

Two months ago, in these columns, we devoted most of our space to that talented young writer, Robert Richards and his first novel, I CAN LICK SEVEN.

**PLEASE
NOTE**

All our praise is neatly summed up in this quote from the *New York Times Book Review*: "A realist to the bone, and gifted with a style that is cool, clean cut and easily colloquial, Mr. Richards seems . . . to cast more light on the Civil War and its sequel than has many a more pretentious novelist."

It is a great disappointment to us that we have no prize winning novel to talk about. Remembering the success of THE FAMILY we had great expectations for this contest but, alas, after eight weeks' deliberation over 646 manuscript, the judges of the Eighth Atlantic Novel Contest found no entry worthy of the \$10,000 prize.



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The two articles on Patents in your July issue give an excellent survey of a highly controversial problem. Vividly and interestingly written, they seem to state all the pertinent facts. But I think that both Mr. Arnold and Mr. Langner missed, in the heat of the debate, an important point of the underlying question. To avoid gray theories, let me present an example which might not be wholly fictitious.

The razor blade industry represents in its entirety an investment of many millions of dollars. It employs thousands of workers. Its turnover, amounting to millions of dollars annually, is chiefly based on the short life of the average blade. Along comes a young, hopeful inventor who promises to produce a blade from a new metal or alloy, handled in a new way. The new blade can be used for thirty years or more without losing its sharpness. Every man who shaves himself would not need more than one or two blades throughout his life. The price of the new blade would be about 50 cents against 3 to 5 cents for an old one. What chances has the inventor? None at all!

Against him are the owners, stock- and bondholders of the existing razor blade factories; their directors, executives, workers and other employees; the wholesale and retail distributors; the iron mines and the steel factories. For him is the mass of the consumers who, though outnumbering the opponents at least a thousand to one, lack the highly efficient organization of the other camp. The inventor would face insuperable obstacles in trying to get capital, machines, commercial outlets. Finally he would be forced to sell his patents to his opponents, who would shelve them. — *Alfred Fleischner, New York City*

Let me thank you for the Thurman Arnold article in your July issue, and also for Mr. Lawrence Langner's answer. For my light summer reading I have read the first three volumes of the Senate Report on the Patent Investigation — little print and all — and am now on the fourth volume. And on my desk is the April issue of the Humble Company's publication, *The Lamps*, in which the Editor explains the "Consent Decree," giving it quite a martyred, patriotic slant. From the tone we would say that they proudly explained the great service they have rendered United States industry by their partnership

with I. G. Farben — Nazi. Their words are: "The Standard Oil could not ignore a development of such possibilities to the United States." Isn't that wonderful, isn't that beautiful?

And that last quotation from Judge Frank, in which Mr. Langner concurs: "We should not throw out the baby with the bath water." Quite a sizable baby, Judge, — the Standard Oil, General Electric, and Carboloy, — and further, the water isn't "bath water." Sir, it's "bilge water." Hats off to Mr. Thurman Arnold and his staff, and lilies and forget-me-nots to those babies that seem to need watching lest they betray us. — *Margaret Reading, Waller, Tex.*

On page 27 of the July *Atlantic* Mr. Lawrence Langner states: "In my opinion Standard Oil's conduct was reprehensible in supplying fuel to the Italian airlines between Brazil and Italy." Please read the following statement to stockholders as presented by W. S. Farrish, President of S. O. of N. J., before the Senate Committee, March 31 to April 2, 1942: —

DELIVERIES OF AVIATION GASOLINE IN BRAZIL

In his testimony Friday, Mr. Arnold quoted from documents relating to deliveries of aviation gasoline to an Italian airline in Brazil in 1941. Deliveries to this airline were discussed with the State Department and with the American Embassy at Rio de Janeiro. No delivery was made except in conformity with the policy of the Department. Its attitude towards the Company in this matter is shown in a letter written in September, 1941, in which the State Department expressed its appreciation of the steps taken by the Company to control supplies and deliveries of aviation gasoline to airlines in the other American Republics. The Department stated that it had been gratified at our readiness to work towards the Department's objectives in coöperation with the Government. I presume that because of the confidential nature of this letter, it is inappropriate to offer it as an exhibit. It is, however, available for confidential examination by the Committee.

Otherwise Mr. Langner's reply to Thurman Arnold was excellent. — *A. F. Maisch, M.D., Los Angeles, Cal.*

I think the Langner article is splendid. It would be a great thing if a copy of this could be sent to every member of Congress. — *John Hays Hammond, Jr., Gloucester, Mass.*

Atlantic Repartee

In the May *Atlantic* Mr. William L. Shirer spoke critically of the Ku Klux Klan. His remarks were challenged by the Imperial Wizard of the Klan, Mr. J. A. Colescott of Atlanta, Georgia, and in fairness to both we wish to place in the record the following letters which ensued:—

MR. COLESCOTT'S CHALLENGE

DEAR MR. SHIRER:—

I have just read your article, "The Poison Pen," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, and in all fairness and kindness of spirit wish to ask you some questions since you have seen fit to mention the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Shirer, why did you link the Klan with such groups as the Coughlinites, Silver Shirts, etc.? I challenge you to cite one thing in the publication of literature or utterances of the head of the Ku Klux Klan which would justify you in making such an unfair and underhanded charge as you make against this organization.

You quote from *Social Justice*, the *X-Ray*, and *Galilean*, but do not mention the official publication of the Ku Klux Klan. Are you swept away by prejudice and intolerance, Mr. Shirer, or have you accepted without any evidence the baseless statements of Communists and other un-American groups which have attempted to link the Klan with fifth-column activities in the United States?

In your article you say they are "anti-democratic, hysterically anti-Roosevelt, and wholeheartedly pro-Axis. They are against the war, they proclaim *we* and not the others started it, and that we shall lose. And they are out to help us lose, and to aid Hitler in building his Aryan, totalitarian world."

I challenge you to prove the Ku Klux Klan guilty of one single statement quoted above. And if you fail to prove it will you be fair enough, Mr. Shirer, to retract in the *Atlantic Monthly* the false statements you have made so far as the Ku Klux Klan is concerned? As for the others you mention in your article, I have nothing whatever to say. You quote what I regard as sentiments against the best interest of our country. Any individual or group in this country guilty of giving aid and comfort to our enemies should be put out of business.

In your article you say you have been out of the United States for seventeen years. And yet, Mr. Shirer, you have the effrontery to speak against the Ku Klux Klan, which has consistently worked for the preservation of the American form of government at home while you spent your time in foreign countries and completely out of touch with many important developments in the United States. I have read your dispatches from abroad for many years and with keen interest, believing them to be based on fact. However, if you were as far wrong concerning devel-

opments abroad as you are concerning the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, one has a right to question seriously anything you have ever written.

If you are interested in getting the facts as to what the Ku Klux Klan has had to say about our war efforts why not read *The Fiery Cross*, our official publication, and be certain of facts before making such a serious charge as you have made in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Regarding your statement that the Klan is "hysterically anti-Roosevelt," please let me cite you to pages 164 to 177 of a book entitled *Knights of the Ku Klux Klan* written by Colonel Winfield Jones (not a Klansman), in which appear many documents showing that the Ku Klux Klan took an active part in promoting the "Roosevelt for President Clubs" in the South in 1931.

Why do you make such a statement, Mr. Shirer, as saying the Klan is "against the war"? The facts are that I and members of my staff have toured the country making public speeches advocating national unity in our all-out effort to win the war. In Klan meetings throughout the country today War Stamps and Bonds are sold and everything possible done to promote the winning of war.

Since the passage of the Lend-Lease bill the Klan has said that America was in the war and that there must be no division among the American people, but a united front to win the war.

On June 11, 1941, I sent President Roosevelt a telegram pledging the wholehearted support of all Klanspeople in his efforts in behalf of our country. I quote the closing sentence of that message: "I assure you that every Klansman in America will respond to any call you may make on them to protect, in any way within their power, the sacred heritage which, as Americans, they treasure even more than life itself."

The above appeared in the July, 1941, issue of *The Fiery Cross*, and if you should be interested in knowing the facts about what you have written I shall be pleased to send you a copy of the July, 1941, issue.

I quote the first paragraph in a news story which appeared in the *State*, morning paper of Columbia, South Carolina, May 24, 1941, as follows: "The passage of the Lend-Lease bill definitely involved America in the war between Britain and the Axis powers, according to Imperial Wizard James A. Colescott of the Ku Klux Klan, and now it is up to all Americans to unanimously support the action taken by Congress and work for unlimited aid to Britain."

In view of that and many other statements I can cite, how can you be so unfair, Mr. Shirer, as to say the Klan is "wholeheartedly pro-Axis" and out to "aid Hitler in building his Aryan totalitarian world"?

The 1942 Klonsvocation of the Ku Klux Klan which was scheduled to be held in Atlanta was called off as soon as the United States declared war on the Axis powers and all Klanspeople were urged to save tires and gasoline and to use the money to buy

United States Defense Stamps and Bonds. This message appeared in the January issue of *The Fiery Cross*.

In the February issue in my message to the Klanspeople of the nation I again urged the purchase of bonds and stamps and pledged the Klan to all-out effort to win the war. I quote you one paragraph from that message as follows: "Much advice has been, is being, and will be given as to how we can, as Americans, aid Uncle Sam. Buy Defense Bonds, contribute to the Red Cross, enlist in the Army and Navy, join the local Civilian Defense Corps, etc. But there is one thing that will become of increasing importance as the weeks pass by, and which every Klansperson can do, and which *must* be done if 100 per cent morale is to be maintained in America. And that one thing is STOP MALICIOUS, IGNORANT, AND TREASONABLE RUMORS!"

In view of this, Mr. Shirer, how can you make the statement that the "Ku-Kluxers" are "out to help us lose" the war? Aren't you guilty of preaching disunity in the United States, Mr. Shirer? In writing about the Ku Klux Klan, did you write as an honest, dependable, worthy newspaperman, Mr. Shirer, or as an agent for some organization or group that is trying to cripple the effectiveness of the American people in this war against the dictator nations? — *J. A. Colescott, The Imperial Wizard, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Atlanta, Ga.*

MR. SHIRER'S REPLY

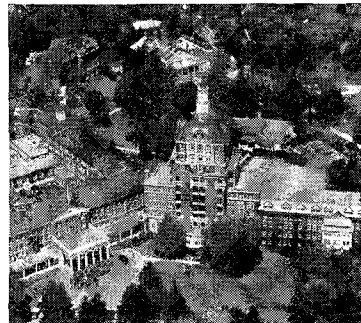
Your letter, the tolerant tone of which I greatly appreciated, went into the matter of the Klan in the war in such detail that I felt it merited considerable thought and some rechecking of information. It was very encouraging to hear from you that the Klan advocates national unity in our all-out effort to win the war. This is splendid and most helpful.

It is somewhat difficult for me personally to square that stand with some of the things which I believe, rightly or wrongly, the Klan has always stood for. Am I wrong, for example, in saying that *The Fiery Cross*, the official organ of the Imperial Wizard and of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, has always been and still is anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Alien, anti-Catholic, and anti-New Deal? What puzzles me is how you are advocating national unity at a time when that unity is so absolutely necessary in winning the war.

I was also glad to learn from you that the Klan is not anti-Roosevelt. You cite pages 164 to 177 of the book entitled *Knights of the Ku Klux Klan*, written by Colonel Winfield Jones, in which you remind me that there appear many documents showing the Ku Klux Klan took an active part in promoting the "Roosevelt for President Clubs" in the South in 1931. But on page 181 of this book one reads that "... the Klan is now, however, opposed to many policies of the Roosevelt Administration. ... At present it may be stated with authority that Klansmen everywhere are in a vast majority opposed to the Roosevelt Administration. This is caused by the

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fact that many, very many, of the Washington administrative offices, some of great importance, are filled by Jews. There is a suspicion among Klansmen that among this aggregation many are tainted with Communism or Fascism, and this suspicion has since been confirmed by the report of the Dies Committee. Charles Michelson, publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, is a Jew. He is the only Jew ever to be elected to membership in the famous Washington Gridiron Club, where Jews as members have always been barred. This membership shows how Jewry has invaded official Washington and even entered the sacred Gridiron Club. And in passing, it may be stated that Negroes are barred from the Congressional Press Galleries. The Klansmen believe that Jews and Catholics, in official Washington positions, are out of all proportion to Protestants and Gentiles.

"The appointment of Myron C. Taylor as President Roosevelt's ambassador to the Vatican has, it is reported in Atlanta, further alienated every Klansman in the United States, who are alarmed at what they consider Roosevelt's first move to more firmly entrench the Catholic Church in the American government."

The chapter concludes: "It [the appointment of Mr. Taylor] is the most dangerous thing that Roosevelt has done to destroy the Democratic party, which he has already set well on the road to national socialism."

"The country is afflicted with too much Roosevelt."

When I was in Germany covering the war, didn't I read something about a joint meeting of the Ku Klux Klan and the German-American Bund in New Jersey on or about August 18, 1940? And didn't the Imperial Wizard announce that he was removing those leaders of the Klan who were responsible for this joint meeting? But were they ever removed?

And then I seem to recall a statement attributed to you — wrongly I hope — in *The Hour* for January 10, 1942, in which you were quoted as saying: "The country is in the war whether we like it or not. When the war is over will be the time for further discussion and action in opposition to those who have put us in the war. Have no fear . . . there will be a reckoning." Does that not imply that our own leaders "put us in the war"? It is my understanding that the Japs and Hitler "put us in the war."

In your letter you ask me an interesting question. You say: "Are you swept away by prejudice and intolerance?" I do not think that I am poisoned by prejudice or intolerance. With your Klan's attitude towards so many important and patriotic minorities in this great Republic, I wonder if you and the Klan could give the same answer to that very searching question which you posed. — *William L. Shirer, New York City*

I seldom write letters, but I was amazed at the reaction to that very amusing and really clever bit called "The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle, and the Swan." I am a woman of prudence, but I could see the humor in the first few lines. I love good writing. We passed it around and laughed aloud — something these days. Will you give a faraway woman's thanks to the author. Out here we do not miss the point. And thank you. — *Mrs. W. P. Fisher, Seattle, Wash.*

The July *Atlantic* just came and I am surprised at the tempest caused by your little excursion into sex writing. Certainly the tale told is one that every woman knows — every woman who wasn't born yesterday, has been further than her own front stoop, and who is even the least bit attractive — and she doesn't have to go on a basket picnic either. I can just bet you Editors had tongue in cheek all the time, or else why did you print so naïve a little piece? — *Anonymous, Waller, Tex.*

In letters from your correspondents I note comment on the article entitled "The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle, and the Swan."

Foreign men do not understand the free status of the American woman. American women are not the chattels of circumstances. They govern circumstances and shape them. They do not have to go underground for amusement.

Probably the lady in the article was gently amused at the line of conversation taken by the foreign gentleman, and perhaps he learned better after a while.

When socially situated that way, one is tempted to start another Battle of Bunker Hill, but Christian charity forbids it, and the polite conventions of society make it impossible. — *Florence Garvin, Oberlin, Ohio*

Nice repartee, Mr. Weeks! It seems to me that the only people who could possibly object to "The Stork, the Goose, the Eagle, and the Swan" would be those with guilty consciences! It is a pleasure to run across a wise, a sane, a witty woman. I should like to meet "Anonymous." — *J. A. Montgomery, Kew Gardens, N. Y.*

But not really! If it weren't for a very recent appendectomy, I would indulge in a good horse laugh after reading some of the criticisms in the July issue of the *Atlantic* caused by that charming piece on adultery. I thought or hoped that smug Puritanism had died with the last war. Life is hearty, life is ribald — even the aesthetic have their fling at Freudism. How must these tight little minds feel when they read in the papers about what is being done in the army for venereal diseases? Do they object to the mention of unmentionables? And where, for pity sakes, is their American sense of humor? — *Mrs. Anne Winthrop, Brookline, Mass.*

The New Format

We wish we had space in which to reproduce the many letters commenting upon the new format, but the number of them is altogether beyond our accommodation. Forty-two arrived on a single day — and still they come. The great majority are either heartily in favor or agreeably acquiescent. The critics — about one in twenty — resent the placing of reading matter beside the advertising columns; if they are librarians, they lament the difficulty incurred by binding up the *Atlantic* in the enlarged format (a difficulty which would also have been encountered had the *Atlantic* grown smaller, which was an economic alternative); there was outspoken regret for the passing of the Contributors' Club. Those who mourn the Club should bear in mind that we shall continue to publish short essays, jocular and philosophic in tone, whenever good ones can be found. It was the drying up of the source of supply over a twenty-year period which finally closed up the Club. To those who have written or who are writing in appreciation or in criticism, we say thank you for being candid.

The July number has hardly been in the house an hour. I am constrained to write you in my excitement that with the enlarged edition *plus* the *Atlantic* Reports I almost shout to the heavens, "At last we are going to have something like good old Dr. Lyman Abbott's *Outlook*."

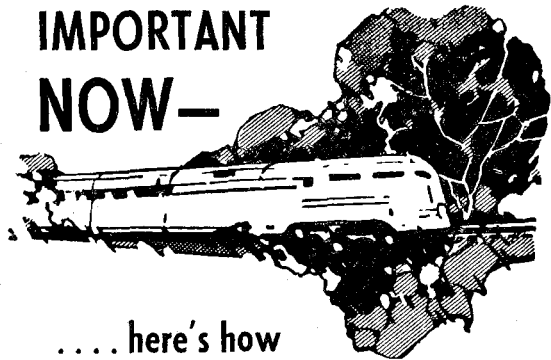
I am sure that your new policy, with the Reports, will bring to your circulating department many of us old-fashioned folk that joined with Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, who, when asked his opinion one day on a certain national question, said, "Madam, I have not yet read my *Outlook*." — *E. J. Edsall, Pittsburgh, Penn.*

My father began taking the *Atlantic* with Volume I, Number 1, and ever since then, with the exception of a single year — 1884, I believe — he and I, as his successor, have kept up our subscription. In the old days I served it, too, both editorially and in the business office. Naturally I have been attached to the old familiar format. You may set me down as a hopeless conservative, but I am sure there are many other subscribers that would have preferred a return to the old familiar buff dress rather than a new departure so much more radical than previous changes.

But even more important than the break with tradition is the fact that the new *Atlantic* is uncomfortable to hold! — *Francis H. Allen, West Roxbury, Mass.*

The *Atlantic* is so valuable that I could feel like a thief for paying so little for it but, of course, there is nothing I can do about it. I like your larger format and the addition of the new Report features. Also, I'm glad to see your advertisers get a better break.

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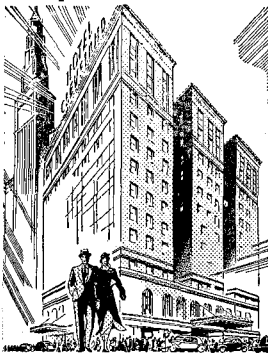
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If you are getting all the compliments that you should get, you must be pretty badly swamped with fan mail. — *Leslie Davis, The Wall Street Journal, New York City*

"The old order changeth" — and the new format of the *Atlantic* is a change for the better. The news is to our liking, the book review section pleases us mightily — but the size! Oh, the size! It is the bête noire of the impoverished guardians of the bookshelves who bind their precious periodicals and who have indulged in covers for them. How now to keep the *Atlantic* inviolate behind its celluloid protector when none of the covers are the proper size? Have publishers of books and magazines no mercy on despairing librarians who valiantly fight losing battles to keep beauty and order within their sanctums — and their budgets?

Miserere nobis and de profundis — please reduce the size before we are reduced to tears! — *Jane Tipton, Portland, Ore.*

I wish to express my appreciation of at least one of the changes which you have made in the make-up of the *Atlantic*, and that is in printing at the foot of the page on which the name of a contributor appears a note of introduction to him, thus making it unnecessary to search through pages of advertisements for the same information. I have felt so strongly on the subject that I have frequently been on the point of writing to you suggesting this change. The best explanation of why I have refrained from doing so is furnished by the letter of Virginia Woolf appearing in the July issue of your magazine. This letter defines a category into which I fit so perfectly that hereafter I shall feel perfectly justified in excusing myself for my shortcomings by merely saying I am a self-confessed "Middlebrow." Thanks to her for having, as far as I know, coined a new word which will undoubtedly be widely used. — *Robert W. Wurts, Philadelphia, Penn.*

Although our *Atlantic Monthly* for July reached us a week late, I found that it was fully worth the delay.

It is refreshing to see that the *Atlantic* is fully alive to the significance of changes in the world scene and reflects those changes so cogently in the new department, the *Atlantic Report*. The only loss which could be regretted is that of the Contributors' Club, which seemed the nearest thing to a Welcome mat ever thrown across the pathway of aspiring writers.

It may be that some who are deeply steeped in tradition will disapprove of the changes made. As far as I am concerned, I welcome all changes which seem in keeping with a richer understanding of life. I find that, although the *Atlantic Monthly* fully appreciates the necessity of keeping in touch with a horror-ridden world, yet it has not lost communion with that larger world of truth and faith and hope which lies deep within our souls and which no wars or despots can destroy. — *Irene Bertschy, Rhame, N. D.*